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THE

Broad Stone of Honour.

MORUS.

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THE

Broad Stone of Honour:

OR,

THE TRUE SENSE AND PRACTICE OF CHIVALRY.

The Third Book,

MORUS.

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BY

KENELM HENRY DIGBY, ESQ.

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Morus.

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Ἡμεῖς τοιοίδ' ἔφυμεν, ὡς μὲν σοὶ δοκεῖ,
ΜΩΡΟΙ. ———— SOPH. ŒDIP. TYRAN. 436.
Πολλάκι τοι καὶ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἀνὴρ κατακαίριον εἶπε.

HAVING concluded some observations on the religious character of our ancestors, an inquiry will present itself intimately connected with the subject of that review, arising out of the revolutions and circumstances of the world. Hitherto we have been treading the ground which must be venerable and dear to all heroic men, to all philosophers too, who are friends of the virtue and happiness of mankind. The Muse of History has appeared in

all her serenity, in all her loveliness. We have visited the domestic hearths of our forefathers, and our hearts have been strengthened, and our imaginations exalted, by the vision. We have found them sanctified by that pure and lofty devotion which is inspired by the religion of Jesus Christ. We have seen, in a variety of affecting instances, what a wonderful effect that religion produced upon the hearts and conduct of immense numbers of successive men, of all ranks and orders, each endeavouring to approach the most perfect standard proposed to his degree; pursuing the paths which inspire men with heroism and sanctity, hope, and peace; cultivating that general mind which places them in harmony with themselves, with the laws and operations of nature and of grace; which removes all the difficulties that perplex and darken the scene of this mortal life. As a fine writer remarks of the classic worthies, the memory of those great men who laid the foundation of our European states, who exalted them by their valour, protected and defended them by their constancy, stands not alone, nor idly. They draw us after them; they place us with them; they remind us of that day when we shall be joined to their society—that happy day, when the wise and the holy, the humble and the brave, shall meet together, and when the world shall trouble them no more. But a subject still remains to be examined. I am your Host, my reader; and I grieve to be obliged to lead you from the cheerful light of a hall of chivalry, and cause you to exchange warmth and harmony and joy for the chill of funeral vaults—for groans and darkness and terror, and towers that are still wet with the blood of murdered brothers! How beautiful was that scene, how sublime were those emotions! Alas! whither must I lead you? But a moment's reflection will suggest the obligations

imposed upon me. You well know that from the beginning of the sixteenth century there has been operating a change in the opinions and principles which govern many men professing Christianity; and you must be aware that it is quite necessary we should endeavour to ascertain what may be the plan and effect of those changes, whether they have in any degree annulled the old, or given rise to new obligations; and whether this progress of the age, the subject of such exultation to some, and of such regret to others, towards a more complicated civilization, affecting all its opinions and the whole of its philosophy, has in any manner altered what we have just laid down as the source, and, if I may so speak, the very essence of the chivalrous system. We have it not in our power, consistently with honour and a love of truth and justice, to keep back from meeting the question, "Were those mighty changes necessary? Are we to honour or to disapprove of those who deem them to have been pernicious?" This is a question which involves the duties of men to each other. Did there exist sufficient cause for giving up those principles of Christian unity, to the abandonment of which we must ascribe the present distracted state of the religious and social mind in Europe? There is a question which concerns the interest and perhaps the very existence of nations. Are the authors of this great revolution to receive the sanction of our acquiescence in their measures? That is one to which justice, unaffected by the lapse of time, demands an answer. Finally, the great question follows, so full of importance to each man in particular, and to society at large—May we rest the conduct of our lives, the guidance of our hearts, the fate of our souls, upon what antiquity deemed the essentials of religion and wisdom; or must we pass over to the side of the moderns, who deemed

them fallacious and insufficient? Ταῦτ' οὖν σκοπώμεθα καὶ μετὰ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων ἡμῶν· as Socrates saith,[1] ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἔτι νέοι, ὥστε τοσοῦτο πρᾶγμα διελέσθαι.

It will of course be seen at once, from the nature and boundless extent of the subject, that nothing further can be intended in this place than to collect, in as few words as possible, what I may conceive to be the sum and the results, as it were, of preceding experience and inquiry. Unquestionably the subject might naturally give rise to an argument that would ill suit the light and careless character of these sheets; an argument with which my reader must not think me unacquainted, because I refrain from entering upon it here; an argument, however, which may be deemed by some reasoners useless and uncalled for in any place, because there is always a most satisfactory conclusion from *à priori* evidence that must determine the question; seeing that a revelation from God, once made, must be like its Divine Author immutable; there can be no variation in its laws, no new discoveries to be hoped for by critics, and no field to occupy the speculations of the philosopher;—no occasion therefore to consult such men as St. Vincent of Lerins describes in the fifth century, who used to exclaim, "Venite, O insipientes, et miseri, qui vulgo Catholici vocitamini, et discite fidem veram, quam præter nos nullus intelligit, quæ multis ante seculis latuit, nuper vero revelata et ostensa est":[2] but to meet objections, we must descend from the mountains of eternal truth to combat at their feet the party spirit, the prejudice, and the ignorance of men. To engage in any combat may perhaps ill suit with religion; but I am no priest, I am but a

[1] Plato, Protagoras.
[2] S. Vincentii Lirinensis Commonitor. 26.

temporal man, of whose passions, alas! as the Greek poet says, "there is no other old age except in death"; and there is a bold presumption, a kind of vapouring insolence, a bad taste, a pedantry, and an inhumanity, in the attacks made upon the ancient wisdom, which kindle in the breast of the ordinary and vulgar men who love it, a spark of human zeal which they may be unable or unwilling to extinguish. Assuredly, however, it is not as a theologian that I wish to treat this subject, but merely in a natural and simple manner, as one who presumes to have some slight acquaintance with letters and with history, and who is of opinion that their object is never so well obtained as when they are made instrumental in leading men to principles of union, and holiness, and love. Be it observed, then, that I do not presume to compromise a great question by assuming the office of its legitimate advocate, and that the wisdom of our fathers shall not be answerable for my weakness; and yet, albeit, most unworthy to rise in such a cause, to those men who are so fondly ready, upon all occasions, to arm their tongue with contemptuous words against the religious character of the heroic age of our history, fain would I something say—something indeed, that will, I fear, sound ungracious to many ears; yet, as the Athenians once said when compelled to remind ungrateful Grecians of their services at Marathon, "It shall be said not more for the sake of exculpating ourselves, than of bearing witness to the truth."[1]

Beyond certain limits, indeed, I am fully aware, that men would do right in refusing to follow me upon the awful ground which will appear in view; but these limits I will not transgress. The remarks which I proceed to offer, are, for the most part,

[1] Thucyd. I, 73.

such as have been suggested in the course of my conversations with divers men of the Church, both at home and abroad: at home, in England, when I have often had the advantage of hearing some of the most noble clerks of the world dispute on questions of this kind, with the learning of scholars, and the courtesy of gentlemen; and abroad, where I have often had occasion to observe the opinions of the clergy in great cities; I might particularly distinguish Liége and Cologne, Vienna, Padua, Lyons, and Paris, in which last I often met a most learned theologian of the Sorbonne, a worthy clerk, "as proved by his wordes and his werk"; and also in wild countries, amid mountains and forests, I have many a time discoursed, for the greater part of evenings together, with wise monks and holy men, in different monasteries and religious houses, where I have been lodged during the course of my travels. Therefore, the reader will find nothing here but what has been said by many wise and learned holy men. In good truth, it is not the man of real learning who should be invited to such arguments; for what can he require to be told touching the history of God's Church; but it is the uninformed layman, who in this age is apt to contract strange unchristian prejudices on the ground of what he calls religion; and it is justly said—"Homine imperito nunquam quicquam injustius."[1] It is the poet, and he who loves to wander with him through the fairy land of imagination and chivalry, that will be here interested; for upon the question at issue depends the innocence or guilt of many of their views. We know what sentence Plato passed upon the poets of Greece, for debasing the religion of their country, by blending it with fiction; and doubtless, if the objects of poetic

[1] Teren. Adelphi, I, 1.

veneration in these later times be, as it is loudly proclaimed by some, contrary to the eternal truth and holiness of God's Word (little as a light age may be inclined to such a thought), with the aid of no wing shall they be able to escape from the wrath of heaven. Speaking, however, in the strictest sense, the question which I now propose to institute belongs to history rather than to sacred science, although it may have been divines who have obliged the historian to reply, and who have furnished him with words necessary for the purpose; for be it remembered, the influence of the old spirit extended beyond the religious interests of mankind; and besides, there are cases in which even the most sacred and unapproachable doctrines force themselves on the page of history, on that page as well as on the mind of every man who is not ready to trust his highest interests to mere chance; and such are the events of that revolution which has, outwardly at least, divided Christendom—that gave rise to principles and opinions which pervaded the most various and important branches of knowledge, and which affect our view of history from the very rise of these European kingdoms. It is for the historian to decide how far, or with what explanations, the charges brought by certain learned men, since the sixteenth century, against the ancient faith and institutions of Europe, be just; whether, indeed, the men of former ages held the errors ascribed to them, because such errors are inseparably connected with the lives and actions of men, the immediate object of history. Undoubtedly, too, it is for every man of honourable and feeling mind, who has the learning requisite, to examine first before he pleads guilty in the name of his fathers who are gone before him. Further still, antiquity maintained the indispensable necessity of cultivating a certain spirit, or tone of mind, and of being subject to

certain laws, to qualify men for the grace of God and for salvation; and it cannot be denied, it becomes the imperative duty and interest of the historian, as well as of all other men, to examine what this spirit, or tone of mind, and what these laws might be, and to what extent was their cultivation and subjection to them thought requisite. Such a subject, I deny not, may involve questions of divinity; but it is also connected, as must be seen at once, with literature, with philosophy, with the history of mankind, of the human understanding, and with the foundation of all our belief and hope in heaven.

There are, again, other considerations which will fully explain the necessity for introducing this delicate subject to the reader, who may perhaps be a disciple of the moderns; for, to a young man who is to travel over Europe, or but to visit the neighbouring kingdoms, some knowledge, or at least some general view, of its religion, as well as of its history, becomes quite indispensable. Without such previous instruction, he will find himself, much perhaps to his astonishment, associated in sentiments with the professed enemies of public order, with the vilest part of the rabble, debauched couriers, and dishonest valets, and in situations very often where he will shamefully offend against the courtesy of a gentleman as well as against the charity of the Gospel, and certes, it will be but a poor way of marking his affection, and of drawing the respect of others, for his own Church, if he travel over Christendom with the views of such persons, or, like a Turk or an infidel, only visiting its churches to gaze at paintings, and to feel himself a stranger amid the congregation of faithful people.

From all these considerations it was evident, that the Tancredus being only a general view of the

religious spirit of the ancient chivalry, would require a supplement for the purpose of justifying such of its positions as were contrary to the present opinions and disposition of many men; and while in this book the precept of Plato has been kept in view, "that a man's country is to be used as his parents are, that is, with humble persuasions, and not with contestations," it was deemed that no title could be selected with greater propriety than that which at once designates the object and commemorates the boast of learning as well as the glory of our nation —SIR THOMAS MORE.

It may seem, indeed, to some (and those would not be the most thoughtless) that the very allusion to subjects which are calculated to remind men of their past follies or misfortunes is objectionable; and, in reading Herodotus, it is certainly hard to condemn the Athenians when he relates that they set a fine upon Phrynichus for having composed a drama on the capture of Miletus. But then, not to remark how sacred a thing is truth, and how *ἀληθὲς ἀφανίσαι οὐδαμῶς θέμις*, as Plato saith, care has been taken in what follows to preserve in opposition to the stoical inhumanity and cynic license, what Cicero terms "Platonis verecundiam"; and besides, time as well as distance deadens the sense of anger, and makes crime assume the form of absurdity. "Hæc tibi ridicula videntur," says Cicero to his friend, "non enim ades. Quæ si videres, lacrymas non teneres."

Still the ground before me borders upon the field where angry and unholy disputants—unholy, for that is the proper designation of everything which opposes love—have been and are yet engaged, and it is with fear and melancholy that I approach it. I am aware, too, of the extreme and morbid delicacy of many tempers, which would meet all reasoning and reflection of the nature here suggested, although

they may have only reference to the past, with some solemn hint, that these questions are not proper for discussion, and with an air implying instantly to the ready eye that a further attempt to press them would be an offence against manners: and when the barrier of conventional forms is interposed all is over. I cannot stay to remark how the philosophy of some persons rests upon sand, and how they wisely regard the stillness of moral death as its only security. "I was not ignorant," says Cicero to Brutus, in the beginning of his first book, De Finibus, "how much censure our labour would be sure to meet with." "Nam quibusdam, et iis quidem non admodum indoctis, totum hoc displicet philosophari. Quidam autem non id tam reprehendunt, si remissius agatur: sed tantum studium, tamque multam operam, ponendam in eo non arbitrantur." So it is with men in our time on the subject of the highest philosophy. Are they invited to discourse upon any point connected with religion? "Totum hoc displicet philosophari." But there is more hope of these persons than of the second class, who are for placing limits to infinity, and for choosing mediocrity in the best things. But let such men turn to their confessor, for the cure of their disease belongs not to me, and that I may proceed with necessary caution, that I myself may escape the language which modern manners have banished from conversation, but which the best writers of the day think applicable to all who venture to justify the ancient faith,—for

ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι—

it is, in the words of Socrates to the sophist, that I prepare my reader to receive what follows: "I think, O Gorgias, that you have attended many disputations, and that you must have discovered how hardly can those who dispute bring it to pass that

they should alternately teach and learn; but if they contend on any subject, and one is not ready to concede that the other speaks justly and clearly, they grow indignant, and they attribute his words to envy; contending, indeed, but not inquiring concerning the matter in dispute. And sometimes they separate disgracefully, reviling each other, saying and hearing such things as make the hearers repent that they ever thought such men ought to be listened to. And now for what end say I this? Because you do not now seem to speak consistently with what you formerly advanced. I fear, therefore, to confute you, lest you should suspect that I speak not against the subject, but against you. I therefore, if you be one of the men in whose number I am, will gladly pursue this question; but if not, I will abandon it. And who are the men in whose number I am? Those who are with sweetness willing to be confuted if they advance what is not true; and with sweetness willing to confute if any other should advance what is not true: no less with sweetness willing to be confuted than to confute; which may be the greater good, as far as it is a greater good to free oneself from the greatest evil than to free another. And I hold there is no evil so great amongst men, as a false opinion on the point concerning which this dispute is. If then indeed, and you say that, you are such a man, let us dispute; but if you think it better to dismiss the subject, let us dismiss it, and break off the discourse."[1]

Still the question will be again urged, "Why do you associate such awful discussions with the light and worldly wandering for which you prepare us, and when we had expected to stray through the wild and flowery paths of love and chivalry?" Let me beseech you, my noble reader, to bear in mind that

[1] Plato, Gorgias.

the charge of inconsistency, which some men would bring against these things, has no foundation, if our views be simple, and our taste and our judgment unperverted. Honour and religion, chivalry and the priesthood, are not to be marshalled in opposition to each other, as the modern historians, and even poets recommend; but, on the contrary, "devroit avoir telle fraternite, et telle charite entre les ministres de saincte eglise, et ceulx de la court seculiere quils fussent comme ung corps et une ame."[1] This union these moderns would now remove, complaining, with Wharton, of the shocking inconsistency of uniting together in the same manners, "the love of God and of women, devotion and valour, saints and heroes."

He knows who fears no God, he loves no friend,

was true of the crusader; and a life devoted to the study of profound philosophy had conducted the Count of Stolberg to the same conclusion: "Without love to God there can be no true love"; "ohne Liebe zu Gott ist keine wahre Liebe."[2] To find valour and devotion at variance argues but little acquaintance with history, or the heart of man; and as for saints and heroes, they have always been brethren; as in the case of that illustrious family, which, while it gave a mareschal to France in 1311, and to Anjou that valiant seneschal who, at the battle of Bouvines, seized the Emperor Otho by the throat to pull him off his fiery horse,[3] and would have made him prisoner, but for a quick succour,—gave also to Clairvaux, Everard des Barres, who, after abdicating the office of grand master of the Templars, displayed in that house, for

[1] Le Songe du Vergier, du Clerc et du Chevalier, 1.
[2] Die Liebe, p. 69.
[3] Chroniques de S. Denis, tome II, xli.

twenty-four years of penitence and mortification, a lively apprehension of the just judgments of God. So that in the old days of chivalry, it was not only the heart-inspiring tournament, and the tender greetings and gorgeous ceremony of bower and of hall that attracted attention; but the gravest discourses were held before the battle, or in the myrtle shade and under the oriel canopy; and these not by clerks, but by all persons who had hearts to feel, and grace to give their thoughts utterance. When did temporal chivalry disdain to be occupied with such meditations, and when were its poor services disdained by good men? If any proof were required that in this book the reader is not led beyond the limits prescribed by wise antiquity, we may look no farther than to the work entitled "Le Songe du Vergier qui parle de la disputacion du Clerc et du Chevalier," which was dedicated to King Charles V, of France. In general, however, it is true on religious subjects, men rather exhorted than distinguished; and it would be well if the circumstances of the world did not oblige Christians to differ somewhat from them in this particular, that they might shun all debatable points, and be satisfied when they had besought youth to love God, to reverence his Church, and to offer the sacrifice of obedience in testimony of their faith. But, alas! did they stop here, in this presumptuous age, it would be to deceive themselves, and to deceive others. Some men are sure to take offence at whatever can be construed in a sense contrary to their own views; and when these views are decidedly of the modern school, even were a writer to take the delicate caution of Tacitus for his example on every occasion, and, like him, content himself with such negative statements of what others did not do, as are found in his book De Moribus Germanorum, still the same offence would follow. "Etiam gloria

ac virtus," as the same historian observes, "infensos habet, ut nimis ex propinquo diversa arguens."[1] So albeit this effect must follow, the attempt to reconcile things by nature essentially at variance ought to be abandoned. The old principles of honour and chivalry ought to be defended on their proper ground. Let them be weak and out of date, as the moderns hold, but still allow their friends to make use of the armour that belongs to them. In all other respects, as far as intentionally offending is concerned, the reader may dismiss all fears and anticipations, resting assured that unless where grave and important reasoning requires, no institution or code of laws that he loves and venerates, will be made the subject, in these sheets, of direct complaint or censure; for, as Otho said in the last hour of his life, "De nemine queror; nam incusare Deos vel homines, ejus est, qui vivere velit."[2] So, to lament or expose the evil of a system merely with a view to its correction, is the part of him who remains within its influence. It may be the consolation of one engaged in such a cause, that even when led incidentally to accuse a few, he is defending many, and, as Cicero said, he seems to remain in the character which he too perhaps has loved and courted from early youth, "et non omnino a defendendis hominibus sublevandisque discedere."[3]

Yet again, one word before I commence the subject of this book.

If the conclusions resulting to my reader from the perusal of what follows, or from the subsequent meditation to which it may give rise, should be found at all contrary to a favourable view of the end towards which the opinions of the multitude seem rapidly advancing—(there are moments when

[1] Annal. IV, 33. [2] Tacitus, Hist. XI, 47.
[3] In Q. Cœcilium, 2.

we feel inclined to say, "non fanda timemus")—let him remember that whatever these conclusions may be, they need be concerned only with the discipline and government of his own heart, and, if I may so speak, with the worship and ceremonies observed in that secret sanctuary where God and himself can alone enter. Certes they have nothing to do with the professions, and distraction, and publicity of a worldly life; nothing with the "wrath of men working not the righteousness of God," with the hypocrisy of ambitious, disloyal, and ungodly persons; nothing with their threats or projects of inhuman zeal; nor yet, again, have they anything to do with the silly phrases of ignorant and stupid bigots, contrary to love, and peace, and order. True it is, that the understanding of some may be fully convinced, that the heart may be moved with the most affecting impressions, that the taste and genius may be called in to excite interest, that some of the best and most generous feelings may be awakened: but then, in this event, by a contrivance of the Divine Wisdom, the same causes which give rise to such complicated movements will conspire also to furnish a remedy to prevent the evils which would otherwise result from such agitation of the entire man. And this contrivance is the remedy which Fénelon describes in these few words, when he calls upon us "de laisser faire celui qui fait tout." This is the grand secret, known to them of old, which has enabled so many noble heroes and holy religious men to retain that singleness of heart, that silent and dignified tranquillity, which seem something more than human, amid those gloomy visions which so often pass through this lower world. The clouds gather round, and the light of heaven withdraws, and the thunder gives its warning note of death; "Sed quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur." Yes, the virtue which begins and ends with obedi-

ence to the will of God. This it is which has supported saints and heroes, and which will again support saints and heroes to the end of time, enabling them to view the world and all its changes with tranquillity, let its opinions and its civilization march as they may; to contemplate the future without a thought or concern for what may await themselves.

> ——————— quis littora ponto
> Obruta, quis summis cernens in montibus æquor,
> Tot rerum finem, timeat sibi? non vacat ullos
> Pro se ferre metus.

And when that storm has burst upon a darkened world, to walk erect through the scenes of ruin and death till the violence is overpassed, and the great water-floods subside, and he can stray amid shattered columns, and violated tombs, and desecrated monuments of piety; amid the grey walls of abbeys, and monasteries, and holy chapels, now roofless and overspread with weeds, and without a tenant, save the mournful bird of night. And if at any time, in the hour of feeling and of poetry, we seat ourselves on the ivy-mantled tower of one of those houses where once the praise of God formed the daily office, and also broke the stillness of the night, while the wind, wafting over some vast lonely moor which so often surrounds the green eminence on which these buildings stand, shall seem to make a kind of sad response amid the dark rank weeds and scattered grass which wave over the ruins, while the evening sun may cast over the whole a melancholy though brilliant light—melancholy, as being an emblem of that beauty and joy of the whole earth which so quickly passes away,—then will these soothing words of Fénelon be remembered, and all the evils will be removed which were about to result from visiting such scenes, from indulging in such meditations, from

arriving at the knowledge of such truths. In Alcuin's day, the most holy church of St. Cuthbert was miserably laid waste by the Danes. "Qui hoc non timet," says Alcuin, in a letter to Ethelred, King of Northumberland,[1] "et seipsum non corrigit, et pro suæ patriæ prosperitate non plangit ad Deum, carneum non habet cor, sed lapideum." This was their inference from such reflections. And if again the cross be thrown to the ground, we too shall learn from it only a prostration of heart and spirit before God: if the very sanctuary be laid waste, and the priest, and the righteous, and the poor strong in faith, who together for so many ages prayed and worshipped within these solemn aisles, be cut off, so that their place knoweth them no more; if the vespers of the monk no longer announce the approach of night, but in their place the voice of the screech-owl issues from the mouldering arches, we shall meditate upon that appeal, "how then shall the sinner and the ungodly appear?" If led by sad thought to contemplate what numbers of men are changed in their temper and affections from what, for fourteen hundred years, constituted the piety of the Christian and the pride of nobility, ignorant of the precepts and customs, forgetful or disdainful of the affecting records, insensible to the sublime beauty and order, careless of the authority, erring from the faith and practice of the Church, and totally unacquainted with the nature, and origin, and end of their own exalted state, we shall learn to perceive not the faults of others, but the force of those circumstances of the world over which private men may have no control, leading us to take refuge in what Sir Thomas Brown calls St. Paul's sanctuary, an *O altitudo;* so that here the root of all unchari-

[1] Canisii Lectiones Antiq. II, p. 387.

table or repining feeling will be cut off for ever, unassailed by the suggestions of undisciplined passion and inhuman zeal, we shall learn to "hate the vices, not the men"; to desire the spirit which is immortal, and not the temporal blessings which, if again granted, might again be as speedily taken away; in short, to be content with the discharge of the duties which God requires; and as for the enjoyments which seem in harmony with their fulfilment, the institutions and manners which history may record as having once existed, or which at all events Poetry may delight to sing, and Fancy paint with her romantic charms: as for these, and for whatever else is beyond the little confined sphere of our own immediate influence, in submissive silence, and in the spirit of love, we shall be willing to resign them, enabled to soothe our imagination, and to warm our piety with the thoughts that end in perfect truth and justice, and with the sweet desire, "de laisser faire celui qui fait tout." The lesson from the whole is this: "Mundus transit, et concupiscentia ejus. Qui autem facit voluntatem Dei, manet in æternum."[1] If a contemplative observer should be tempted to dwell upon these wonders of the Divine government, he may hope to understand all mysteries, and he will mark how in these very circumstances of the world there is no end of the riches, of the wisdom, and of the goodness of God. Assuredly, he is not able to call any decree of heaven vain.

Ὁρᾷ, ὁρᾷ ταῦτ' ἀεὶ
Χρόνος. ἐπεὶ μὲν ἕτερα,
Τὰ δὲ παρ' ἦμαρ αὖθις αὔξων ἄνω.[2]

"I have heard stories of the breeze that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant

[1] Epist. B. Joan. Ap. II, 17.

[2] Soph. Œd. Col. 1448.

it is, and how refreshing."[1] Even when night has drawn over men her sable mantle, how good is it to be for some time on the wintry mountains and alone!

> When after long obscurity,
> At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
> Startles the pensive traveller as he treads
> His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
> Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
> Asunder,—and above his head he sees
> The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
> There, in a black blue vault she sails along,
> Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
> And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
> Drive as she drives; how fast they wheel away,
> Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
> But they are silent;—still they roll along,
> Immeasurably distant.[2]

So shines the light of truth upon the wanderer through a benighted world. Around him sounds the war of worms, "the shriek of the world's carrion jays."—But above is opened the distant heaven as in the times that are past. There stands Michael the archangel, appointed to receive the souls of men; there are "angels and archangels, thrones and dominations, principalities and powers."[3] If, then, the divine philosophy to which he devotes his soul has retreated from the scorn, or insults, or outrages of men, if it hath been removed, even suffering violence, from the apprehension of the multitude, and hath departed to exist but for the few by whom it is reverenced, it then discloses to him still more sublime visions; retaining all its former majesty, and yet invested with an additional charm to excite the heart, and an additional force to accomplish its mission upon earth, and to perfect

[1] Landor. [2] Wordsworth.
[3] Anthem at Lauds for the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel.

its operation in the heart of man; for all the romantic and chivalrous sentiments of nature are then interested in its favour, it becomes peculiarly the tone and spirit of knightly and meditative men, who would gladly be reconciled to the thought of death, which it prepares them to meet with joy;—those who are susceptible of lofty thoughts and profound emotion, of those who feel that there is nothing in the visible world that can satisfy the soul of man, of those who love to hear of scenes like

> —— the vale where wild Arunca pours
> Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
> Of old Coimbra, whose ruin'd towers
> Bore record of the fierce Alina's wrath;[1]

of those who prefer sometimes the darkness and silence of a cloister or a castle court, to the splendour and excitements of a city; who can find a certain pleasure in the melancholy sound of the wind and the waves as they roll against some northern strand; who love to stray through wilds dear to the timid night-heron, and forests that seem pathless; and who feel that even their secluded depths can utter knowledge; who can withdraw beyond the power of the senses, and take refuge in the past, the distant, or the future.

> —— For peace is nigh
> Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
> Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
> The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
> Already on the wing![2]

It gains also an additional force to perfect its operation; for it is freed from a dangerous ally, and a pernicious influence. I am not one of those who hold that the conversion of Constantine was injurious in its results to the interests of the Church. Still

[1] Roderick. [2] Cary's Dante, Purg. c. XXVIII.

there are dark hours in the life of man when he is tempted to believe that whatever the world touches is in some degree polluted. At all times he must be persuaded that there is a danger attending its friendship, its munificent offers, its honours, its privileges; she proposes, she presses them for acceptance? It may be the office of love not to turn away in refusal. She ungenerously, or proudly or cruelly withdraws them? It is well; the trial is at an end, and there is wanting little but the crown for the conqueror.

St. Gregory of Tours, in the first part of his history, professes his desire to make known his faith, saying, "Ut qui legerit me non dubitet esse Catholicum." An instance which would very much surprise many readers at this day, for "the men who now set up for philosophers," as Berkeley says,[1] "are resolved not to express themselves decidedly on questions of religion, that they may appear learned and profound. When a reader is at a loss to determine whether his author be atheist or deist or polytheist, stoic or Epicurean, sceptic or dogmatist, infidel or enthusiast, in jest or in earnest, he concludes him without hesitation to be enigmatical and profound. In fact, it is true of the most admired writers of the age, that no man alive can tell what to make of them, or what they would be at." This is however opposed, not only to the discharge of a religious duty, but also to the candour and firmness of a manly character. When Charles I advised Sir Henry Gage to have so much discretion in his carriage that there might be no notice taken of the exercise of his religion, the governor replied not in

[1] Minute Phil. VII.

the language of men who regard religion as of secondary importance to the favour of their master, or the decree of an assembly, or the ravings of the wretched vulgar, but with the true spirit of an English gentleman, "that he never had dissembled his religion, nor ever would." But then, on the other hand, it is not to be inferred from this that sincerity and firmness require that religion should be made a faction. "A great part of their religion," says Lord Clarendon, of the Scottish nation, "consisted in an entire detestation of Popery, in believing the Pope to be antichrist, and hating perfectly the persons of all Papists."—"Too many of us," says Jeremy Taylor, "account good works to be Popery; while we hear it preached, in every pulpit, that they who preach good works think they merit heaven by it, and so, for fear of merit, men let the work alone; to secure a good opinion, they neglect a good practice, and out of hatred of Popery, we lay aside Christianity itself."[1] I select the most mild passages that I can find, to prove to my British reader, that in a conflict so long and so violent as took place between the two parties, there was bigotry and cruelty and folly on the side of the innovators. Nor do I conclude that the followers of antiquity were exempt from the vices which such events almost necessarily occasion. The general effects which followed the deplorable contest are well described by the writer of the Discourse on the Life of Catharine de Medicis: "If it be a question of conscience, I greatly fear that in combating for our religion as we say, we have for the most part lost it. We can see that while we are engaged under the shadow of religion, affection towards God has evaporated, and faction alone has remained impressed upon our hearts." Sad, indeed,

[1] The Minister's Duty.

and full of cause for humility and fear, is the reflection, that the dignity and holiness of religion should be thus compromised by any of its legitimate defenders in these odious and, if it were not for the awfulness of the subject, we should say, ridiculous disputes; as Jeremy Taylor says, "by bringing of the Spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man; as if it were not enough for a man to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into these horrible scenes." But so it is, and short-sighted zealots will never rest till they can engage gallant gentlemen to range themselves under their invading banners; but the words of Æneas furnish a sufficient reply to all such hostile proposals:

> Ἀλλὰ τίη ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα νῶϊν ἀνάγκη
> Νεικεῖν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐναντίον, ὥστε γυναῖκας,
> Αἵτε χολωσάμεναι ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο
> Νεικεῦσ' ἀλλήλῃσι μέσην ἐς ἀγυιὰν ἰοῦσαι,
> Πόλλ' ἔτεά τε καὶ οὐκί· χόλος δέ τε καὶ τὰ κελεύει.[1]

It may be remarked of those who engage in these disputes, what Cicero says of the contending philosophers: "Horridiores evadunt, asperiores, duriores et oratione, et moribus."[2] And the enormous evil arising from this perversion of the Christian religion has been ascribed, even by writers of the modern school, to principles which they themselves unhappily have adopted too often; for these are the men certainly who chiefly hold and entertain courses, as Lord Bacon says, (who however accused equally "either side,") "for the drawing of their partisans to a more strait union within themselves, which ever importeth a farther distraction of the entire body." Certain it is, in the days when men were of a fresher and more loving spirit, more zealous, more sincere, less worldly,

[1] Il. XX, 251. [2] De Finibus, IV.

less pedantic and ostentatious in their religion, they acted differently; they were not distinguished by those jarring titles, Lutheran and Calvinist, and Whitfieldite and Wesleyan; their attachment and spiritual obedience were not to a word signifying some outward form or government, and varying according as they happened to be subjects of England, or Scotland, or Geneva; but they were members of that one holy, visible, universal, apostolic Church which was planted by Christ, and has been spread throughout the world, claiming and exercising the authority which Christ left with it, defended by the blessed and happy men whose names are in the book of life—"by that quire of bishops and doctors who shined like lights in the world. 'Dulce est meminisse'—their very memory is pleasant. Evodius, the sweet saviour of the Church, the successor and imitator of the holy Apostles; Ignatius, in whom God dwelt; St. Dionysius the Areopagite, that bird of Paradise, exclaims St. Chrysostom, that celestial eagle; Hippolytus, that good man, that gentle sweet person; great St. Basil, a man almost equal to the Apostles; Athanasius, rich in virtue; Gregory Nyssen, that great divine; and Ephrem, the great Syrian, that stirred up the slugglish and awakened the sleepers, and comforted the afflicted and brought the young men to discipline—the looking-glass of the religious, the captain of the penitents, the destruction of heresies, the receptacle of graces, the habitation of the Holy Ghost!"

Time and experience have induced men to change their opinion on many points since the period of their first separation.

Χρόνος καθαιρεῖ πάντα γῆράσκων ὁμοῦ.[1]

[1] Æschyl. Eumenid. 276.

So early as in 1638, Grotius acknowledged in a letter to Corvinus,[1] in stronger terms than I wish to repeat, that pious and able men among the moderns were aware that their decision of the principal controversies had been rather mistaken. The truth was that some of the new propositions were found, upon calm inquiry, to be no longer tenable. Others were softened down or forgotten. The old moral duties are now inculcated by the moderns; and when they differ in theory from antiquity, they wish to approach to it in practice. Thus the moderns submit themselves to the authority of their pastors and synods: as M. de Bonald observes,[2] they implore the Divine mercy as if there were no predestination: they practise good works as if they were necessary to salvation. They do not trouble themselves, like the English, in the time of their dissensions, to find out whether they are sanctified, but they endeavour to become sanctified. Certainly, it might have been generally acknowledged, that the case among really devout lovers of truth was little more than this, "Re consentire verbis discrepare." The estimation, indeed, which men made of the question, depended very much upon the object they had in view when they began to examine it. A writer who delighted in bitter controversy, and was dismayed at any prediction that the age of religious animosities (what a solecism the phraseology of the day makes me commit) and intolerance was passing away, would have formed his opinion of the ancient religion of Europe from what some obscure Irish priest, with a name that sounded barbarous to an English ear, might have said or written, or might be reported to have said or written; but a gallant lay-

[1] Vie par Barigny, II, 210.
[2] De l'Unité religieuse en Europe.

man, who wore a sword to combat other enemies, would have looked to a different quarter for a fair ground upon which to rest his conclusion. Perhaps he might have heard the "Veni Sancte Spiritus"[1] chanted in a church devoted to the old worship, and if so, that would have been sufficient for him; and as long as that heavenly anthem was remembered, no controversial essay, electioneering address, or angry speech in Parliament would have been able to convince him that his ancestors were guilty of holding the opinions, or of practising the crimes, laid to their charge—that antiquity was either so foolish or so wicked as it is reported to have been. Gentlemen of the ancient religion would doubtless have been drawn into great error if they had followed over-zealous controversial writers on the side of Rome, instead of drawing their opinion from some fairer source, such as would be furnished either by personal acquaintance or by documents, such as the report made to Pope Urban VIII, by Father Leander, respecting the Established Church of England, given by Mr. Butler; or the eighth letter of Bishop Milner to a Prebendary, where he defends the national Church of England from the charge of Hoadleyism; and, in like manner, those who had been bred up in ignorance of the ancient religion of Christendom, and could not have had opportunity to consult the elaborate writings of divines, would have done well to devote one half-hour to the perusal of any of the small treatises[2] which explain the ancient faith and customs of the

[1] In the service for Whit-Sunday.

[2] Such, for instance, as "Catéchisme Philosophique," by Feller, tom. III; "A Papist misrepresented and represented," by Gother; "Fletcher's Spirit of Controversy"; "The Poor Man's Catechism"; "Challoner's Catholic instructed"; "Canisius's Catechism," or that of "Montpellier"; "Dr. Lingard's Tracts," London, 1826; "Lettres sur l'Italie sous le rapport de la religion," by M. de Joux.

Church, that they might not indulge that narrow party feeling which keeps alive a thousand prejudices the most wicked and ungenerous, and that they might not either in Parliament or private society pass beyond all the known bounds of ignorance and extravagance. The German book entitled Theoduls Gastmahl, by the Baron de Starck, Protestant minister, of which there is a French translation,[1] the evidence of Dr. Doyle, as printed by order of Parliament, and M. de Haller's letter to his family, or Mr. Charles Butler's book of the Roman Catholic Church, can hardly fail to be read with interest and advantage. In this last the reader will be reminded that Leibnitz, one of the most learned men and profound philosophers whom the world has produced, has, in his Systema Theologicum, discussed, article by article, the whole creed of the Roman Catholic Church, and yet discerns in none of its tenets superstition or idolatry. Here you will be led to pray, in the words of Fénelon, "May the kingdom of truth, where there is no error, no scandal, no division, where God will communicate to it universal peace, soon come!"

Some men who have travelled in the southern parts of Europe are fond of relating instances that they have met with of irreligion and depravity, as furnishing ground to confirm their previous view of the religion of Europe in the middle ages; but let these persons remember, not to point out the absurdity of arguing against a system from the lives of its nominal followers, that the ancient piety is of a retiring spirit; that in a country where it may be found, strangers (and the remark is peculiarly true of the English) are sure to gain admission into the

[1] Unfortunately (as is the case with many works translated into that language), the title has been sadly changed. "*Entretiens Philosophiques* sur les différentes communions chrétiennes." Paris, 1821.

society of the restless, dissipated, and irreligious, whose accounts of their own religion are not to be depended upon; that it is not, as in other countries, where the devout part, by designation, may sometimes take the lead in temporal affairs and worldly scenes, but that here, the persons belonging to the religious part of society are rarely to be met with by idle, dissipated, or even by sensible and judicious travellers, not because such persons are wanting—(it is a certain fact that in the Catholic countries of the south of Europe there are vast multitudes who live precisely like the Christians in the primitive age, as if under the eyes of the Apostles)—but because such persons purposely avoid associating with men whose avowed object is either pleasure or the gratification of curiosity, or the attainment of information about matters foreign from the existence of Christian piety, at least, whose thoughts and pursuits can hardly be presumed for that interval to be in unison with their own. But however this may be, let other men take care how they conclude from any representations made by their roaming acquaintances, for they cannot estimate their testimony until they have seen these travellers at the places they describe. In Catholic countries, persons of Christian lives have finished their religious exercises for the day before the learned, moderate, judicious gentleman of philosophic views has left his bed. Again, when the last beautiful office of the evening has filled the churches; when crowds are kneeling on the pavement, and the dusky vaults re-echo with those solemn and harmonious sounds of prayer and praise "in manus tuas Domine"—and "adoremus in æternum," this same objector is generally dining or at the theatre. Wherever it is possible, too, strangers of this class will be found frequenting that quarter of the different cities of Europe which is the farthest from places of sanc-

tity, and where everything breathes an unpoetical and dissipated air. In regard, however, to the ordinary class of our travellers, prudence will recommend but few words. Without doubt, every nation which arrives at great material prosperity, will have reason to dread the arrival of a period similar to that described by Cicero, when he said "Locus intra oceanum jam nullus est, neque tam longinquus, neque tam reconditus, quo non per hæc tempora nostrorum hominum libido iniquitasque pervaserit."[1] One of the great advantages of journeying beyond sea to a man of sense and feeling, is, however, the spectacle of general travellers: it will prevent his being ever again imposed upon by these birds of passage, when they record their adventures and experience on returning to the North.

St. Augustin declares in his Confessions, that he was kept a long time in the error of the Manichees, from having been taught to regard the Catholics with horror. "When I came to discover the truth, the spiritual sense of the Church," he says, "Gaudens erubui, non me tot annos adversus Catholicam fidem, sed contra carnalium cogitationum figmenta latrasse." "For so bold and impious was I, that those things which I ought first to have learned from them by inquiry, I charged upon them by accusation, readier to impose falsehood than be informed of the truth: and thus I so blindly accused the Catholic Church, now sufficiently cleared to me, that she taught not the opinions I so vehemently persecuted." And assuredly many at this day know but little of the old religion, of their own if they were conscious of it, who are the loudest in their condemnation. It was the consolation of the old Christians that their enemies mistook and misinterpreted their doctrines. Tacitus and Pliny

[1] In Verrem, act. II, lit. 3, 89.

thought they were addicted to an "execrable superstition"; that they were horribly intolerant, and hated all men but themselves; that they worshipped strange and ridiculous gods. It appears from St. Justin Martyr that the sacrifice of the mass was the occasion of a dreadful charge. It was no marvel that they kept apart from them. Assuredly the same fact may be also our solace; for I do not imagine that any opponent, from Celsus and Porphyry down to the writers of "Preservatives" to be distributed by societies for the promotion of hatred and disunion, has ever attacked the Church without mistaking and misrepresenting its doctrine. A follower of antiquity need only look into their "refutations" to be convinced of this truth. Perhaps, indeed, to know its real nature, to behold it in the clearness of actual presence, and to be its enemy, is reserved for the wickedness which surpasseth that incident to mortal spirits. Vain and short-sighted man sees it "through a glass darkly," through the medium of his own passions or of another's falsehood; he may therefore oppose it and be forgiven, and participate in the mercy of Him who prayed for his own murderers in those divine words, "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

The bare motive of charity would compel men to caution the mere modern reader against being grossly deceived as to Christian antiquity by those who have written against it. There is nothing more true than what Mr. Fletcher remarks, that this country, with all its claims to superior generosity, has produced more coarse and illiberal antagonists of the ancient system than any other Protestant state in Europe. A French writer has made the some complaint. "Les Anglois se permettent sans cesse des moqueries indécentes sur la religion Catholique et les calomnies les plus atroces contre les ministres de notre culte."

A hideous figure of their foes they draw;
Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
And this grotesque design expose to public view,
And yet the daubing pleases!

"Molière's Médecin malgré lui," says Mr. Fletcher, "is not a bad representation of our treatment. The moderns produce many men more cruel than Lucas and Valere, who by insults, injuries, violence, and invective, make us idolaters, *malgré nous*; bigots, *malgré nous*; bad subjects, *malgré nous*."

This is such a dissembling age, that a man is deemed uncivil if he do not express his conviction that all men, and particularly those who most violently oppose, and perhaps revile him, are actuated by the purest and most sublime principles; but indeed it is to be wished that some honest spirits, who set pedantry and canting at defiance, would have courage to resist this infection so near to hypocrisy. Let priests and holy men assert that all their enemies are lovers of truth, though in error, and besides Holy Scripture, let them quote Alcuin to me, "charitas neminem spernit."[1] I know that with the motives of men we have nothing to do, but to seek the favour of all sides in every case seems hardly honest, or even charitable.

ἄνδρα δ' οὐδέν' οἶδ' ἐγὼ
δίκαιον ὅστις ἐξ ἅπαντος εὖ λέγει.[2]

And as for this question between the new learning and antiquity, doubtless it is not exempt from the fate of every other that men agitate. It does not follow, of necessity, that no charlatans, no men like the sophists whom Socrates combated, are opposed to the ancient wisdom, or that all persons ranged against it are moved by the pure love of God's truth, unmixed with worldly passions. Clois-

[1] Epist. XLIII, ap. Caniss.

[2] Soph. Œdip. Col. 802.

tered monks, or hermits in their cells, may believe this, but not those who are conversant with the ways of men. Therefore I say the statements of men who support the new philosophy, as of all other men, their conclusions, their jealousies, their enmities, their convictions, their friendly testimonies, their very words, are all to be received with a certain caution. It may be a sad reflection, but doubtless many volumes are put forth on the subject of religion, "to support typography rather than verity," as an old writer says, or as Sir Philip Sidney affirms of poesy, "base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer." It may sound very shocking, but the plain and simple truth is, that thousands of books which enjoyed the greatest reputation, contained nothing better than what the late Mr. Fox termed "good sound Protestant lies." Every candid and ingenuous man of learning will assent to this, however the plainness of the expression may excite a smile. Men of studious and reflecting habits should be warned how they follow even less suspicious guides. I would remind them of a danger arising from what Mr. Coleridge has lamented, "the predominance of a popular philosophy, at once the counterfeit and the mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research; introduced by men who select whatever words can have some semblance of sense attached to them with the least expenditure of thought; in short, whatever may enable men to talk of what they do not understand, with a careful avoidance of everything that might awaken them to a moment's suspicion of their own ignorance."

The infidelity of the moderns as to the justice of the claims admitted by antiquity, was partly resolvable into the principle which Paley adduces to account for that of the Gentile world, and which he

conceives will account for the inefficacy of any argument or any evidence whatever; viz., contempt prior to examination. "I know not indeed," observes this writer, "whether men of the greatest faculties of mind are not the most subject to this intellectual vice. Such men feel themselves seated upon an eminence. Looking down from their height upon the follies of mankind, they behold contending tenets wasting their idle strength upon one another, with the common disdain of the absurdity of them all. This habit of thought, however comfortable to the mind which entertains it, or however natural to great parts, is extremely dangerous; and more apt, than almost any other disposition, to produce hasty and contemptuous, and by consequence, erroneous judgments, both of persons and opinions."[1] The whole chapter "on the rejection of Christianity," if we attend to make the proper substitutions, will go far to remove the objection founded upon the disunion of professing Christians. In these later times the ancient system was presented to the imagination of the moderns under nearly the same disadvantages as those enumerated by Paley, in the case of Christianity offered to the Gentiles; there was the same supposed connection with things hateful or absurd, the same ignorance of its contents; there was something very like the prevalence of the same philosophical as well as the libertine character. To men indeed of really philosophical minds a different result might have been expected, and perhaps did generally ensue. Probably, too, there were men who held that Lord Bacon's celebrated sentence was true in application to the whole system of antiquity; that a little philosophy was calculated to make men forsake it, while a more full possession

[1] Evidences of Christianity, p. 371.

(where there were no early prejudices which could prevent its application) would induce them to return to it as their final rest, and to reply, if they had been addressed in these affecting words, "Will ye also go away?—To whom should we go?—Thou hast the words of eternal life."

To men of really philosophic minds the very fact of the modern accusation being advanced with such confidence, the very fact that their positions are so plausible, their conclusions so ready, their whole system of opinions so adapted to the first sensual impressions of the meanest capacity, will dictate caution and somewhat of the Socratic delay. Like the sophist in Plato,[1] he who is imbued with this philosophy will answer at once ἀφόβως τε καὶ μεγαλοπρεπῶς, as Plato says, to questions that have divided the wisest of men, and that may involve the most awful truths of religion. No exordium to their discourse,[2] their question is proposed and answered with equal facility. Audax negotium! With Cicero, "dicerem impudens, nisi hoc institutum postea translatum ad philosophos nostros esset."[3] Where angels fear to tread, these men rush in with shouts of mockery and triumph: as the barbarous Gauls ran with naked swords into the Roman Senate and slaughtered the venerable men, whose habits, as Livy said, possessed more than human grandeur, and whose countenances were most like in majesty to those of the gods. Upon a more close examination of these objections, it must have appeared to many that they were founded upon principles the very reverse of what had always before been held by philosophers, and that they argued more confidence than learning, more an undisciplined judgment than an acquaintance with

[1] Meno.

[2] See the beginning of the Meno.

[3] De Finn. II, 1.

the wisdom taught by nature. If the sense of the ridiculous had not overpowered every other, how utterly shocking and revolting must it have been to men of learning and education to hear many of the addresses which used to be published from time to time by candidates for election to stations which were to be acquired by popular suffrage. It must indeed have been a hard task to retain perfect composure while men of occupations not more intellectual than those of money-changers and sausage-sellers were declaring their convictions upon questions of profound philosophy, and appealing for their justice to an ignorant and brutal mob. Certes it was no marvel that many who beheld such things returned to communion with antiquity, for such things were quite sufficient to drive them to examination, and to oblige them to take advantage of that privilege which they had been told was theirs, that of making use of their own reason. The truth of the melancholy remark in Cicero is never more clearly proved than when we appeal to the religious differences among men. "Plura enim multo homines judicant odio, aut amore, aut cupiditate, aut iracundia, aut dolore, aut lætitia, aut spe, aut timore, aut errore, aut aliqua permotione mentis, quam veritate, aut præscripto, aut juris norma aliqua, aut judicii formula aut legibus."[1] To one who was still railing against the Papists, Sir Henry Wotton, whose Protestantism was sufficiently proved in that extraordinary scene in the church at Florence at vespers, mentioned by Walton, gave this advice: "Pray, Sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have this proverb, *He that understands amiss, concludes worse*; and take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you

[1] De Oratore, II.

are to God." And doubtless, as the writer of his life then observes, "many middle-witted men which yet may mean well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know till they come to heaven where the questions at issue stick, will yet in this world be tampering with the controversy, and 'meddling with things they understand not.'" Indeed, if we should credit the report of our pedantic travellers, who have adopted what Sully so well terms "this odious prejudice," there would be no true religion in any country but our own. "Il faut se descharger de ces humeurs vulgaires et nuisibles,"—the precept of the benevolent father will equally suit the Christian and the temper of a gallant gentleman, "in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." In relation to this subject, who must not admire the conduct and sentiments of the great Sully? After being present at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, himself exposed to all its horrors, and to the distractions of the period which followed it, he surmounted the prejudices which might have been pardoned even to good men under such circumstances, and he was enabled to distinguish the religion from the impiety of those whose political interests led them to support it. This indeed seemed to require qualities of an order higher than those which can be received by human nature, yet such were in this instance vouchsafed to the minister of Henry. On the other hand, how was that execrable measure regarded by the opposite side? It is in vain to bring forward the conduct of foreign princes, who were, some of them at least, for a time totally ignorant of its real nature, or who, at all events, had their political views to influence them. The charge against Pope Gregory XIII seems to have been wholly groundless. Such is the inference to be drawn from consulting the

life of Pope Sixtus V[1] by Leti, a Protestant author not desirous of eulogizing any occupant of the Holy See. But let us take a case from among those who may be reasonably supposed to have had accurate information respecting it, and to have been actuated by religion. Now there is nothing in the circumstances and character of the celebrated Crillon to make us expect purer notions of religion from him than from the generality of honest men professing his religion. His words then before the very authors of the tragedy were as follow: "La Saint-Barthèlemi est une apologie complète de la conduite des huguenots; ce massacre vient de justifier leur révolte." And this was Crillon, who always ascribed his actions of heroism and generosity to the Catholic religion, who might have heard that very day the prayer of the Church beseeching Almighty God to grant her grace "to love what an Apostle believed, and preach what an Apostle taught." Sully was well aware of the light in which the event should be regarded: and consequently it affected not his view of the ancient religion. "Strongly persuaded," says this great man of his own mind, "as I have always been, although a Calvinist, on the confession which I have extorted from the most learned of the reformed ministers, that God is not less honoured in the Catholic Church than in the Protestant," and that nothing had been capable of making Henry IV embrace a religion which he had secretly despised, or of the truth of which he even had doubts, the wise and virtuous minister was, as he declares, fully persuaded, and he concludes his testimony with that magnificent sentence, "un prince qui n'avoit jamais trompé les hommes, étoit bien éloigné de vouloir tromper Dieu." Assuredly, the sentiments of thinking and religious persons,

[1] Lib. IV, 89.

who still are ranged against antiquity in some matters, are worthy of all praise. Madame de Staël, in her "Germany," has written a chapter upon this subject which does honour to her heart and judgment. "In what do these religious men differ from each other, and why do the names of Catholic and Protestant separate them?" This is her observation. I shall recur to this subject. In the mean time hear what Hooker says: "There will come a time when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit." Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, a good Catholic, and Jeanne d'Albret, his wife, a Calvinist, are buried in the same tomb, in the church of the castle of Vendôme; nay, Baldwin I, King of Jerusalem, that most religious and chivalrous prince, after the death of Godshilde, his first wife, an English woman who died on the march in Marasia, did not scruple to marry the daughter of Tafrok, an Armenian prince who held many strong castles on Taurus, who was his own enemy and that of the crusaders.[1] And though in the issue it was an unhappy alliance, its first contraction, there being no compromise of faith, is an example not to be lost sight of, and an instance that even a crusader could be tolerant, and could respect the conscience of another. I have even shewn in the preceding book that such tolerance was enforced in "l'Arbre des Batailles," where we might least expect to meet with pacific remonstrances. Why cannot the moderns attain to the wisdom of Panætius, who kept apart from the war of contending parties, "quam illorum tristitiam, atque asperitatem fugiens," says Cicero, "nec acerbitatem sententiarum, nec disserendi spinas pro-

[1] Raumer, Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, I, p. 419.

bavit; fuitque in altero genere mitior, in altero illustrior"?[1] Cicero could say in reference to his own times, "quid tam difficile, quam in plurimorum controversiis dijudicandis ab omnibus diligi?"[2] Yet he could congratulate his friend upon his having proved that the difficulty might be overcome; Plutarch even affirms that during the daily disputes on the rostra between Tiberius Gracchus and Octavius not one abusive or disparaging word was known to have escaped either of them in the heat of speaking. But it matters little if words be measured while sentiments are extravagant. The surest test of wisdom, in application to the circumstances of human life, is moderation. He among the moderns must indeed be a narrow-minded sectary who is not ready to acknowledge, that, "whether the Gospel be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Established Church in England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury, or whether it be chanted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendour of the Roman ritual, under the golden dome of the Vatican, it is always and everywhere the same voice of truth, and the same tidings of salvation." "We have reformed from them, not against them," says Sir Thomas Brown, "for, omitting those improperations and terms of scurrility betwixt us which only difference our affections and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them. Holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people") (and how do they abuse these?) "deceive not my judgment, nor abuse

[1] De Finibus, IV, 28. [2] Orat. 10.

my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition. My common conversation I do acknowledge austere; my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I would violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims," (why fruitless?) "or contemn the miserable condition of friars"; (why miserable?) "for though misplaced in circumstances," (I would he had been less afraid of his judgment,) "there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt." But there are few testimonies more remarkable than that furnished by that simple and truly heroic man, the Viscount of Turenne, which may be found in his private correspondence before he had returned to the followers of antiquity. Writing to the Viscountess, a Calvinist, he says, "Last Sunday there was the communion received here. M. Brevin preached very well. Speaking on the words, 'Come out of Babylon,' he gave me to understand that he would not have travelled with as much speed as the reformers. He has much learning, and no bitterness. He agreed with me that people of the two religions are not instructed as to the real points at issue, and that the object of both sides is only to inspire a mutual aversion for each other's creed. He preached on our Lord's words in ad-

ministering the Last Supper, and he uttered not a syllable of controversy. It was easy to see that he had well read the ancients." [1] Again, "when we do not want to be prejudiced, we can often discover by the long sermons which are delivered against the Catholics that the real object is to make a noise, and thinking to reform, that people go far beyond charity. It is evident from all the sects which abound in England, that by too much independence of thought, although with good sense, and perhaps with devotion, they have so disfigured religion that each man makes a sect after his own fashion, and that each man who reads the Word of God, and wishes to explain it in his way, proceeds a great deal farther than we fancy. You know well in the secrets of your heart that the minds of youth are more directed to the side of controversy than to that of true religion; in which I grant that I acquit myself but ill, still I can well enough discern the motives which actuate other persons." [2] Again, "I tell you plainly that many of the ministers with whom I have spoken appear to me full of prejudice, and have not that simplicity which convinces; it arises from their being accustomed to see only persons who content themselves with terms, and who are not aware that to satisfy the understanding it is much better to confess ourselves in the wrong than to escape with subtilty from an objection." [3] The followers of the modern philosophy should have reflected upon such passages as these. The sentiments which proceed from a man of the ancient honour, of plain, straightforward integrity, to whatever conclusions they lead, will be interesting and refreshing to all wise and good men. Assuredly the examples are not numerous where

[1] Hist. de Turenne, par Ramsay, tome II, preuves, p. xxi.
[2] Ditto, p. xxii. [3] Ditto, p. xxiii.

men like Turenne, remarkable for clearness of judgment and quickness of apprehension in solving difficulties and deciding upon important subjects, have carried these abilities from the practical scenes of public life to the examination of such questions as are now submitted to our consideration.

Assuredly, then, while such were the mild opinions of wise and learned moderns respecting the ancient Church, it was not wonderful that they should begin to see what and how great were the evils arising from the changes and schisms which have befallen Christendom. The great lords of the earth did nothing but laugh at the wranglings of clerks; and historians teach more; for being delivered from the bonds of the Church, and attaining to that false liberty from which she prays her children to be saved, they soon forgot what their rank and their birth, and even their new doctrine prescribed. Froissart's expression will appear very barbarous and very shocking, but it shall be repeated—"They did live like beasts." And how could any of the independent teachers take upon them authority to prescribe doctrines and practice, seeing they had taught the right of private judgment, and they had appealed from Catholic tradition to the suggestions of nature and of ordinary reason? And these great lords had their private sense and their natural suggestions, and their common sense too. Hence it was that the number of schismatics ought not, as Mr. Gibbon says, to have been computed from their separate congregations; for, in fact, each man's mind was a conventicle, and so the work proceeded; and the pillars of Revelation seemed to be shaken by the men who preserved the name without the substance of religion, who indulged the license without the temper of philosophy. So men quickly came to the catastrophe, to the last scene of this German tragedy, of which Erasmus

could name the author. The predictions of the men who deplored its beginning were accomplished. "The Elbe," said Melanchthon, "with all its flood, would not furnish me with sufficient water to weep the misfortunes of the Reformation divided"; and such a reformation not divided was a thing impossible and contrary to the eternal laws of nature.[1] In the midst of his colleagues he found himself, as he says, in the midst of ferocious wasps; and, he continues, "it is only in heaven that I can hope for sincerity."[2] "Ignorant men, who know neither piety nor discipline. Behold, these are the rulers; and I am like Daniel among the lions." In his letter to Camerarius, relating the decrees of the assembly of Spires, he describes his "incredible agitations, the pains of hell, even almost unto death." During these blows he clearly recognizes how much "certain people" are wrong[3] (he feared to speak more openly of those with whom he acted): "Good God," said he, "what tragedies will posterity behold if they shall begin to doubt whether the Word, whether the Holy Spirit, be a person!" They had begun already to move these questions; and what would have been his lamentation if he had lived to hear the controversies which followed in the next age? He saw enough to be wounded in spirit all his life; and yet he had not been called to witness these effects which are now conspicuous, and which in the following words were predicted by Bossuet: "I foresee that the infidels will lose their present credit, not from any horror for their sentiments, but because everything will become a matter of indifference excepting pleasure and business." "Ultima prona via est." When good men

[1] Vide M. de Haller, Restauration de la Science Politique, tome I, p. 106.

[2] Ep. ad Calv. p. 144.

[3] Lib. IV, c. 85.

set up to change the world with no other information to guide them but what they derive from the study of their own hearts, they seem upon the page of history like children who set machinery in motion, and then weep and wonder when they witness its effects. In their hopes and dejection they will be quite as vain. Confident, at first, like the Trojans who introduced the fatal present,

> ——— pueri circum innuptæque puellæ
> Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent:

like the rash youth who demanded the chariot of the sun, it is in vain to warn them;

> Magna petis, Phaëthon, et quæ nec viribus istis
> Munera conveniant, nec tam puerilibus annis.
> Finge datos currus: Quid agas?

It is pleasant to handle the reins, but these granted, soon the presumptuous youth is aware of his inability:

> Ipse pavet; nec qua commissas flectat habenas,
> Nec scit qua sit iter: nec si sciat, imperet illis.
> Quidque agat ignarus, stupet: et nec fræna remittit,
> Nec retinere valet: nec nomina novit equorum.

Just so was it with these rash, but let us hope conscientious innovators, who thought that they could conduct the religious interests of mankind while they drove the Church from her seat; that Church which had acquired the experience of fifteen centuries, which had gone through the laborious task of cherishing the infancy of barbarous nations, after having before that managed the infirmities and old age of the civilized world; ungrateful and presumptuous, like most inexpert learners, who, after the vessel had been safely steered through the darkness and storm, the moment when the sun arose, and the tide was of itself to waft them into

a peaceful port, would drive the faithful pilot from the post of honour, and would claim his reward, though, after all, they were unable even to complete the task. Puritan theologists they were, who, as Warton justly says, "attempted the business of national reformation without any knowledge of the nature of society, and whose censures proceeded not so much from principles of a purer morality as from narrowness of mind, and from that ignorance of human affairs which necessarily accompanies the operations of enthusiasm." "Qu'ont ils reformé?" cries Fénelon. "What have they reformed? What remains in all the North but a monstrous multitude of opposite sects? What do we behold on all sides? an unbridled curiosity, a presumption which nothing can arrest, an uncertainty which shakes all the foundations of Christianity itself, a tolerance which, under pretence of peace, falls into indifference about religion and into the most incurable irreligion": into Socinianism, as d'Alembert foretold, or into Unitarianism, which Bossuet calls the mid-day, as Luther and Calvin produced the morning, of the Reformation. These are the words of men firmly engaged on one side, yet still we may ask, can it be possible that the countless religions around us are more pure Christianity than that which was taught and practised by a St. Bernard, and the Church which possessed so many other saints in the middle ages? Certes there is abundant evidence of folly and ignorance and superstition in the middle ages; but to the eye of religion and philosophy is our age singularly exempt from evils equally destructive of religion? Does not every research lead to the conclusion that a vast number of men at all times have been far from walking in the path prescribed by either philosophy or religion? and if he had to choose between ignorance and simplicity with honesty, and "knowing all about everything," with

affectation and the knavery of charlatans, what good man would hesitate? Can the definition of a Christian be, that he is a man who rails against the Pope, who abhors the Mass, who speaks of the "monstrous doctrine of Transubstantiation," who denies a Purgatory, and calls it superstition to make the sign of the Cross? What is there of love in all this?

It is not that I am ignorant how many several arguments, charges, objections, "practical evidences," and abusive epithets have been brought against the Pope and the Mass, Transubstantiation and Purgatory, pictures and the sign of the Cross,—

—— *οὐδ' ἂν νηῦς ἑκατόζυγος ἄχθος ἄροιτο,*

but neither am I ignorant in what particulars historians have been guilty of perversions, controversialists of treachery, poets of rash judgment, the vulgar of atrocious calumnies; how not one of all these subjects of debate can justly be converted into an insuperable obstacle to a kinder and more mollified interpretation, even in case of men resisting the evidence in favour of the ancient system, and with what confidence the follower of antiquity may challenge the learned and the wise to examine the justice of the principles on which he defends them. —And yet this has been the work of the Lord, and the great matter; in these things men spent their long breath, and about these things they spent earnest prayers, and by these things they judged their brother, and for these they reviled their superiors, and walked hand in hand as in common cause with infidels, and in this doughty cause they thought it fit to die. Well might we say, in the words of Taylor, "If St. Paul or St. Anthony, St. Basil or St. Ambrose, if any of the primitive confessors or glorious martyrs should awake from within their

curtains of darkness, and find men thus striving against government for the interest of disobedience, and labouring for nothings, and preaching all day for shadows and moonshine; and that not a word shall come from them to teach the people humility, not a word of obedience or self-denial, not a word to warn them to suspend their own judgment; if, I say, St. Paul or St. Anthony should see such a light, they would not know the meaning of it, nor of what religion the country were."[1] Had men been well instructed in the Holy Scripture, they would have known a better way, that which is agreeable to the irrevocable decree of Eternal Wisdom. "Pacem sequimini cum omnibus, et sanctimoniam, sine qua nemo videbit Deum."[2]

But what is the inference that should be drawn from all this? That the Church was always perfectly incorrupt in every article of its discipline and practice, and that a reformation conducted in the spirit of piety and charity by its clergy was not become necessary? Certainly not. I would speak on this subject with great diffidence, but for many ages the reformation of ecclesiastical discipline was earnestly called for. "Who will grant me," said St. Bernard, who was so far from being "a reformer," that Sismondi thinks his death a fortunate circumstance at the time, as he would have opposed the progress of the age, "to see before I die the Church of God as it was in the primitive age?"[3] Alas! what follower of antiquity can deny that there have been ambitious Popes and wicked Priests; that one even of the twelve was Judas and the traitor? Who is not ready to admit that there were men superstitious and extravagant in the middle ages? It would be difficult to state the limit beyond which superstition and extravagance were not

[1] Minister's Duty. [2] Ad Hebræos XII. [3] Ep. 257.

sometimes carried. As far as making such concessions, the followers of antiquity may indeed pursue the policy of Themistocles in their conduct towards those who have so rashly invaded them. In the fifteenth century, Cardinal Julian represented formally to Pope Eugenius IV the shameful disorders of the German clergy.[1] Pope Pius II lamented bitterly the luxury and pomp which had invaded the Roman See.[2] Raumer quotes an old writer, who says of the great Emperor Frederic I, "Fridericus pius et justus ab omnibus appellatus et secundus post Carolum justitia et pietate est habitus," [and yet, though a devout Catholic, he scrupled not to tell the Pope and Cardinals,

> Jam non ferre crucem domini, sed tradere regna
> Gaudet, et Augustus mavult quam Præsul haberi.[3]

The German bishops, in his reign, who yielded to no members of the Catholic Church in just obedience to the Pope, did not fear to remonstrate with Adrian, saying, "The empire has, with the help of God, exalted the Church, and now would this latter, as it appears, without God destroy the empire."[4] But this is only one side of the statement; the faults and transgressions were equally on the other, as is fully shewn by the clerk in the Songe du Vergier; "the officers of the secular court most shamelessly transgressing against the spiritual jurisdiction," of which, if any proof were wanting, it might be taken from many of the high speeches of this very bold knight himself in defending his temporal princes.

The ancients were not ignorant of the scandal in this reign arising from the twofold election of Alexander III and Victor IV; but it was fairly

[1] Op. Æn. Silv. p. 66.
[2] Comment. Pii Papæ II, XII, 336.
[3] Raumer, Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, vol. II, p. 76.
[4] Raumer, p. 78.

argued on their side, that such occurrences are no more an excuse for refusing generally to obey the Pope, than the wars of succession, or the disputed titles of some kings would justify men for concluding that the general duty of honouring the king was not required by Christianity. The best gifts of God are liable to occasional disarrangement. The sermons, chronicles, and writings of the clergy, from the pages of Ordericus Vitalis[1] to the Tree of Battles by the prior of Salon,[2] display the strongest feeling on the misery of scandals and on the necessity of taking some measures to correct evil men and their abuses; and, doubtless, among the virtuous part of the laity there were many like Matteo Villani, the great historian, of whom Sismondi says, "Religious without superstition, he respected the Church, and nevertheless he dared to paint in the liveliest colours the corruption or the crimes of some of its chiefs." However, I suspect the number of these laymen privileged to declaim against the faults of churchmen was not great; but that, as an old writer said, they who blamed the Church would have done well "premierement regarder a soy mesmes, car il n'y a riens net ne chamberier ne varlet." With respect to the instructions of the clergy in all ages, I do solemnly declare, that after some research, certainly not totally superficial and prejudiced, the impression upon my mind has been, that, whether arising from some great universal principle which, if clearly understood, would shake our confidence in all history as far as it relates to certain subjects, I cannot determine; but that they do almost uniformly completely remove the misgivings and suspicions which the chronicles and histories of the same times occasionally excite, at least after our imagination has

[1] Lib. VI, 2.

[2] See the first eight chapters of this remarkable work.

been excited by the theories and speculations of the modern commentators upon ancient history. To some I am aware that such an avowal will appear as a malicious accusation, or as a dangerous error; to me, the conclusion appears in no other light but as furnishing a cheering and most satisfactory evidence as to the truth of Christianity itself. Nevertheless, still more than has been conceded may be true: through ignorance or weakness, the sanction of names and offices may have been sometimes extended (and these must have been rare instances) to support the follies and superstitions of the common people; their devotions may have become partially directed, or at least may have lost somewhat of the character of simplicity. "It is true also," as the Abbé Feller remarks, "that the extravagance of some Catholics has often given occasion to heretics to blaspheme the saints. Legendæ sunt lugendæ." The complaint of Erasmus (though as a wit his evidence is worth but little), with respect to the excessive devotion of the people for the blessed Virgin, might have been fairly justified, and other abuses might have grown with the age, such as rendered a reformation in the true sense of the term, to a certain extent unavoidable. The sentiments expressed by Latimer, in his epistle to the Archbishop of Canterbury,[1] were, no doubt, in full accordance with the judgment and the wishes of the great body of the clergy who did not proceed to make a schism in the Church. "I have desired, I own, and do desire, a reformation in the judgment of the vulgar. I have desired, and still do, that they should distinguish between duties; and that each should maintain among them its proper value, its place and time, its rank and degree. And so that all men should know that there is a very great

[1] Wordsworth's Eccles. Biography, vol. III, p. 93.

difference between those works which God hath prepared for each of us, zealously discharging the duties of our respective callings, to walk in, and them that are voluntary, which we undertake by our own strength and pleasure. It is lawful, I own, to make use of images; it is lawful to go on pilgrimage; it is lawful to pray to saints; it is lawful to be mindful of souls abiding in purgatory; but these things which are voluntary, are so to be moderated, that God's commandments, of necessary obligation, which bring eternal life to those that keep them, and eternal death to those who neglect them, be not deprived of their just value." The same advice had been given by Ives, Bishop of Chartres, to Hugues, Count of Champagne, in the year 1113, when this prince was intending to enter the order of the Templars, his wife being alive. "Take care," said Ives to him, "that you accomplish the vows which you make voluntarily in such a manner, that you do not omit what nature and the law command";[1] and the same wisdom dictated the memorable reply of the Abbot Lucius to Longinus, when the latter was hesitating between commencing a pilgrimage, a course of strict fasting, and a life of solitude.[2]

"I blush and tremble," said St. Vincent Ferrer, at the time when he was employed in converting the Vaudois and other innovators, "when I consider the terrible judgment impending on ecclesiastical superiors, who live at their ease in rich palaces, &c., whilst so many souls redeemed by the blood of Christ are perishing. I pray without ceasing the Lord of the harvest, that he will send good workmen into his harvest." Let the reader turn to Dean Colet's sermon to the Convocation, in the reign of Henry VII,—a Popish synod, as Dr.

[1] Histoire des Comtes de Champagne, tome I, 144.
[2] Les Vies des SS. Pères des Déserts, tome II, 313.

Knight terms it, when he charges many of the clergy with "divilysh pride, carnal concupiscence, worldly covetousness, and secular busyness"; and when he said, "the waye whereby the Churche maye be reformed into better facion, is not for to make newe lawes. For ther be lawes many, inowe and out of nombre.—For the evils that are newe in the Churche, were before in tyme paste, and there is no faute but that fathers have provyded verye good remedyes for hit.—There are no trespaces but that there be lawes agaynst them in the body of the canon lawe.—Wherfore let those laws be rehersed, those that do warn you fathers that ye put not over soone youre handes on aney man;—(chiefly, and above all thyngs, there must be in a Priest, the feare of God and love of the hevenly lyfe:)—those that commaund the benefices of the Church to be gyven to the worthy, not by carnal affection wherby hit happeneth nowe that boyes for olde men, fooles for wise men, evyll for good do reigne:—those that warreth agaynst symonie, agaynst non residence, those that forbydde a clerke to be no marchant, no hunter, those that require the residence of byshops in theyr diocesis, that they take hede to the helths of soules:—that they serve the word of God; that they shewe themselfe in their churches, at the leest on greate holye dayes; that they do sacrifice for their people:—those that prescribe the good bestowyng of the patrimony of Christe; for Pope Gregorie did say to Saynt Augustyne, and his answer is put in the decrees, chap. xii. 2. that the goodes of byshops ought to be devyded into IIII parts; whereof one part oughte to be to the byshoppe and his household; another to his clerkes; the third to repayr and upholde his tenementes; the fourth to the poure people.—Finally, if ye wyl have peace, come agayne to the God of peace and love, come agayne to Christe: in whom is the very

true peace of the goste, the which passeth al wytte. Come agayne to your selfe and to your priestly lyvying, and to make an ende, as St. Paule saythe, be you reformed in the newness of your understandynge, that you savoure those thynges that are of God; and the peace of God shall be with you." This was, indeed, to prepare the true way of effecting a blessed reformation. It was with a similar view that Erasmus, arguing against those who would bring back the Church to its form in the first age, makes use of the following expression: "Si Paulus hodiè viveret, non improbaret, opinor, præsentem ecclesiæ statum. In hominum vitia inclamaret";[1] and on the same ground Grotius, without scruple, condemned the innovators.[2] If men were to become anxious to trace the truth of this revolution, it would be far better for them to lay aside the angry declamations of polemical writers, and to take up the works which were composed at its commencement by gentlemen of honour, and of plain but strong minds, incapable of concealing their opinions as to the events passing around them. Among many of these they may find "Les Memoires et recherches de France et de la Gaule Aquitanique du Sieur Jean de la Haye, Baron des Coutaux," printed at Paris in 1581. The first sentence of the book informs the reader that the author is a gentleman, born of a noble house, which, whatever the modern sophists may opine, ought upon philosophical grounds to be a recommendation to every reader who desires a generous, disinterested, and unvarnished account of the subject on which he seeks information. Nor will the contents of the work disappoint his expectations; a plain account is laid before him of the state of the Church and kingdom, evidently un-

[1] Epist. Script. 1520.

[2] Vie par Burigny, II, 193-197.

biassed, and in the language of honour and sincerity. The author was in disgrace at the court. He shews that, "since the time of St. Louis, the ecclesiastical order was worthily maintained, and churchmen shewed nothing but regularity. The bishops resided in their diocese and gave good doctrine and example. When the bishop died, the clergy assembled under the protection of justice, and made their election according to apostolical traditions. In like manner the abbots were elected, and the monastic order was kept in discipline, and the rights of the monks and of the abbots were mutually maintained. There was discipline, obedience, and regularity in the head and in the members, and the monasteries were filled with holy men, given to prayer and contemplation, with novices given to study and to manual labour. Thence arose those beautiful buildings which existed before the rage of these last wars. Other men followed their civil occupations, in the fields or in the workshops. Here the poor received comfort and people of rank honourable treatment; and here was a retreat open for the miserable and for those who were called to do penance for their sins. Thus arose not diversity of religions but diversity of rules. The wars in King John's reign occasioned the first symptoms of decay in this discipline; then through succeeding reigns the times became worse and worse, and both clergy and laity degenerated; and hence the rise of the innovators. At the beginning, Luther required only the reformation of abuses, and all were ready to submit to the censure and ordinance of the Pope and the Church of Rome; but not being heard, they separated and began to dogmatize, and, as many did before them, agreed only with each other in this point, to ruin and annihilate the holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, of which, descending from Jerusalem and Antioch, the principal and con-

tinual seat has been indubitably at Rome. At this time, Francis the First was king, and there was ignorance and vain-glory among the prelates of the Church; then followed Henry II, and still further ruin of ecclesiastical discipline, and still the preaching and dogmatizing went on, and the hatred of the court and ambition converted more: and because few German preachers came into France speaking French, many came from Geneva, where the people had driven away their bishop and clergy, and had received M. Jean Calvin; and then followed conferences and battles till the edict of Nantes. And now if in patience, continence, obedience, and humility, such reformers had pursued the reformation of abuses, and not arrogant, presumptuous, dissolute, carnal, ambitious, blood-thirsty, had resolved of their private authority to destroy all past things and to establish new, as if God had only caused himself to be heard in their time, they would have been followed by many honest persons who wished to correct abuses, but who, seeing the effects of such reformers being only in words, left them as they were" (this was before the Council of Trent). "I know many who by the grace of God have withdrawn themselves from the reformers, preferring the abuse to the disunion of the Church. They have subverted all ancient things received in the Catholic Church since the time of the Apostles down to us. That is not to reform; that is nothing else but to imagine a new Church, and to suppose a new Saviour and Redeemer, and another paradise; and I repeat it, if they had accompanied the name with the deeds of reformers, and preached like the Apostles, continence, chastity, obedience, fasting, and penitence, confession of faith and the holy traditions of the ancient fathers, without working at so many novelties and wishing by presumptuous opinion to destroy

all things, from all time so holily and so devoutly established, amidst which they have themselves been nourished and taught (for thirty years ago there was no memory of their sect), and likewise had demanded the reformation of abuses in the nobility, in justice, in the police, and in the 'tiers estat,' they would have been assisted by the greatest part of the kingdom; proceeding otherwise, I foresee their total ruin; for the foundation of their enterprise was bad, and so confused that their doctrine has already, within thirty years, made and engendered more than twenty-two sects, all different, which all particularly boast of having found the Saviour, and the salvation, and the true doctrine, rejecting all others as heretics; and from this state of confusion they will fall into a contempt for all religion." [1]

But there is an objection which may be advanced here. It will be asked by the moderns, how it came to pass, if such had been the real character of this revolution, that men of high station and of virtuous minds both in Church and State, were found countenancing and promoting it? To this the answer is obvious and complete. It happened in conformity to the law and ordinary course of nature. Look to the history of the late revolution in France, and trace the progress of opinions all over Europe, descending from the higher ranks to the populace, and you will have the outline of the history of the preceding event in the sixteenth century. Only it must be borne in mind that against the Holy Church there will always exist a principle of hostility independent of human agents and of human events. Nothing can be more instructive than that part of M. de Haller's work where he explains by what causes the system of the sophists became

[1] Pp. 47–65.

during the period of the last revolution triumphant in France. There you can behold how the virtuous were deceived, and the wise entangled in their own device; while the real agents enjoyed their hour of success, but to perish at last with those whom they had enticed. Precisely the same scene had been acted in the preceding ages. In both the innovators began upon erroneous principles concealed under plausible words; in both the pride of men was flattered and interested; the plan was associated with the idea of the ancient classical exploits, so pompously described by the historians of Greece and Rome; it was brought forward at a time of ignorance and general depravity, when any professors of extraordinary virtue had a claim to the attention of thinking men. In both, the great were either flattered or intimidated, as they favoured or opposed the innovations. In the case of the Reformation, their avarice and ambition were presented with a lure which required great virtue to resist, when public opinion favoured their accepting it. In both, they conceived that their own interests were sufficiently protected. In both, there were ecclesiastics found to favour the innovators. For, in the first place, like all other men, they may err and lose their religious principles, and then in both cases they too were attacked on their weakest side, —the love of independence, the gratification of their pride, of their private enmities against superiors, even of their grossest passions, when a period arrived of general corruption such as was that of the sixteenth century; in both it was almost impossible to procure information, either from books or men, but what was intended to favour the party. So that we have in both cases a clear and certain view which will enable us to understand what may be at first considered as "the difficulties" in the history of both these awful revolutions, and which

will for ever supply a lesson that will be repeated by some men, and that will be despised and forgotten by others who are to be actors in similar tragedies, till the last revolution shall dissolve this globe itself and seal for ever the separate and everlasting abodes of those who were hostile, and of those who were obedient to their nature and to their God.[1]

But to resume our summary statement of the conclusion. The reader then needs only open any one of the instructive volumes of the literary history of France by the Benedictines, or indeed Mr. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church, to be convinced that the Church was not guilty of concealing, or denying, or wishing to preserve the abuses which had so fearfully arisen. There is also a book by the Abbé Feller, "Voyages en diverses parties de l'Europe," that will teach him the disgust and even indignation with which our ancestors would have beheld the stupid ignorance and abominable follies which may present themselves in particular places where their religion prevailed. For, sooth to say, the follies and vices of men are not to be extirpated; some must always exist, and these will only assume a different form, as the circumstances of the world may change. But then, after satisfying our minds on this point,—the necessity which existed of a reform, and the ardent desire which the Church evinced to effect it before she was enabled to meet in Council,—there still remains unshaken what the candid Christian, at this day, may fairly deplore and deprecate. He may still be permitted to protest against the spirit of sedition and schism which set up the private judgment of every individual (for there can be no limits to the grant) against the general judgment of the Church properly conveyed,

[1] Vol. III, p. 93.

—against the spirit of hypocrisy, and irreverence, and impiety, which tore asunder Christ's garment, instead of gently removing the stains, which made men pull down churches and monastéries to build palaces, "leaving in England," as Sir Robert Atkyns says, "only about 10,000 out of 45,000 churches and 55,000 chapels, which existed before the Reformation"; to trample upon the Cross; to abandon the venerable forms and ceremonies which had come down from the time of the first Christians; to destroy all the ancient badges and ornaments of divine worship, consecrated by the use of the Christian martyrs; to violate the tombs, and scatter the ashes of saints; to pull down the shrines of our forefathers; to climb the rugged mountains and pierce into the depths of the forest, that they might hunt out and destroy the poor quiet holy retreats for meditation and prayer. It is against this spirit, which the very heathens would hold in horror, however modified and disguised, that I would labour to guard my reader. And while men who hold to antiquity yield attention to this subject in the way of a few passing meditations, forgetting what may become the severity of a judge, since there may be no tribunal, and stopping in imagination with the unsuspecting reverence of youth, in the dark forest, where "autumnal leaves may strow the brooks, as in Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades, high over-arched, imbower"—stopping to hear the mass offered by some holy man; (let those deride who will ridicule St. Cyprian speaking of himself as offering the great sacrifice of the Eucharist, "sacrificantibus nobis"; let those deride who can disprove it to be an historical fact that this sacrifice has been constantly offered in all Christian Churches, not only by those in communion with the See of Rome, but by those which for many centuries had been separated from it, by the

Greeks, Nestorians, Eutychians, and others spread over Asia and part of Africa, from the earliest age of which we have any record down to the sixteenth century);[1] dismounting at the sound of the little bell in the dark forest, and tarrying at the door of the chapel to kneel by him who holds the pledge of mercy for the living and the dead, or, waiting at the threshold of some lonely cell, like that of St. Paul the hermit, who allowed St. Antony to beg admittance for a long time, though he had spent two days and nights in the deserts seeking him, and was only directed to his abode in the end by a light within, but who at last opened his door with a smile;—or off the shore of some island, where the pilot of some small night-foundered skiff, with fixed anchor on its rocky side, watches the bright window of some holy pile on high, where lauds are sweetly sung, "while night invests the sea," and wished morn delays";—or on the banks of some blue water, at eventide, to catch the vesper's heavenly tone;—or lying still, as I have myself often done, when sheltering, for whole dark nights together, far from the haunt of men, amid wild birds, or the beasts that love solitude, and in that solemn moment hearing from some distant convent that passing knell

> Which they were wont to toll,
> For welfare of a parting soul,

so faithfully described by the bard,—

> Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
> Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
> To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
> His beads the wakeful hermit told;

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[1] See Canisius's Catechism, p. 177, on the Eucharist, and the authorities cited. See also the Epistles of Grotius, pp. 487, 894, where he expresses his sense of this inconvenience.

The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern;—

or hearing amid scenes of less solemn grandeur, under the studious cloister's roof

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light,

the chant of some distant choir

In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes!

such as so delighted Canute the Great, as he was passing in a boat by the abbey in the Isle of Ely at a time when the monks were chanting their psalms and anthems, that he composed a little Saxon poem on the occasion, which began with some such lines as these:

Merry sang fair Ely's friars
As king Canute sailed along,
Row to land, my lusty squires,
And let us hear their holy song;

(for all here, at least, is ground on which the yielding spirit of piety may delight to stray,)—let no man regard such wandering with an evil eye. As we proceed, none need shrink back, supposing that arguments will be advanced to entice them from the religion which is to be their support, and that the young must stand on their guard—the young upon their guard against the spirit of antiquity, against the beauty and the harmony of

nature! What could he gain who seeks to make men think less harshly or contemptuously of antiquity, by rendering them less religious, by taking from them one desire, one motive, one elevation of mind arising from piety? From their piety he has much to hope, whereas, from their profaneness and indifference and infidelity the least that he can expect to receive is contempt. Is it to the gambling-room, or the haunt of scoffers who despise the Protestant Church of England,[1] or to the schools of a shallow, heartless philosophy, or even to the lounge of thoughtless dissipation, where men care for none of these things, that he can look for honour? Assuredly not. But under the lonely lamp of the gentle scholar, the *puer Christi*, as Erasmus calls him, the same kind of youth that Jesus loved, "Diligit autem innocuos pueros, dociles, simplices,"[2] whose mind may be "a mansion for all lovely forms, whose memory is a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies," amid the solemn arches of his own chapel resounding to the organ and the voice of praise, or under heaven's vault, as his joyful feet dash the morning dew from the heather on the mountains, he is entitled to hope that Religion herself,

> Devout and pure, with solemn step,
> And looks commercing not with earth,

may venture to come, even in her wonted state of quietness and beauty, and without the veil or protecting train of vile party names and base human

[1] Bishop Milner says, with great good sense and piety, "if they will not be good Catholics, I am desirous that they should remain good Church-of-England-men; being convinced that thereby the sacred code of revelation will be much less violated, and the public peace and happiness much more effectually secured."—VIIIth Lett. to a Prebendary.

[2] Concio de Puero Jesu.

passions. So that it must not be imagined that there is a snare laid for any man's religion in the following pages, though I do not deny that there is a design to banish party spirit from religion, with its "unseemly talk of enmity, and the immortal memories of strife, cuirasses and breast-plates, battles and exterminations"; there is a design to convince men that their ancestors were Christians, that a system of negations cannot be religion,—a design to appease unjust prejudices, to check pride, to remove presumptuous ignorance, to confound ingratitude, to rouse apathy, and to soften hard hearts: if, indeed, some men's religion be διπλοῦν ἔπος, if such be its component parts, or such its nonenity, I deny not that I would wish to convert them; albeit, to rescue men from such evils, even though by so doing we take from them what they have always looked upon as their religion, and make their high conceits and most favourite opinions like the statues of Dædalus; even though we should be likened, as was Socrates by the Sophists,[1] to that torpedo of the sea which numbs and paralyzes whatever touches it, and so we, by a few plain statements, should take from men all their ready knowledge and their high boasting and proud confidence, and make them feel that, of what they had discoursed on a thousand times with such assurance and applause, they in reality knew nothing,—though these effects should follow, though we should thus paralyze their eloquence, and make them think more soberly of themselves, still, I say, this would not be to injure them, this would not be to convert them to any peculiar scheme or system, but it would be with God's help to prepare them for a blessing which they never could have attained as long as such evils had been suffered to infest their minds; it would be only

[1] Plat. Meno, 13.

to break and soften the ground of their hearts, and make it capable of receiving and of nourishing the seeds of the religion of Jesus Christ, that divine philosophy, that harmony of the spirit, which, whether it meet with the learning of a Sir Thomas More, or the simplicity of some poor Clare, a sister Mary of Jesus—whether arrayed in the splendour and holy majesty of a St. Ambrose, or in the cowl and sackcloth of a brother Nicholas—has been in every country and in every succeeding age, to every heart that loved it, the source of light and blessing, of virtue and peace, though "solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, should be its portion," whether amid the sands of the desert, in the capital of the Cæsars, in the cabinets of the Vatican, or on the rocks of Iona.

That the Church has ever erred in material points of faith ought not to be granted, as long as the evidence can be questioned which supports so terrible a charge. Really it seems ridiculous and pitiable to hear men of learning repeat the assertion, that "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees, have been drowned in abominable idolatry, most detested by God and damnable to man, for eight hundred years and more." The volume which contains this sentence has been lately reprinted! "O dii immortales!" cried Cicero, when he contrasted Verres with himself, "quid interest inter mentes hominum et cogitationes!" Still when the Duke of York asked Archbishop Sheldon if it were the doctrine of the Church of England that Roman Catholics were idolaters? he answered, "that it was not; but that young men of parts would be popular, and such a charge was the way to it."[1]

Alas! that these young men of parts should wear bands instead of a corslet! Had the ancient clergy

[1] Burnet's Hist. of his own Times, An. 107, 3.

been bound to conform to a sentiment of like nature to the above, and never to express an opinion contrary to it, there would have been a real ground of accusation, more valid than would have been furnished by their obligation to recite the lessons of the Breviary, even if they had been required to attach faith to them, which they were not. "For eight hundred years and more—laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees"!! Really it would be better to believe every syllable of the golden legend than admit such a position. Let us be honest. Wise men of every side must be allowed a certain wisdom of their own where the voice of God or of his Church does not supersede its necessity, and it becomes men of no side to expose the oversights or follies belonging to what is human in the institution opposed to their own. It may, however, be humbly submitted to the understanding of conscientious persons, that the proposition, the truth of which men are so ready to swear to on various occasions, is directed against Christianity itself; that, as they are willing to except from the crime certain individuals in those ages, they are driven to the conclusion that these select few, forming the spiritual Church, were in external communion with Antichrist. But there would be no end of difficulties if it had been necessary to admit the dreadful interpretation which the innovators affixed to certain parts of holy Scripture.

On the other hand, without doubt, a rational and firm belief may be professed in one catholic apostolic Church which has subsisted from the Apostles' time, teaching the same great truths set forth in the Creeds, holding the authority of God's word, preserving the holy Scriptures, administering the Sacraments, the means of grace, and cherishing the precious doctrine of justification by the merits of Christ. Witness the Catholic prayer on Palm-

Sunday: "And all thy Saints into whose company we beseech thee to admit us, not in consideration of our merit, but through thy gratuitous mercy and pardon through Christ our Lord." And witness the words uttered by the Pope himself every day in saying mass, when he professes "his hopes of forgiveness, not through his own merits, but through the bounty and grace of Jesus Christ our Lord." Dr. Milner's testimony to the faith of the Irish should be seen in his "Enquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland."[1] Canisius explains at large the Catholic doctrine of justification. The Master of Sentences furnishes a testimony that will equally surprise the moderns.[2] The three prayers recited by Benedictine monks before matins and vespers supply further evidence.[3] Lastly, that we may visit the quarters most suspected by the moderns, hear the words of St. Francis to brother Leo: "In all virtues and powers, in all wisdom and utterance," saith he "nos gloriari non possumus; quia non sunt nostra, sed Dei. Quid enim habes quod non accepisti? si autem accepisti, quid gloriaris quasi non acceperis? Sed in cruce tribulationis et afflictionis possumus gloriari: quia illud est nostrum. Et ideo dixit Apostolus, Mihi absit gloriari, &c."[4] If some are more satisfied with testimony of a less formal and controversial character, let them open any accredited work of ancient devotion, and take the first which presents itself. "Recueil sur les dix Commandemens de Dieu," by Monluc, Bishop of Valence, printed in 1559. Among those who are guilty of taking God's name in vain are reckoned "ceux qui fondent leur oraison sur leurs merites et non sur la grace et misericorde de Dieu par Jesus

[1] Pp. 66, 145. [2] Petr. Lombard. lib. II, distinct.
[3] Vetus Disciplina Monastica, p. 593.
[4] Liber Conformitatum, pars II, lib. 1, c. 16.

Christ."[1] Indeed this doctrine is delivered as clearly in the canons of the Council of Trent as in the Confession of Augsburg, implying, at the same time, that good works are only of value because faith is the foundation, grace the principle, and the Holy Ghost the Author. And an example of its effects may be taken from the description of Louis VIII by the monk of St. Denis, in the great chronicle of France, for he says, "le roy Loys qui estoit saint homme et bon Crestien," given to prayer and alms. "Le preudomme qui pas navoit vaine gloire de ses merites mais esperance en la misericorde de nostre seigneur," besought a son from God.[2] Take another instance. King Clotaire died in the year 561, in the city of Compiegne, of a fever, which he caught in hunting a stag. And when his death-hour came, says the chronicler, he made a great cry. "O que grande est la puissance de Dieu, sa sapience merveilleuse, et sa bonté ineffable, en laquelle j'espère, moyennant et par les mérites de son éternel fils Jésus, et sa cruelle mort et passion." Saying which words he expired.[3] You will observe that this king was a great founder of monasteries, and that he flourished during that "idolatrous" interval, the "eight hundred years and more."

It may offend some to be detained so long on these solemn boundaries; but the charges advanced against antiquity will often oblige even the profane historian to approach points of doctrine and faith. There seems reason to believe that the greatest number of zealous, that is real lovers of truth among the moderns, who had any learning or capacities for philosophical inquiry, were those who condemned the ancients chiefly on this ground,—having been led to think by certain arguments and angry sen-

[1] Page 16. [2] Chroniques de St. Denis, tome II.
[3] Jean Bouchet, Annales d'Aquitaine, p. 71.

tences in the works of Luther and Calvin, and of some English Reformers, that antiquity was opposed to this divine doctrine. Still there is also valid ground for the opinion, that the false degree of importance which the mind is apt to attach to the very terms and the precise process of reasoning, to the very names and authority of writers which it has been accustomed to follow in support of a doctrine, had a prejudicial and fatal effect in obscuring their view and in leading them astray from truth. For where lay the scruples of those excellent men? What was the end which they desired? That men should believe in the atonement made by Jesus Christ? That they should feel and know how, without it, all their virtue is nothing? That they owe grace and all their hopes of heaven to the blood of Christ? The whole religion of antiquity rested upon this principle. It was the soul, the beginning and the end of that religion. Had they taken away that principle, they would have taken away what their preservatives and refutations could never effect,—the Mass and the Pope, relics and images, stations and processions, purgatory and the sign of the cross, they must even have destroyed our churches, and rebuilt them after the model of their own temples. As lovers of truth they were bound to have examined with care and sincerity the justice of this assertion.

Again; hear the following anathema pronounced by old divines, and sanctioned by bishops, against that idolatrous phantom which the moderns have held up for the ancient Church: "Cursed is he that believes the saints in heaven to be his redeemers, that prays to them as such, or that gives God's honour to them, or to any creature whatsoever. Cursed is every goddess-worshipper, that believes the Blessed Virgin Mary to be any more than a creature; that worships her, or puts his trust in her

more than in God; that believes her above her Son, or that she can in anything command him."[1] Again; "Cursed is he that commits idolatry, that prays to images or relics, or worships them for God." On the evening of every Sunday and festival, at vespers, the 113th Psalm, "In exitu Israël," is one of the psalms chanted, which contains the warning against the worship of images; and on the festivals of the Blessed Virgin, the Gospel of St. Luke, xi. 27, is read, which contains the remarkable answer to the voice which proclaimed her womb blessed. That every custom, holy and venerable, may be abused by some persons, must be granted. "True and understanding men will admit," says the note to Feller's Philosophical Catechism, "that this worship has been sometimes exaggerated. Such is the lot of the most excellent things in the hands of man. Weak and ignorant, he gives them a direction contrary to their nature."[2] Still it is to be remarked, that the evil may have appeared greater than it really was, owing to the vulgar form in which it was outwardly manifested. But if everything must be rejected that has been abused by the wretched race of men, there will be left nothing for the wise. Among the vulgar class of mankind, what becomes of a system of religion which discards all exterior observances? and if covetousness be idolatry, or an idolatrous devotion of the heart to another object besides God, what ground have the moderns to boast of their superiority over the blindest crusader in this respect?

Jacques de Guyse, a Franciscan monk of the fourteenth century, treats, in his History of Hainault,[3] of ten kinds of idolatry, one of which he terms the

[1] Papist Misrepresented, p. 101; vide S. Hieronymus contra Vigilantium.

[2] Tome III, p. 214. Lille, 1825.

[3] Annales, Hist. Illust. Principum Hannoniæ, lib. I, cap. 28.

worship of graven or painted images. Though full of complaint against the vices of his age, it evidently never entered into his imagination that there was the least resemblance to any of these in the practices of his time; but, as a Christian writing to Christians, he reviews the whole as a melancholy history of ignorance and wickedness, which existed before the Gospel. It seems quite incredible that men of contemplative minds, thoroughly acquainted with holy Scripture, could thus reason if the opinions and manners of their time had been obnoxious to the evils now ascribed to them. Still I have said it would be hard to state the limit beyond which simplicity and extravagance were not sometimes carried. There is a deplorable instance in the thirteenth leaf of the Chroniques de St. Denis, tome II, and Ordericus Vitalis will furnish many similar; yet here observe (and the remark will apply to all similar cases), the belief in the miracle proves an innocence of the crime charged upon antiquity. If the image had not been considered a mere piece of wood or stone, what it was said to have exhibited would not have led men to cry "a miracle." If this defence should displease any honest inquirer, let him consider how ready we should be to advance or receive any apology in such an instance. It is but reasonable to believe, that as God is only to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, so is he only to be offended by a real and intentional apostasy, and of that crime every sensible and well-informed person must acquit the darkest age of the Christian history. The study of these ancient Chronicles will lead to the conviction, that the whole extent and sum of offending was in the belief that the divine presence filling the universe, existing in its minutest and meanest parts, as well as in the heaven of heavens, God was pleased to interpose in every case where his Majesty was profaned, or

his goodness supplicated, and by external operations, the singularity of which, in our estimation, affects not the principle on which they were believed to have taken place,—to condemn the sinner, to assist the faithful, and to confirm the faith of men.

A dreadful war indeed did the poor images and pictures of our ancestors occasion;[1] and yet surely no man of judgment will refuse his assent to the following observations of Wilson, a sincere Protestant, who was tutor to Henry Duke of Suffolk, and Charles Lord Brandon: "When I see a lion, the image thereof abideth faster in my minde, than if I should hear some reporte made of a lion. Emong all the sences, the iye sight is most quicke, and conteineth the impression of things more assuredlie than any of the other sences do. And therefore, heretofore images were sette up for remembraunce of sainctes, to be laie-mennes bookes, that the rather by seying the pictures of suche men, thei might be stirred to follow their good living." And as for the images of saints, even Latimer himself said, "They may be wel used, when they be applied to that use that they were ordained for, to bee laymen's bookes for remembrance of heavenly things." Nicole Gilles makes use of the same expression in his Chroniques de France, printed in 1492. "Les images, peintures, portraitures, et sculptures sont les Livres de pauvres gens igtnars."—"What brutishness," says an old English writer, "must there be in those who having heard of Christ and believing in him, and knowing the articles of their creed, and esteeming of Christ his saints, as his friends and in heaven, gloriously reigning with him; yet must, forsooth, of necessity think their images which they reverence to be God. Since Christ's coming, and the publishing of his faith in the world, no nation which otherwise fell

[1] See Canisius's Catechism, p. 75.

from Christ, returned to idolatry, as the example of the Turks may be adduced to shew." In the acts of the second council of Nice (the very council which the moderns so calumniate), we read the following solemn address to our blessed Redeemer: "Never have we been perverted to offer to any creature under heaven the adoration due to thee. To thee alone, our Saviour, we sing; besides thee, O Lord, we know no other."[1]

But, on the other hand, "Does not the Greek Church," asks Mr. Butler; "do not all the other Churches which separated from the Church of Rome before the Reformation, invoke the Virgin Mary, the other saints, and the angels? Does not Martin Luther exclaim, 'Who can deny that God works great miracles at the tombs of the saints?' I therefore, with the whole Catholic Church, hold that the saints are to be honoured and invoked by us. Let no one omit to call upon the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, that they may intercede for them at the hour of death."[2] Observations of this kind do now begin to suggest themselves, and indeed the blind and extravagant opposition to the Church in the instance of her reverence for the saints and for the holy cross, is fast wearing away, and many renowned moderns are now endeavouring to lead men back to a more devout and Christian feeling. Voigt[3] adduces the example of Schlegel, Schiller, Arndt, Fouqué, and Goethe; to which list of illustrious names many might be added from our own nation, beginning with that reviver of chivalry, to whom all that love its spirit are so deeply indebted. Yet still there

[1] Lingard's Tracts, p. 165. Consult this also for the ignorant objection respecting the division of the Decalogue.

[2] In his Letter to Spalatinus, and in his Treatise de Purgat., and in his Præpar. ad Mortem. See also Canisius's Catechism, pp. 49, 68.

[3] Rheinische Geschichte und Sagen.

are men whose writings do forcibly remind the followers of antiquity of the—"Da gloriam Deo: nos scimus quia hic homo peccator est." [1]

It must be confessed that in some places the images which are placed in churches, and the relics which are preserved, are but ill calculated to gratify a judicious taste and reasonable piety; such absurdities, however, are not to be laid to the charge of the ancient religion, but they are only to be deplored as instances of particular folly or negligence, or stupidity; and with respect to them, instead of being scandalized, let men practise the precept of St. Paul, "Debemus nos firmiores, imbecillitates infirmorum sustinere." Here then a remark of consequence will suggest itself: for let it be remembered that the Church, before it was rent by the schism of the 16th century, had to contend with the follies and vices, not of one nation only, but of all the nations of Christendom; and against what an amazing variety of obstacles must it have had to struggle, arising from the stupidity and grossness, levity and voluptuousness, violent passions and obstinate local prejudices and superstition of different people! and what can be more unreasonable and unjust than to make the Church answerable for all this? With respect to images, the Abbé de Feller has made a sensible remark where he shews the importance of preserving the simplex duntaxat et unum even in the ornaments of the Church, requiring that the Holy Virgin, instead of being seated on a throne, should be represented in the transports of magnificat anima mea Dominum; that St. Peter should be in a posture that should indicate his saying Tu scis, Domine, quia amo te; that St. Paul should be exclaiming, O altitudo divitiarum sapientiæ et scientiæ Dei. Then their

[1] John IX, 24.

images would recall to the mind of all beholders the great Being whom we honour in the saints as the beginning and end of all sanctity, and would serve to represent what we describe in the words of the Te Deum: "Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus, te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus, te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus." The rules of the Congregation of St. Maur expressly enjoin attention to these particulars: "Let there be nothing in the church which can offend the eye of piety, the church which is dedicated to the one great God. Let there be no accumulation of ornaments, and let the images which are exposed breathe sanctity. Let the beauty of the altar be simple and august."[1] The great end of the Church in all the circumstances of her worship is simple: "ut magnificetur Christus." If some one word in some one prayer of the Church be objected to by the moderns, I believe they will find, upon inquiry, that it is used in a sense different from what they condemn; and besides, according to the remark of a great theologian,[2] we must not always expect in the prayers of the Church a severe precision; for, as he observes, the composers were often more anxious to excite devotion than to observe the proper expressions sanctioned by the schools; and further still says the note to Feller's Philosophical Catechism, "it is to be wished that if the sovereign Pontiff should order a revision of the Missal and the Breviary, these passages may be replaced by others which cannot lead to any false application."[3]

Again, the Church was charged with having held monstrous tenets concerning absolution and indulgences destructive of all morality; but they who charged antiquity with such errors did it great

[1] Constitutiones Congreg. St. Mauri, cap. I.
[2] Pettau, lib. III, de bon. op. 12.
[3] Tome III, 213, edit. Lille, 1625.

injury: on the contrary, hear the anathemas it taught her children to utter against them. "Cursed is he who believes that priests can forgive sins, whether the sinner repent or not; or that there is any power on earth or in heaven that can forgive sins without a hearty repentance and serious purpose of amendment.—Cursed is he who believes there is authority in the Pope, or any other person, that can give leave to commit sin, or that, for a sum of money, he can forgive him his sins, Amen."[1] The objections of the moderns on this head prove only that they have but small learning. Had they taken the trouble to study the subject on which they profess to know everything, they would have found that, in the language of the Master of the Sentences, there are three things requisite in penance—"scilicet, compunctio cordis, confessio oris, satisfactio operis."[2] The opposition to auricular confession can only arise from a total and complete departure from the whole philosophy of the old Christians, and therefore assuredly this is not the place for entering upon a defence of that essential part of the ancient discipline. When Sir Launcelot found the hermit over the dead body in the forest, that good man begged of the knight that he would help him to serve the poor body. Sir Launcelot unsaddled his horse and came back, and so they sat down together in the chapel, and then the hermit asked the knight if he were not Sir Launcelot. Alas! then, continued the hermit, your evil life will mar your quest; and yet many people have been long in the darkness of sin, and after a long time has our Lord called them to his grace, as soon as he saw that their heart was disposed for it. "Car nostre seigneur n'est pas lasse de secourir son pecheur sitost comme il appercoit qu'il se tourne vers luy

[1] Can. Eccles. A.D. 1693, n. 113.
[2] Petri Lombardi Sentent. lib. IV, distinct. 16.

en cueur et en pensee"; and sometimes the thought will come to him of a good deed, and then He comes to visit him, "Et si celui a garny son hostel et nettoié ainsi comme pecheur doit faire il descent et repose en lui"; but if the sinner should call others, who are contrary to Him, "il s'en partira incontinent comme celuy que ny peut plus demourer. Car celui y est receu qui tousjours le guerroie." Launcelot, that example have I shewn to you for the life which you so long have led since you fell into mortal sin, that is, ever since you were made a knight, "devant que tu fusses chevalier tu avoies en toy logees si bonnes vertus et si naturellement que on ne scavoit homme qui peust estre ton pareil, car tout premièrement," you led a chaste life, and you thought no chivalry equal to that of virtue; and then "tu avois en toy humilité!" and you were not like the Pharisee who went up to pray in the temple, but you went like the publican, "qui nosoit regarder lymage de Dieu qu'il ne se courroucast a lui pour ce quil se reputoit estre trop pecheur. Ainsi se tenoit loing de l'autel et batoit sa coulpe et disoit, Beau sire Dieu ayes mercy de moy poure pecheur—ainsi faisoies tu quant tu estoies simple escuier, et combien que tu fusses craint sur tous hommes tu disoies que on ne doit doubter si non cellui qui peut exaucer ou detruire corps et ame, et mettre en paradis ou en enfer." And after this you had the virtue of souffrance, which is like the emerald, ever green and flowering. And after this you had another virtue so naturally as if it had come from thy nature, and that was "droicture, qui est une vertu si forte et si puissante que par elle sont toutes choses terriennes mises à point ne jamais ne changera." And after this virtue, you had besides charity, "si haultement en toy que cestoit merveilles. Car si tu eusses eu toutes les richesses du monde entre tes mains tu les eusses bien osé donner pour

l'amour de Dieu. Lors estoit le feu du sainct esperit chault et ardent en toy et estoies liberal de cueur. Ainsi doncques guarny de toutes bontes et de toutes vertus entras tu en la haulte ordre de chevalerie." But when the enemy who first made man a sinner, saw thee thus garnished, he had much fear lest he might not be able to surprise thee. So he laid his snares—and made you to fall through luxury, "ce fut la voie qui gaste corps et ame si merveilleusement que nul ne le peut bien scavoir qui ne le essaye"; and then you drove away humility, "et voulus aller teste levee aussi fierement comme ung lyon"; and you said in your heart that you would never prize anything but your will; and when the enemy heard the words he knew that you had sinned mortally in thought and will, and so entered into you, and so our Lord departed from you, who had adorned you with all good works, deeming you to be his servant; but you left him and became the servant of his enemy—the Devil, who has endued you with as many vices and sins as our Lord had endued you with virtues. And now observe, as long as you had all these virtues, you never failed to achieve adventures; but now "jamais en lieu ou tu viengnes nauras honneur. Ains te diront villennie tous ceulx qui la verité en scauront." And yet nathless you have not so forsaken God but that you may find pardon, "si tu cries de vray cueur mercy a celui qui t'avoit appellé a son service en faisant penitence." And then the hermit proceeded to describe what was required of those who went in quest of the saint Graal. And so at length the preud-homme was silent, and looked at Launcelot, "qui plouroit si tendrement comme s'il veist devant lui tout le monde mort." And then the preud-homme had great pity, and asked him if he had confessed and repented since he was entered upon the quest. "Et il dist que nenny.

Puis lui commença à compter tout son estre"; and when he had finished, the hermit said to him, "Launcelot, I pray and require you on the faith you owe to God, that you tell me which life is most pleasant to you,—that which you formerly led, or that which you have now entered upon?" "Sire je vous dy sur mon créateur que ceste nouvelle vie me plaist plus que l'autre ne fist oncques ne jamais tant comme je vive n'en veulx partir pour chose du monde." "Now, have a care," added the preud-homme: "for if our Lord shall see that you ask his pardon with an honest heart, he will send you such grace that you will become a temple and an altar, and he will dwell in you." With such words the hermit and Launcelot passed the time till night. And when night was come, they ate bread and drank, and lay down, but they slept little, "car ils pensèrent plus aux celestielles choses que aux terriennes." And then the next morning the hermit imposed and told him his penance, and Sir Launcelot put on his armour and took leave of the hermit, who reminded him never to forsake the service of God for fear lest the enemy should again cause him to fall, and so Sir Launcelot departed.[1] I have elsewhere shewn in what way the Romances of chivalry can supply information respecting the opinions and manners of ancient times. To me it appears that men would act much more wisely in attending to such passages as these, than in consulting the angry declamations of men who mix up their own passions with the subject on which they profess to treat. Still the moderns will return to the charge.

The fact of robbers and assassins in countries which professed the old religion having been known to testify respect for holy institutions will be urged

[1] Troisième volume de la Table Ronde, Lancelot du Lac, Paris, 1520, f. cix–cxi.

as an argument; but although few cases excite such disgust and horror as these, for it is awful to observe how the bad passions of human nature find vent under every system, still, if these prove anything, it is rather that the Church was so diligent and energetic in maintaining a sense of religion among the common people, that even the very outcasts from her pale, who, in later times, would have been absolute atheists, and insensible to any the remotest sentiment of religion, are unable to throw off completely the restraints and impressions which she had imposed upon them in youth. If a man that was abandoned to desperate courses, and about to commit some new crime, were led by any accident to pass the threshold of a church, or even within the sound of its service,—for instance, at the moment when, after that long silence (a venerable vestige of the affecting precaution of the early Church to preserve her sacred mysteries from the mockery of the despising heathens or profane persons [1]), the priest chants in his plaintive tone the "Sursum corda," and is answered in the same beautiful flow of music, by that harmonious sentence, "habemus ad Dominum," it may not be difficult to conceive that, for the time, this would soften his poor distracted heart, and even make him shed the bitterest tears of repentance, struck, as it were, motionless at beholding the contrast between the heaven brought before his eyes, and the hell within his own bosom; as in an Anglo-Saxon homily, quoted by Mr. Turner, where the devil is said to have shewn the soul of an expiring sinner somewhat of its future destiny, and to have caused a great splendour to shine before it, and when she asked what the brightness meant, the devil told her it came from the celestial regions, "and you shall go through those dwellings most

[1] Le Brun, Explication de la Messe, tome VIII.

bright and fair, but must not stay there. You shall hear the angelic choirs, and see the radiance of all the holy, but there you cannot dwell"; and the wretched soul exclaimed, "Woe to me, that I ever saw the light of the human world!" so he might beat his breast and cry out, "Woe to me that I ever saw the light of the human world"; and yet again a little while and he would return to repeat his wicked deeds; but surely this would not be a ground upon which any fair reasoner could accuse the Church of favouring a compromising devotion. True, the heart of man is deceitful; men may abuse the grace of God and blind the eyes of their own understanding; there are hypocrites, and men who deceive themselves with false hopes; but it would be a fallacious judgment that would, on that account, condemn the discipline of the Church. A perusal of the rules prescribed to priests to be followed in the exercise of their absolving power will satisfy any candid objector, that ample provision had been made to obviate the evils which he contemplated.[1]

In general,—and it is a remarkable fact in evidence on the side of antiquity,—when men were pure in heart and under the influence of the Holy Spirit, they had recourse to the Church, and they took a lively interest in all that it required; and they loved its solemn chants, and its varied ritual; when left without that influence, when corrupt and worldly, they were ready to join the scoffers who despised its yoke, and to forget it altogether; there was nothing in it that they reverenced or that they loved.

Upon the awful and abused subject of Transubstantiation, it seems almost unaccountable how any real Christian could have found it in his heart to approve of the men who attacked this doctrine

[1] Vide the Catechism of Montpellier, part III, sect. 1, ch. V.

of the Church. Swift was one of these men. His book on this point is enough to open the eyes of any man, and make him see where these sort of questions end. "I wish," says Hooker, "men would give themselves more to meditate with silence on what we have in the Sacrament, and less to dispute of the manner how. Sith we all agree that Christ, by the Sacrament, doth really and truly perform in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble ourselves with so fierce contentions whether by Consubstantiation or else by Transubstantiation?"[1] But in rejecting the latter doctrine men were not differing in a point of small importance according to the judgment of our fathers. "We have an altar (*θυσιαστήριον*) whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle," so saith St. Paul.[2] "This is an important passage," says the Count of Stolberg,[3] and deserves the earnest attention of our separated brethren. "We have an altar." Can our brethren say that? they leave the altar standing where they found it, but it has lost its meaning. Without an offering, *θυσία*, is no altar, *θυσιαστήριον*.

Again. Hear what are the words of Jeremy Taylor, when he is not writing a controversial essay. "Essential is a true belief of all the sayings of Christ, amongst which indefinitely assent to the words of institution, and believe that Christ in the Holy Sacrament gives thee his body and his blood. He that believes not this is not a Christian. He that believes so much, need not to inquire further, nor to entangle his faith by disbelieving his sense."

In the Confession of Augsburg it is declared that "the true and substantial presence of Christ is to be retained, but not the doctrine of Transubstantiation," which term only means the same thing. Even Calvin, after all his subtle distinctions,

[1] Eccles. Pol. V, 67. [2] Heb. XIII, 10. [3] Geschichte, VI, p. 617.

virtually left the conclusion to be drawn with the Catholic doctrine on the Sacrament.[1] The reader will find evidences as to the antiquity and universality of this part of the ancient system in the great work entitled, "Perpétuité de la Foi," and I should be uncandid if I disguised my conviction that he will be less inclined to doubt its justice after reading the dissertation composed by Dr. Lingard.[2] Leaving then such discussions to their proper place, the reader's attention is solicited to the following passage, however inconsistently it may proceed from the pen of a modern. "Do not trouble your people with controversies," said Taylor:[3] "controversy engages one side in lying, and both in uncertainty and uncharitableness; and, after all, it is not food for souls; it is the food of contention, it is a spiritual lawsuit, and it can never be ended; for, as long as a word can be spoken against a word, and a thing be opposite to a thing; as long as places are hard, and men are ignorant or knowing but in part, as long as there is money and pride in the world, and for ever till men willingly confess themselves to be fools and deceived, so long will the saw of contention be drawn from side to side.—Whoever troubles his people with questions, and teaches them to be troublesome, note that man, he loves not peace, or he would fain be called Rabbi, Rabbi. What good can come from that which fools begin, and wise men can never end but by silence? And that had been the best way at first, and would have stifled them in the cradle. What have your people to do whether Christ's body be in the Sacrament by Consubstantiation or Transubstantiation; whether purgatory be in the centre of the earth, or in the air,

[1] Institution, 4, 17, 32; Confess. Art. 36.
[2] Tracts, London, 1826 p. 215.
[3] The Minister's Duty

or anywhere, or nowhere; and who but a madman would trouble their heads with the entangled links of the fantastic chain of Predestination?" And yet it was for differences on these points that the Church was to be divided! In the opinion of the ancients there was something shocking to plain good sense in the whole proceeding of the objectors, meeting them in limine. If it were once certain, as the most reasonable of these allowed, that Christ established one visible Church on earth to which all Christians were to submit; it appeared idle and absurd beyond all expression to pretend a scruple in adhering to it on any of the grounds of difference which were adopted. It was not by examining whether images and relics might be retained, whether such and such doctrines or terms or usages corresponded with some men's notions of theology, that the question relative to the duty of submitting to the Catholic Church ought to have been approached by any man of sense and conscientious love of truth. The question was too awful and too momentous to be associated with any other. The point to determine was, whether this was or was not the Catholic Church.—Whether St. Irenæus, St. Cyprian, and all the fathers were in the right or in the wrong, when they held that it was Christ's Church, having for its centre of communion the holy See of Rome.

With respect to matters of discipline, the Church had always held that these may vary. When St. Monica came to Milan, her son, St. Augustin, consulted St. Ambrose on the fast of the Saturday, which was observed at Tagaste and Rome, but not at Milan. The answer of St. Ambrose, taken into the canon law, was "When I am here, I do not fast on the Saturday; but I fast when I am in Rome; do you the same, and follow always the custom and discipline of the churches where you

are." And this circumstance was repeatedly brought forward by the old writers.

Bede relates the question of St. Augustin, after the conversion of the English, and the reply of Pope Gregory, of whom he justly says, "Etsi aliis non est Apostolus, sed tamen nobis est; nam signaculum Apostolatus ejus nos sumus in Domino." St. Augustin asks, "Cum una sit fides, cur sunt ecclesiarum diversæ consuetudines, et altera consuetudo missarum in sancta Romana Ecclesia, atque altera in Galliarum tenetur?" To which the Pope made answer: "Novit fraternitas tua Romanæ Ecclesiæ Consuetudinem, in qua se meminit nutritam. Sed mihi placet, ut sive in Romana, sive in Galliarum, seu in qualibet Ecclesia, aliquid invenisti quod plus omnipotenti Deo possit placere, sollicite eligas, et in Anglorum Ecclesiæ, quæ adhuc ad fidem nova est, institutione præcipua quæ de multis ecclesiis colligere potuisti, infundas: non enim pro locis res, sed pro bonis rebus loca amanda sunt. Ex singulis ergo quibusque Ecclesiis, quæ pia, quæ religiosa, quæ recta sunt elige, et hæc quasi in fasciculum collecta apud Anglorum mentes in consuetudinem depone."

Here, however, the ancient doctors took care to observe that this successor of the apostles did not send his commission to a king or to an assembly of laymen, but to one who had himself an ordination and a spiritual power. It was an established doctrine with our Saxon fathers, that the temporal prince had no authority to feed the mystical flock of Christ, or to exercise the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven. It was foretold by Bishop Fisher in parliament, that if the modern doctrine were once acknowledged, the power might pass to a child, or to a woman; as, in fact, it soon did to each of them. It might be transferred to a foreign Calvinist, and might be settled by a lay assembly,

or a Jew, or a Mahomedan. "It is the right of the King," says Withred, king of Kent (anno 692), "to appoint earls, ealdormen, shirereeves, and doomsmen, but it is the right of the Archbishop to rule and provide for the Church of God." And further than this argued Sir Thomas More, when he shewed "that this realme of England, being but one member, and part of the Church of God, might not make a parliament law disagreeable to Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the city of Bristol, being but one poor member, in respect to the whole realm, may make a law against an act of parliament, to bind the whole realm, under pain of death, to obey it."[1] When Henry VIII by act of parliament abolished the whole system of ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction in his kingdom, it was not abolishing the dominion of the Court of Rome in England, as Dr. Robertson[2] would lead the reader ignorantly or maliciously to conclude; for no such dominion existed, the power of that court being subject to the same limits as that of every other,[3] but it was abolishing the spiritual jurisdiction of that Christian See which was to preserve all Churches in unity, according to the religious system of antiquity, which we know, as a fact of history, was a system recognized and established so early as the age of St. Irenæus. Nor did it ever occur to the imagination of our loyal ancestors that such opinions could be deemed hostile to the majesty of any king. They never expected to hear again the words of the German Emperor describing the appointments of God,—

[1] Conformable to St. August. lib. II, de Baptism. contra Donat. cap. 3, taken into the canon law.

[2] Hist. of Charles V, I, 330.

[3] Let the reader consult "Documents to ascertain the sentiments of British Catholics in former ages respecting the power of the Popes."—Lingard's Tracts. 267.

Astra dedit superis, cætera cuncta mihi.[1]

"The purple robe," said St. Ambrose, "makes princes, but not priests": and, on another occasion, "What more honourable than that the Emperor should be styled Son of the Church? Imperator enim bonus intra ecclesiam non supra ecclesiam est."[2] "Nothing can be imagined in Christianity more monstrous," says St. Athanasius, "quam regem ecclesiasticas controversias velle judicio suo definire." This speaks the sense of all Christian antiquity. The ancient apologist would have furnished them with a reply, if the injurious charge of "half allegiance" had been brought forward. "Dicam plane imperatorem dominum: sed quando non cogor ut dominum Dei vice dicam. Cæterum liber sum illi. Dominus enim meus unus est Deus omnipotens et æternus idem qui et ipsius."[3] If this apology were deemed insufficient, they had higher inducements than the Roman poet to feel that

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est;

they might have been undismayed, even though men should then conclude, with an air of triumph, in the words of Jeremy Taylor, that "perfect submission to kings is the glory of the Protestant cause";[4] while each of their spiritual masters might have continued to recite the verse in the office of the Church, "loquebar de testimoniis tuis in conspectu regum et non confundebar."

Still, however, the spirit of submission was the great moral result from the whole system of the ancient faith; and while I must trust to the reader's

[1] Viterbiensis Godefredi Pantheon, Murat. VII, 347.
[2] Orat. de basilicis tradendis.
[3] Apologet. adv. Gentes, cap. XXXVII.
[4] Via intelligentiæ.

knowledge of history for proof of the fact, it may be well to remind him, that on this very ground the followers of antiquity were ready to meet any opponent who might question the wisdom of their principles. In truth it appeared to them, and they would have been able to prove the justice of their opinion, that the production of this spirit was the grand secret, not only of religion, but of all philosophy concerned with promoting the prosperity and happiness of nations, and with preserving the human mind from innumerable evils, which without its operation always attend and counterbalance whatever good it may be able to acquire. I am aware that the moderns hold a widely different opinion; but there is nothing either in their theory, or in their practice; nothing to be found in Puffendorf or Grotius, or in the history of modern Europe, which can support the accusations against the opinions connected with the ancient faith. Far otherwise. All experience as well as every research now entered upon into the principles of nature, will warrant the conclusion, that the spirit of submission required by Christianity, and inculcated by the ancient Church, within certain bounds which cannot be mistaken, and which certainly require no sophist to be made known, is in accordance with the eternal universal laws which govern the moral as well as the physical world. In the existence and observance of this principle consists the great source of all harmony and of all beauty; it is the secret of the universe; evinced in the stupendous operations of nature, on which depends the existence of the human race, and no less required in the development of those graceful and innocent features which excite the love of those who are obedient to the impressions of the heart. In the observance of this principle consist the grace of youth and the dignity of age, the happiness

of subjects and the honour of rulers, the beauty as well as the existence of the whole social system; the virtue and tranquillity of the world.

With respect to the great question of determining by what means men may attain to a knowledge of the will of God, I do certainly conceive that there was nothing in the doctrine of the Church which proclaimed the folly and superstition of the dark ages. Bossuet, in his conference with Claude, obliged him to confess that, by the new rule, "every artisan and husbandman may and ought to believe that he can understand the Scriptures better than all the fathers and doctors of the Church, ancient and modern, put together." And the results from such a proposition are staring us in the face: we may behold them in the common people of England, "who think," as Izaac Walton observes, "they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion": we may behold them in those self-appointed prophets who run without being sent, who distract the minds of our poor innocent people, very often teaching them all manner of absurdities and impieties, destructive of morals and sound religion; and surely we may ask these reverend persons, as they style themselves, in the words which Luther would have directed against the Anabaptists, "Who conferred upon you the office of preaching? Who commissioned you to preach?" If they answer God, then let us say to them, "Prove this to us by some evident miracle." Let them adore and tremble while they hear that solemn sentence, "Christus non semetipsum clarificavit ut pontifex fieret: sed qui locutus est ad eum: Filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te."[1]

That the holy Scriptures, wherever their sense

[1] Ad Hebræos V.

extends, are the ground and rule of our faith, all Christians admit: but then how are we to attain the right understanding of them? St. Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, St. Cyprian, and indeed the whole of ecclesiastical antiquity, will caution us against admitting the self-destructive rule of private interpretation. The better, the only reply consistent with the wisdom of antiquity, is furnished by Bishop Taylor: "When the question is concerning an obscure place in Scripture, the practice of the Catholic Church is the best commentary."

That the traditions of the Church were to be received as well as the holy Scriptures, was of course a doctrine of the old religion. I refer my reader to the clear and masterly stating of the case by Dr. Milner, "Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholics of Ireland,"[1] "Canisius's Catechism,"[2] Dr. Lingard's "Strictures on Dr. Marsh's Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome." I must depend upon the reader consulting this latter. To some it appears quite unanswerable. The great work of Turtullian, "De Præscript. adver. Hæreticos," cap. XV, XVI, XVII, XLIII; the treatise of St. Vincent of Lerins against the novelties of heresy, written about the year 430, will supply an interesting and exact view of what antiquity held respecting the importance of Catholic tradition. To these should be added the concessions of many learned moderns. In the work of Grabe, "Spicil. SS. Patrum ut et Hæreticorum Seculi post Christ. I, II, et III, tom. I, Præfat. ad Lectorem"; the sum of the whole may be shortly stated. It is the generally received opinion among the learned, that "in the primitive Church, for upwards of one hundred years after the death of Christ, no writings had acquired a canonical rank,

[1] Pp. 217–226. [2] P. 92.

or were considered as Holy Writ, or served any other purpose than that of private edification. The faith of the orthodox Christians rested solely on the testimony and personal authority of their teachers, the representatives and successors of the Apostles." It has been observed by the learned translator of one of the latest productions of biblical criticism in Germany,[1] that "even Tertullian, after the four Gospels were universally received in the Catholic Church, thought it safer to decline appealing to them in any disputed question of doctrine, and considered the apostolical traditions as the only sure foundation of Christian faith"; and that it is not only in controversy with heretics themselves that he urges this superiority of tradition over Scripture; he even dissuades his believing brother (*frater*) from entering into any scriptural researches, and advises him to content himself with the "regula fidei," the essence of all Christian knowledge, "adversus quam nihil scire omnia scire est.[2] Fides tua te salvum fecit," he says, quoting Scripture itself to confirm his argument (Luke xviii, 42), "non exercitatio scripturarum." St. Irenæus, who had been instructed in the faith by St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, expressly admits the possibility of retaining the revealed word of God without written documents; and he asserts the facts of several whole nations in his time possessing the divine word, "scriptam habentes per spiritum in cordibus suis salutem," without ink or paper, by the help of tradition, and by the Spirit of God (cont. Hæres. III, c. 4) and the texts of Scripture which are so confidently adduced against this opinion, do not in the least degree bear upon it, as any calm reasoner will be convinced on consideration.

[1] A Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke, by Schleiermacher.

[2] De Præscript. Heret. c. 14.

For instance, St. John v, 39, is addressed to the Jews for a specific purpose, and it is impossible to understand it literally, at least as a universal command. But then again consult the original, and you will find that the word ἐρευνᾶτε may be either indicative or imperative; the same ambiguity is in the Latin; but does not the latter mood impair the sense? St. Cyril and St. Irenæus understand it in the former; however St. Chrysostom, St. Athanasius, St. Basil, and St. Thomas receive it in the latter, in which opinion most doctors acquiesce. John of the Angels,[1] treating of the difficulties in reading the holy Scriptures, concludes accordingly that it is imperative; but still it is clear it could be only so received with a limited interpretation, since all could not obey it; and many assuredly would not be competent to derive the end for which the precept was given.

"The same maxims continued to prevail," says the translator before quoted, "both in the Eastern and Western Churches, till the Reformation; as they do with the exception of the Protestant confessions at the present day." And he further states what he conceives to be "an incontestable fact, that the maxims of the moderns, with respect to the use of the Scriptures, are different from those which prevailed in all ages, from the time of Tertullian down to the Reformation." Certainly some will find it difficult to comprehend why these passages from Tertullian, and these concessions by a modern, may not be used as arguments by those who hold that the doctrine of Catholic tradition was not sufficient ground for breaking the unity of the Church, as this learned writer proceeds to affirm;[2] the tra-

[1] Considerations spirituelles sur le Cantique des Cantiques, de F. Jean des Anges, Provincial des Observantins Réformés. Traduites de l'Espagnol. Paris, 1609, p. 1.

[2] P. 137.

dition which was the subject of controversy was certainly nothing but this *traditio Apostolorum* spoken of by Tertullian. "What are those traditions? is a question proposed in a book of reputation with the followers of the ancient faith; to which the answer is, Many things belong to faith, as likewise to discipline, which the Apostles did not write, but only preached and taught by word of mouth; which the Church has carefully delivered from father to son, in all ages, down to us."[1] That the study of the holy Scriptures was recommended and practised, I shall have an occasion shortly to show; but, for the present, waiving this point, and returning to the question as to the means of attaining to a knowledge of the faith, I must observe that the moderns have struck out a very uncertain path for arriving at this great end. Berkeley complains that the men of these latter times make religion too much of a notional thing. Methinks "the evening song" sounds more religious than "the afternoon preaching":

> Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer—
> Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love.

The Count of Stolberg remarking that our Saviour expired about vesper hour, three o'clock, adduces instances to show that it was an hour peculiarly favoured by the mercy of God.[2]

"The faith of the devils hath more of the understanding in it; the faith of Christians more of the will." This is what Jeremy Taylor said.

It may be an empirical measure to propose, little flattering to the pride which so often accompanies intellectual superiority, but it is certain, nevertheless, that from three verses of the Adeste Fideles heard in a temper of humility and love, men would

[1] Poor Man's Catechism, p. 11.
[2] Geschichte der Religion, VI, 99.

learn more, and in a shorter time, concerning the end of the whole controversy, the real spirit and character of the ancient religion, than they could acquire from the most learned and judicious course of study undertaken with the disposition of inquiry. "L'Eglise Catholique," says de Maistre, "établie pour croire et pour aimer, ne dispute qu'à regret. If forced to enter the lists, she wishes at least that the people should not be engaged."[1] Wisely saith the clerk in the Songe du Vergier—"Ces subtilités de la foy ne doyvent mie publicquement estre devantle peuple disputées." A prospective reasoner attached to antiquity might have predicted that the modern system would be able to flourish only so long as disputation was protracted; and any long interval of peace would be fatal to it—that it would quickly subside into its simple negative form: that its welfare would require those who adopted it to keep alive their controversial zeal, even though they should have the task of proving and disproving the validity of the same arguments: proving it, when they were to be urged by them against antiquity, and disproving it when urged against them by moderns of a still more violent school. But could this be expected to terminate in the kingdom of God? which if it be not meat and drink, as the followers of antiquity well knew, neither is it resisting superiors, confiding in our own judgment, and disputing about pictures and reliques: "sed justitia, et pax, et gaudium in spiritu sancto."[2]

If the holy Scriptures had indeed been the judge here, how could the controversies of the sixteenth century have been suffered to produce such results?

[1] De l'Eglise Gallicane, liv. I, c. 6. Nay, even farther, "ne cuidam laicæ personæ liceat, publice vel privatim de fide Catholica disputare," says Gregory IX, Concil. XIII, 1144. A wise precaution at that period.

[2] Epist. ad Rom. XIV.

What prospect of religious advantage could have warranted the total abandonment of religion itself, that is the spirit of love and charity? Surely that man did well who continued to discharge his own essential duties unmoved by the storm around him, by the mutual accusations of contending parties, and who, in the true spirit of his religion, might have quoted the line of Sophocles:

Οὗτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.[1]

What! when the kings or republics of the earth chose to interpose, and, like Creon in the tragedy, assumed the power of prohibiting the interchange of fraternal rites, was it not the part of religion, as well as humanity, to disregard their unjustifiable decrees; and, like the heroic daughter of Œdipus, to seek the favour of Heaven rather than that of man?—like her to hold at nought the threatened vengeance, dreading no evil so much as τὸ μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν. And—when the scorching fire of heaven had parched the plain, and men had to take shelter from the hot wind pestilent with the corruption caused by their own inhuman decrees, exciting each other if any one grew remiss when the whirlwind united earth and heaven, blasting all the foliage of the wood and the plain,—to approach like her; and albeit nature might break forth in some piercing notes like those of a sorrowful bird, when she may have beheld the bed of her empty nest destitute of young ones, to perform, with all solemnity and affection, the rites that Heaven commanded; patient and meek, yet unconscious of degenerate fear, and ready to proclaim to the world that the will of God was to be done, and that the rulers or people of the earth had no power to reverse his

[1] Antigone, 519.

unwritten and unalterable laws; not willing to offend Heaven, not dreading the breath of any man, knowing that death was inevitable, whether human powers chose to inflict it or not, and knowing this too, that if it came before the time it would be gain; (for how should it not be gain for him to die who falls upon evil times,) exhorting rulers to inflict their threatened vegeance, since no pleasure could be given or received, and finishing with a brave confession, though fear might enclose the tongue of those who felt that it was glorious; for,

> ——— ἡ τυραννὶς πολλά τ' ἄλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ
> Κἄξεστιν αὐτῇ δρᾶν λέγειν θ', ἃ βούλεται.

If the Gospel be but the mystery of love; if love be the great fountain and essence of all things; if we have life only inasmuch as we participate in the fountain of love; if, as Plato says beautifully and justly in a passage quoted by the Count of Stolberg,[1] all which is beautiful, is beautiful only inasmuch as it participates in the fountain of beauty, the contemplation of which is the end and the highest happiness of men—a contemplation to which they can attain by degrees under the guidance of Eros, the genius of love, the medium which exists between the human nature and the divine: so all who have life, enjoy it only inasmuch as they partake of the Spirit of Life, which is God, who, says the disciple of love, is Love. If this be, "scientia scientiarum," so beautifully expressed in the motto which the Count of Stolberg prefixes to his golden little book, "Von der Liebe," taking the celebrated position of Descartes, "Je pense, donc je suis," and then adding, "Wir lieben, also werden wir seyn"—We love, therefore we shall exist hereafter,—can we approve of those who made the ancient religion of Europe

[1] Von der Liebe, p. 16.

the ground for exercising all the angry passions of human nature, and who, professing a regard for truth, departed from Him who is the Author of truth?

Beautifully is it said by St. Augustin, "Pietas cultus Dei est, nec colitur nisi amando." And as the Master of Sentences saith, "nec Deus sine proximo, nec proximus sine Deo diligi potest."[1] Let us hear too a venerable Abbot of Cluny, who quotes St. James, "qui totam legem observaverit, offendat autem in uno, factus est omnium reus," and then adds, "Hoc unum charitatem esse, nemo qui dubitat."[2]

Love, not jealousy, is our life; love, not disputation, is our end; love, not disunion, is our health; love, greater than hope, greater than faith, which can remove mountains, is properly the only thing which God requires of us, and in the possession of which lies the fulfilment of all our duties. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore," adds the Apostle, "love is the fulfilling of the law." "The law of the old covenant," says the Count of Stolberg,[3] "which was born amid the convulsions of nature, under the sound of thunder and trumpets, was itself grounded upon love to God with all the heart and soul and strength, and upon love to our neighbour as ourselves. And what a living breath of love moves through all the pages of the New Testament! The whole of religion is but a bond of eternal love with God in Jesu Christ! A bond of eternal love of believers for one another in Jesu Christ with God! God is love; and whoso abideth in love, abideth in God, and God in him." Is it then to grieve or scandalize the faithful servants of

[1] Pet. Lombard. lib. III, distinct. 27.

[2] S. Petri venerabilis Abb. Clun. IX; Epist. lib. I, 5, Bibliotheca Cluniacensis.

[3] Geschichte der Religion Jesu Christi, I, p. 13.

God, to express a fervent wish that the names which perpetuate jealousy, differences, and disunion, might be blotted out from the language of every Christian people: so that then each of us might be able to solace himself, when he comes to die, with those words which St. Teresa repeated with her last breath, "a contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!" Then will men feel the beauty of these lines of Crashaw, the friend o Cowley, who said, in allusion to her spirit o martyrdom,

> She never undertook to know
> What death with love should have to do;
> Nor has she e'er yet understood,
> Why, to shew love, she should shed blood;
> Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
> She can love and she can die":

they will then be able to repeat with St. Francis,

> I ask'd thy love, the soul's sweet balm,
> The bliss of heav'n, the sea's great calm.
> Grant, oh my God, who diedst for me,
> I, sinful wretch, may die for thee
> Of love's deep wounds.
> ——— then join'd with thee above,
> Shall I myself pass into love.[1]

"When a great understanding and a grea affection meet together," says Jeremy Taylor, "it makes a saint great like an apostle; but they do not well, who make abatement of their religious passions by the severity of their understanding." And again; "the way to judge of religion is by doing of our duty; and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we must first see, and then love; but here, on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as

[1] Translated by Butler from the Italian. St. Francis is considered by the Italians as their earliest poet in the vulgar tongue according to Ginguené.

well as our hearts, and we shall then see and perceive and understand." I do not mean to hold that there is more to satisfy the understanding of a thinking man in the Institutes of Calvin or the Epistles of Luther, or the orations of popular modern preachers, than in the works of St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Bernard, Bourdaloue, or Fénelon, but that the ground to which some men do virtually confine their religion is too narrow for so mighty and divine a thing. Dr. Fletcher, in his "Reflections on the Spirit of Controversy," places this matter in its true light. "Religion," he says, "is a system of piety and humility; and it is in holy communication with God, by prayer and meditation, that he speaks most plainly to the heart and unfolds the truths and beauty of his law. The acuteness of human criticism must be attended by Christian simplicity, and every feeling of human respect absorbed in the generous ardour for salvation; vice must be avoided, and the feelings of the heart reformed. By these means the ray of truth would soon beam upon the soul; and that knowledge easily be attained, compared with which all other knowledge is but romance, all other science folly." That, with respect to the religion of our ancestors, we have had hitherto but a violent *ex parte* statement; that it has been most grossly misrepresented, not merely by hypocrites and traitors, but by learned, honest, and witty men (who, from unconscious indifference, or the pressure of their more immediate pursuit, seemed to have considered the subject as a kind of resting-place on which they might indulge in an oratorical flourish conformable to the popular notions, to refresh themselves and their reader after some elaborate investigation of history or the phenomena of the physical and moral world), and afterwards most foully calumniated by the miserable vulgar,

who love a ready accusation, and delight in reviling whatever is noble and exalted above their level,—is my firm conviction; the result of not poring over dusty volumes of old controversy, in which the zeal, leading almost to bad faith, of all parties, arising of necessity from the very constitution of human nature, has been stated as pretty equal, rendering it quite impossible to determine in favour of any upon such ground, but of a candid inquiry as to the real causes of difference, of some experience in the world, and of not having been tempted in the first instance to check the natural and obvious impressions to which the history of religion must give rise. As Minerva says in Æschylus,[1] after the furies had been giving vent to their hatred in long and tedious invective, while the suppliant sat in humble silence, "There being two parties present, we have heard more than enough on one side." Even already the lofty Monument, which, as the poet says, "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies," convinces every well-informed beholder not of the crime of Catholics, but of the dreadful bigotry and intolerance of the times in which it was raised.

As a specimen of the harshness of which the best writers have been guilty in alluding to this subject, take an extract from the History of the Peninsular War, by Mr. Southey, to whose early labours the chivalry of the British Isles was so greatly indebted: "cujus ego ingenium ita laudo, ut non pertimescam, ita probo, ut me ab eo delectari facilius, quam decipi putem posse."[2]

Speaking of Bonaparte's plan to degrade the ecclesiastical schools, he adds, "The object of the government in thus mortifying the teachers would be defeated by the *wise policy of the Romish Church,*

[1] Æschyl. Eumen. 406.

[2] Cicero, in Q. Cæcilium.

which has taught its ministers to regard every act of humiliation *as adding to their stock of merit.*" Again, take the following passage from Sismondi's Hist. des François. After relating the orders of Clovis to his messengers, that on entering the church of St. Martin at Tours they should observe the verse which the priests were singing at the moment, and relate it to him (for that church was one of those in which the Psalms were unceasingly chanted night and day, as at Antioch, in the early ages of Christianity, where certain monks preserved a perpetual psalmody in their church), the historian informs us that the Church had forbidden this mode of consulting futurity in the most express manner; many councils—that of Ayde the year before, that of Orleans four years after—having ranked it in the list of sacrilege; then he concludes, "*Le clergé ne vouloit point demeurer responsable d'oracles trop souvent démentis par l'événement, et qu'il ne dirigeoit point à son gré.*" [1]

Another of these instances I shall select from Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V, when describing the process of Henry VIII's divorce at Rome, he informs his readers that Pope Clement, "*partly from his solicitude to prevent the loss of England, and partly in compliance with the French king's solicitations, had determined to give* Henry satisfaction, but that *the violence of the Cardinals devoted to the emperor* did not allow the Pope leisure for executing this *prudent* resolution, and hurried him, with a precipitation *fatal to the Roman see*" (how the philosophy of the moderns breaks out), to issue the bull, &c.[2] Lastly, take an instance from a history, in fact a caricature of the conquest of England, by M. Augustin Thierry, who will, doubtless, always have successors, and therefore may represent a

[1] Tom. I, p. 221. Vol. I, p. 330.

perpetual class of writers, though certes, nothing but a state of helpless ignorance will ever gain for such compositions a steady or patient reader. This author mentioning the debate in the council respecting the Anglo-Saxon women who had fled for refuge into convents during the fury of the invasion, proceeds to relate that Archbishop Lanfranc gave his opinion that they were free to return to the world, and then concludes, "This opinion prevailed in the Norman council, *moins peut être parce qu'elle était la plus humaine que parce qu'elle venait du chef ecclésiastique de la conquête, et de l'ami intime du conquérant.*"[1] But almost every page of this work may be consulted with advantage, by those who want examples of sophistry and unfair representation of facts.

Sentences like these require no comment, and they are a fair specimen of the style adopted on this subject by almost all the popular writers of the day. As a contrast, it may be well to point out the kind of view which other men take of the same subject, to exemplify how the same fact may give rise in different men to opposite conclusions. "The clergy," says Warton, "observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at the annual fairs, made the people less religious, proscribed these sports and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take their recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy."[2]

I hold it unnecessary to point out what would be

[1] Tome II, p. 202.

[2] History of E. Poetry, III, 194.

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the inference of such writers as Sismondi, Ginguené, &c. &c. &c.

"I cannot but feel," says a gentleman who has written his recollections of the Peninsular war, "that the violence of the early reformers, who, in detestation of the Roman Church, abrogated many things, defiled perhaps by abuse, but decent in themselves, and allowed in the primitive Church, very greatly assisted to render the breach between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church unnaturally wide. Do we not, I would ask, in essentials think alike? And is not the grand and blessed scheme of man's redemption through the mediation of Christ, the first article of belief and the resting-place of faith with us both? I certainly, in the course of my residence in Spain, had occasion often to reflect that my countrymen were too apt to confound the errors and abuses of the church government" (I only repeat his words) "among the Roman Catholics with the belief and practices of their religion." That this opinion agrees with the conviction of many candid observers, at this day, is pretty certain. Nor are they to be accused of adopting this view merely from a taste for antiquity; albeit, the unreasonableness of yielding to antiquity some degree of religious reverence is one of the extravagances of this self-conceited age, which can never be reconciled with philosophy any more than with revealed religion. The wisest men, in all ages, have regarded the antiquity of an opinion as a strong evidence of its justice, even when they were themselves incapable of discerning it. Observe what a solemn tone and manner Socrates seems to assume, changing, as it were, his very countenance, when he speaks of what he has heard or learned, by tradition, from his fathers; as, for instance, where he begins, in the Phædo, παλαιὸς

μὲν οὖν ἔστι τις λόγος οὗτος, and where he explains why he made the weeping women retire, saying, that ἀκήκοα ὅτι ἐν εὐφημίᾳ χρὴ τελευτᾶν, and where he replies to the youth, "Never, O Phædrus, are the sayings of the wise to be despised, but it is right σκοπεῖν μή τι λέγωσι, however strange their opinions may appear";[1] a tone of mind which Plato ascribes also to the Spartan in the IVth book de Legibus, and to the wise Egyptian who conversed with Solon, and accused the Greeks of being but children, saying, οὐδεμίαν γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἔχετε δι' ἀρχαίαν ἀκοὴν παλαιὰν δόξαν οὐδὲ μάθημα χρόνῳ πολιὸν οὐδέν.[2] And Plutarch, no friend to superstition, went so far as to say, that "to err on the side of religion out of regard to ancient and received opinions, is a more pardonable thing than to err through obstinacy and presumption."

Not that antiquity alone is always of itself a sufficient recommendation; for vulgar errors have, in every age, had its support, and been exposed, as they were, by Thucydides[3] and Sir Thomas Brown. Cicero, however, disdained to think of these errors when he regarded antiquity, "which" saith he, "with me always prevails much." "Nec ego id, quod deest antiquitati, flagito potius, quam laudo quod est: præsertim cum ea majora judicem, quæ sunt, quam illa, quæ desunt."[4]

If such then was the judgment of wise men in the old world, how much more ought the professors of revealed religion to esteem this evidence of a religion, which may be called historical, and the truth and sense of which can only be looked for either by means of a knowledge of antiquity, derived from tradition and the fulfilment of the promise that

[1] Phædrus.
[2] Timæus.
[3] Thucydides, lib. I, c. 21.
[4] Orator, 50.

Christ would be for ever with his Church, and with them whom he charges to preach his gospel, or by a reliance on our own personal infallibility in the interpretation of Scripture, a supposition which the sacred volume itself, and which the experience of the whole world must render totally vain! Really St. Augustin places the point in the only true light, when he declares that "it is madness to quit the traditions of the Church to follow our own opinions." With respect to the doctrine of antiquity, inferred from the commission "go and preach," the reader will do well to mark what Socrates says as to the superiority of oral to written instruction, in the Phædrus of Plato. I am emboldened to refer him to this passage, which had long been my admiration, on finding that the Count of Stolberg had made a similar application of the argument.[1]

In general, however, I must affirm, the attempt to ascribe the modern opinions to antiquity only injures the cause it is intended to serve. The moderns would more wisely abandon this ground; for it is quite impossible that they can keep it with the aid of learned criticism, and ignorance is the least evil that it will lead them to display. The mistake of the innovators lay in this,—the taking the date when a doctrine was first defined and defended from having been then for the first time attacked, for the period of its first introduction; although how they evaded the objection arising from the impossibility of introducing all over Christendom, silently, a tenet egregiously opposed to the ancient opinion, and also that still more striking difficulty from those lately defined and defended doctrines being found equally among the Christians, who had been separated from the Church of Rome long before, and who would certainly never have admitted a

[1] Geschichte, VIII, 515.

novelty on her recommendation, it is impossible at this distance of time for ordinary reason to understand. The sum must be, that as Socrates says, alluding to Lysias and Gorgias, "I wish them good night, and leave them to sleep, who place probability before truth, and who are able by dint of eloquence to make new things old and old new."—*Λυσίαν δὲ Γοργίαν τε ἐάσομεν εὖδειν οἳ τὰ σμικρὰ μεγάλα καὶ τὰ μεγάλα σμικρὰ φαίνεσθαι ποιοῦσι διὰ ῥώμην λόγου, καινά τ' ἀρχαίως τά τ' ἐναντία καινῶς.*[1]

Indeed, Bishop Newton admits that "the seeds of Popery were sown in the Apostles' time." Certainly the old religion of Europe was the religion of the Fathers: their testimony, as far as that may be valued, whether gathered from such works as the "Bibliothèque des Pères de l'Eglise," by the learned Abbé Guillon, the collection entitled "Thesaurus Patrum," or from their original writings, is decisive in justifying the religious views and character of the middle ages; and it is well known that the value of their testimony was then very highly estimated; nay, among the moderns, Berkeley deemed the Fathers men of great parts, eloquence, and learning, and much superior to those who seem to undervalue them; and, "on this head," he continues, "our reformed brethren say things which neither piety, candour, nor good sense require them to say." If we formed our opinions from the writings of the men who support the new learning, we should conclude that the world had never beheld anything so detestably wicked and pernicious as the scholastic theology; and yet what says Berkeley, who may well be esteemed a competent judge of such matters? "I deny that a volume of the schoolmen doth so much mischief as a page of minute philosophy." And

[1] Plato, Phædrus.

where that philosophy is not now received, a wise man will find it hard to say. Among the attempts that were made to enlist the evidence of antiquity on the side of the moderns, that by the authors of the "Centuriæ Magdeburgenses" was the most curious; but Ginguené acknowledges that its chief effect was to produce the Annals of Baronius, which, with all their imperfections, will remain an amazing monument of genius, as well as a justification of those who remained unconverted by the new opinions. But, indeed, it would have puzzled the old scholars if they had been required to make the Fathers reconcilable with the modern system, even on the point touching the supremacy of Rome: whether they remembered the testimony of St. Augustin, throughout his works, or of St. Irenæus,[1] or of Tertullian,[2] or of St. Jerome,[3] or of St. Cyprian,[4] where he calls the chair of Peter "ecclesiam principalem unde unitas sacerdotalis exorta est"; or of St. Bernard;[5] for though his age be late, his character gives much importance to his testimony. Now that these, particularly the evidence of St. Irenæus, are remarkable passages in support of the claim acknowledged by our ancestors, I need not remind those candid scholars who have turned their attention to the subject.[6] Some superiority of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops has been often conceded by modern scholars; it might almost be proved from the very passages which others bring to deny it;[7] Leibnitz held the pre-eminence of the Pope to be essential; so did Grotius towards the

[1] Iren. III, 3.
[2] De Præscript. XXXVI.
[3] Ep. III, 57; cont. Ruffin. 4.
[4] Ep. 55, to Pope Cornelius.
[5] De Consideratione ad Eugen. P. lib. II, c. 6.
[6] Many moderns, Deyling, for instance, Observat. Sac. pars 4, p. 39, have affected to treat these with contempt.
[7] For instance, Euseb. lib. V, c. 24.

close of his life; so did Puffendorf; so did Casaubon, but he rather alluded to the past: as it was understood and explained by divines, it must have seemed to the most short-sighted among the lovers of peace no such mighty ground of offence: they found that there were men of undoubted integrity and learning to whom it seemed the very perfection of wisdom, even though led by circumstances to appear against it: to reject the doctrine so explained might almost have seemed to reject a bond of unity, to protest against order and peace, and to envy the Church a blessing which they could foresee so many great men, in a subsequent age, would desire, and which Melancthon, at the very period of the separation, wished to have obtained. Of course the friends of antiquity will be of opinion that De Maistre, in his treatise "Du Pape," and the Count of Stolberg, in his dissertation, "Ueber den Vorrang des Apostels Petrus und seiner Nachfolger," affixed to his great history of the Church [1] (not to mention the larger works, less calculated for ordinary readers), will justify them in drawing a still more decided inference. But it is only for peace that I labour, and for obtaining some shew of deference from men whom I would persuade that their forefathers were not altogether so despicable in their religious opinions as they are pleased to affirm.

The religion of Christ was indeed spiritual, yet still, in condescension to the weakness of men, the Word became flesh and dwelt amongst them; which divine truth might alone condemn the men of these later times, who are sensual in their philosophy, and, if we may say, without a solecism, abstract in their imaginations. A body and government became essential to the Church; and hence the

[1] Vol. X.

apostles, taught by their Divine Master, in building up their spiritual kingdom, adopted that model of government which God in his first dispensation, which the reason of men and the world itself then pointed out as the most desirable. The Germanic empire in a later age was composed precisely upon analogous principles: and that this is a true statement of the final arrangement of the body of the Christian Church may be made more evident by bearing in mind what were, undoubtedly, the views of government entertained when both these were organized: it is in this manner that the learned and impartial Voigt[1] proceeds to relate the progress of the Church.

Ἔχομεν οὖν τι μεῖζον κακὸν πόλει ἢ ἐκεῖνο, ὃ ἂν αὐτὴν διασπᾷ καὶ ποιῇ πολλὰς ἀντὶ μιᾶς; ἢ μεῖζον ἀγαθὸν τοῦ ὃ ἂν ξυνδῇ τε καὶ ποιῇ μίαν;[2] this is what Socrates demanded; and all who like Glaucus feel constrained to reply οὐκ ἔχομεν must be ready to admit the unavoidable inference which justifies the system of antiquity with respect to the unity and government of the Church.

That the Roman See was, in a very early age, the object of ambition to men who were dazzled with external splendour is clear from the complaints of Ammianus Marcellinus, and from the saying of Prætextatus, afterwards Prefect of Rome, who said to Pope Damasus, as we read in St. Jerome,[3] "Make me Bishop of Rome, and I will be a Christian to-morrow." Still, with respect to the accidental acquirements of the Holy See, it should be observed that these give rise to a totally different discussion from anything required here. When Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was asked by the Committee of Parliament whether

[1] Rheinische Geschichte, I, p. 174.
[2] Plato, de Repub. lib. V, 462.
[3] Ep. 61, ad Pammach. c. 3.

the political character of the Church had not changed, he replied, "I do not consider that the Church, by its constitution, has any political character; as a Church, I conceive that its object is wholly spiritual,—the salvation of souls. I cannot conceive that it has any political character, except such as the State chooses to bestow upon it": and indeed with respect to its spiritual character, it argues no stupidity in our ancestors that they disapproved of the measures which were proposed, and to which indeed the moderns were driven, upon giving up the authority of the Church as they had found it constituted.

The people of Athens once decreed that whatsoever thing Demetrius might command should be accounted holy in respect of the gods, and just in respect of men. And we have the words of Parysatis when she persuaded Artaxerxes to marry his own daughter. "God," said she, "has made you a law to the Persians, and a rule of right and wrong." If the reader be incredulous let him confirm his faith in history by observing the conduct and the language of the English parliament during the progress of the religious revolution. No man acquainted with history will deny the advantage, nay, the absolute necessity which existed of not placing religion at the disposal of the early kings of Europe, whose judgment no divine promise protected from error, and whose ambition and pride, proceeding from their weakness, often passed all conceivable bounds. Witness the attempt of King Chilperic to force a new prosody upon his subjects, "in which," says the Chronicle of St. Denis, "les syllabes brieves etoient mises pour longues et longues pour brieves." The moderns, however, had to choose between making as many Popes as Cæsars, leaving religion at the mercy of merely temporal interests, and dividing

the one only Church into as many conventicles as there had been parishes, according to the Sophist's principle of the social contract.[1] Assuredly then it was no marvel that some men should be unwilling to agree with the sentence of Bishop Taylor, that "the king's authority is appointed and enabled by God to end our questions of religion"! "Divination and a wise sentence is in the lips of the king, and his mouth shall not err in judgment." Upon this text, from the Proverbs, he goes on to say, "In all Scripture there is not so much for the Pope's infallibility; but by this it appears there is divinity in the king's sentence":[2] and this from Taylor, who had so often shewn that the silence of Scripture was no argument against diverse institutions of the Church. This was the opinion of Hobbes, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke:[3] on what principle it is needless to shew. But is it not strange that it should have been maintained by Grotius? as appears from his Life by Burigny.[4] Puffendorf, on the other hand, wrote "De Habitu Religionis ad Vit. Civ." against this doctrine.

Goethe, bred a Protestant, confesses in his Memoirs, that his young reason had led him to the same opinion, that the sovereign had a right to dictate to the Church in matters of faith. So that an Englishman going into France would be referred to a Cour Royale at Paris, or to the bureau du Ministère de l'Intérieur, if he desired to know what was his security for believing when he communicated with the French, that it was part of the Catholic Church.

[1] M. de Haller, Restauration de la Science Politique, tome I, p. 108.

[2] Sermon on the opening of Parliament.

[3] De Civitate Eccles. et Civili. Characteristics, I, p. 231–300. Leviathan, p. 238.

[4] Tome I, p. 186.

The method of conducting the attack upon the ancient faith, from first to last, seemed to proceed from a very ambiguous spirit. Now it was natural that there should arise in men of refined feelings a disposition to lean to whatever side they saw unfairly and illiberally attacked. When they reflected upon the scurrility and profanenesss of Skelton, tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII,

> I will no priestis for me sing,
> Dies iræ, dies illa, &c. &c.

similar to his satire upon Sir Thomas More,

> Having delectation
> . . . .
> With a Popish fashion
> To subvert our nation
> —this dawcock doctor
> And purgatory proctor:[1]

upon that spirit of churlish mockery, worthy of Thersites, which so infected the court of the Reformed king, that the poet Wyat states, as one ground of his inability to frequent it, that he cannot prefer Chaucer's Sir Topas to his Palamon and Arcite:

> Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
> And scorn the story that the knighte tolde;
> Praise him for counsell that is drunke of ale;

when they heard Sir David Lindsay ("more the reformer of Scotland than John Knox," says Mr. Pinkerton, "for he had prepared the ground, and John only sowed the seed") acknowledge in his greatest poem, "The Monarchy":

> To colliers, carters, and to cooks,
> To Jack and Tom my rhyme shall be directed:

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[1] The rest in the same strain will be found in Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. II, p. 8.

when they thought upon those horribly profane pieces of parody which were certainly not first used by those who stood on the defensive, and examples of which may be seen in Warton's History of English Poetry:[1] when they observed, marshalled in the same ranks with these, the sermons of Hugh Latimer, the satires of Bishop Hall, in which he speaks of the priest who drinks the eucharistic wine; the Tale of a Tub of Swift; the affirmations of Fox, the martyrologist, "that Chaucer has undeniably proved the Pope to be the Antichrist of the Apocalypse"; the stanzas of the new worship proposed as more worthy of God than the ancient proses of the Church, the versified creed, decalogue, Lord's prayer, and Te Deum of Whyttingham, Dean of Durham; Wisdome's invocation for defence from Pope and Turk; the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, "chiefly dear because to be sung without authority," as Sir John Birkenhead once said; and the seven penitential psalms in metre, under their reformed title, "Seven Sobs of a sorrowful Soul for Sin," under the patronage of Frances, Countess of Sussex, foundress of Sydney College, in Cambridge; or in general, the works and reasoning of that day against them; the artifices, misrepresentations, and falsehoods which were continually used, in order to place their religion in the same point of view in which it is now made to appear in the tracts of societies, or the columns of a gazette,—when it was thought quite sufficient to have a few vituperative phrases ready for delivery, and to assert ἀφόβως καὶ μεγαλοπρέπως, as Socrates said, that their religion was only fit for men of weak minds (instances, the tendency of which we can well appreciate, after seeing, in our time, the controversy gravely pub-

[1] Vol. IV, p. 22, note, edit. 1824.

lished as the combat between light and darkness [1]) —after reviewing the events that took place in the literary world of Germany, upon the conversion of the Count of Stolberg, after beholding him, in his old age, and on his death-bed, abandoned and outraged by his former friends, after being invited to examine wie ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreyer! how Fritz Stolberg became a slave; similar to the assertion of Dr. Knight, in his Life of Dean Colet, that "some of the prelates took off Sir Thomas More from his freedom of thinking, importuning him to employ his abilities in defence of the Catholic Church"; [2]—after being told by this writer that "Sir Thomas More was a leading reformer, but that human fears and worldly policy stopped him short, and turned him out of the way he saw to be right": [3] when instances like these obtruded themselves upon observation, nothing was more natural, perhaps there could have been nothing more agreeable to humanity and to justice, than that there should be a strong, though perhaps secret re-action in the minds of ingenuous men. If we even suppose that they were wavering and undecided, no philosopher deserving the name will be surprised or grieved that these things turned the scale, that men of learning and wisdom and high honour were seen to blush and to withdraw, leaving all other persons to judge for themselves.

I omit to speak of the ruin and sacrilege which marked the progress and triumph of the new philosophy. If the reader be disposed for the melancholy inquiry, he will find probably quite enough to satisfy his curiosity in Dr. Milner's History of Winchester, or he may judge for himself with his own eyes, as

[1] At Stuttgart, 1820, a volume was published with the title Voss und Stolberg, oder der Kampf des Zeitalters zwischen Licht und Verdunklung.

[2] P. 145. [3] P. 147.

he travels through these once magnificent kingdoms. The antiquarian will lament, on hearing how the precious and curious monuments of ancient piety, at Winchester, the presents of Egbert and Ethelwolph, Canute and Emma, were cast into the melting-pot, for the mere value of the metal which composed them. The man of any consistent views, who has regard for religion, will probably confess with Dr. Collier, that "there were several shocking circumstances" in this "glorious period of history." "For to see churches pulled down or rifled, the plate swept from the altar, and holy furniture converted to common uses, has no great air of devotion; to see the choir undressed, to make the drawing-room and bed-chamber fine, was not very primitive, at first view. The forced surrender of abbeys, the maiming of bishoprics, &c., are apt to puzzle a vulgar capacity. Unless a man's understanding is more than ordinarily improved, he will be at a loss to reconcile these measures with Christian maxims, and make them fall in with conscience and reformation."[1]

One Verres was enough to effect the ruin and desolation of Sicily; and yet his hounds, as Cicero calls them, were but of dull scent in comparison with many of the agents who directed and executed the revolution which has divided the Church. With a view to this comparison, these celebrated orations of Cicero become highly curious, and when sufficient care has been taken to tranquillize the modern reader, by shewing him the distinction between the Sicilians and our ancestors, the similarity which really marks the two scenes of action may be displayed without scruple. When Diodorus was accused, "At first," says Cicero, "it seemed strange that he should be accused, the most quiet of men, and most removed from all suspicion, not only of wickedness, but even

[1] Eccl. Hist. Part II, p. 163.

of the least fault: deinde esse perspicuum, fieri omnia illa propter argentum."[1] Mark the reply of Verres to the senators of the Tyndaritani who expostulated with him. "Quam mihi religionem narras? quam pœnam? quem senatum? vivum te non relinquam: moriere virgis nisi signum traditur," and the testimony which Cicero gives respecting him, "non honori neque virtuti, sed veneri et cupidini vota deberet." But enough of this wretched subject.

There is another consideration which will serve to account for the reluctance which was evinced by the knightly and generous part of men to join the standard of the religious innovators. To protect the helpless from the cruelty of powerful tyrants, and especially to defend the cause of women, was among the first duties of all who aspired to the praise of chivalry; but it was by protecting the helpless, by defending the cause of an innocent woman, that the Church in one country incurred the resentment, and brought on itself the attacks which terminated in the total rejection of her authority. The most familiar subject will be often made to appear in a new light if we approach to it from a different point; and the following passage, which occurs in an Italian author, will confirm this remark, and probably induce men to regard with less displeasure the resolution or obstinacy, if they will so term it, of many of their ancestors. "The Franciscan brothers of the Monastery of Ascoli were one evening conversing in their kitchen about the great revolution which was taking place in England: after a time, some one by way of diversion asked Felix, then but fourteen years of age, who became Pope Sixtus V, what he thought of the Pope's conduct; he replied that if he had been in his place he would

[1] In Verrem, Act II, lib. IV, 19–39.

have taken good care not to sacrifice a kingdom for the sake of a woman, and to preserve Great Britain he would have made no great difference between the mistress and the wife of the king." Felix was but a child, commencing his education, having been occupied in taking care of his father's swine, and it is not therefore strange that his conclusions should have been different from that of those who had been bred with the sentiments of gentlemen, and who felt themselves bound by the obligations of chivalry.

If we proceed to examine the arguments which were employed against the peculiar tenets of the Church, against its ceremonies and offices, against its discipline and the monastic institutions, we shall be inclined to confess that, although not calculated to excite surprise if delivered by men of the world who did not disguise that they were incapable of comprehending spiritual feelings, yet coming as they did from persons who professed religion, and even an eminent degree of it, there was nothing unaccountable in the harsh insinuations to which they gave rise. "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" was the question often addressed to the leaders and supporters of the Revolution; and all who are conversant with the writings which gave rise to it, must be prepared to admit its propriety. What a contrast do they present to the spirit of men like Dante, who was afraid to write the blessed name of Jesus in that division of his poem where he describes the abyss of hell, lest the same page should contain words unsuitable to the infinite reverence which is due to it? Truly Bossuet was right in concluding that it is by silence we can best denote our feelings at the passages which so frequently occur in these awful compositions. What a lesson of humility for our unfortunate human nature that, for successive centuries, there have been always men

ready to accept a chair founded for the purpose of proving the Pope to be Antichrist, and always men ready to read their lectures! Why should we wonder at the blood-stained annals which record the wars of France and England, when crimes and folly, amounting to madness, mark even their religious history? In their religious animosities it is that

> Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
> Stultitia caruisse.

An anxiety to interpret the visions of the apostle St. John so as to justify the schism effected by the moderns, has prevailed in these parts of Europe from the Reformation to the present time. Mournful and awful as the contemplation of human weakness must always be, of that intellectual darkness in which sometimes the noblest natures are involved, still it is impossible to witness the ill-natured labours of these distinguished writers without an occasional smile. "Naviget Anticyram" are indeed the words with which each author ought to have been dismissed. From such composition so ill agreeing with the precepts of charity and the religion of love, I would direct my readers to the view which earlier and Catholic writers have taken of the Apocalypse. What a contrast if we place side by side the commentary of the Count of Stolberg on this holy book,[1] and the lectures and dissertations which modern expounders have published on its supposed prophetic meaning! These men can see nothing in it but vials of wrath ready to be poured out upon every nation and people, but such as have adopted their system. They can hear nothing but trumpets to call all other men to judgment of death eternal. The gentle spirit of Stolberg still finds itself in

[1] Geschichte, VII, 313.

its element in love; he can recognize in every line the beloved disciple of Jesus; he listens to the heavenly, the new song to the praise of God and of the Lamb; he hears indeed the trumpet of the justice of God, and the triumphant rejoicing over the fallen Babylon (the mystery of sin), but what chiefly affects him is that note in the tender language of love, which sounds like the cooing of the turtle-dove of Paradise,—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and he that heareth, let him say, Come; and he that giveth testimony of these things, saith, Surely I come quickly: Amen. Come, Lord Jesus." It is always to him the same John the son of thunder, whose fire was sanctified on the breast of Jesus. It would be unjust, however, to the moderns not to acknowledge that the great men among them, John Gerard Vossius, Hugo Grotius, Hammond, and others, have rejected the new interpretations with the contempt which they deserve.

Grotius so deeply lamented their tendency that for one period he employed his Sundays in composing a work on Antichrist, which was to expose the absurdity of the charge; and in writing to his brother he expressed his wish that he might die while so employed,[1] and elsewhere his opinion, thus, "I owe all that is good in my book on Antichrist, not to my own researches, but to my prayers and to the goodness of God, who has deigned to enlighten me though I am unworthy." Strange indeed that the age which enjoyed the least knowledge of the gospel of Christ, according to new interpreters, should have been that when the people were the least fond of riches, which the Scripture declares make it hard to enter heaven; when they were the least proud and haughty, and the most remarkable

[1] Vie par Burigny, tome II, p. 161. He adopted the ancient and general interpretation of the 13th chapter. The book gained him many enemies and the appellation of "Papist."

in their social intercourse for the absence of all charlatanism, vanity, whatever was opposed to good-nature, simplicity, and truth.

Upon the whole, then, the followers of antiquity are not dismayed by the character of those who are opposed to it; for to begin with a more general view, what if the people themselves, discarding all that is not exactly agreeable to their natural views of wisdom and virtue, have brought it in guilty, is that sentence of such awful weight that no man can venture an appeal to some higher tribunal? "That the voice of the common people is the voice of God, is the common voice of the people," says an old writer;[1] "yet it is as full of falsehood as commonness. For who sees not these blacke-mouthed hownds, upon the meere scent of opinion, as freely spend their mouthes in hunting counter, or, like Actæon's doggs, in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth itself in a fresh scent. Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people with one common voice, He is worthy to die"? Who can forget that awful sentence of the same people, and remembering it, who can prevent its memory from affecting all his philosophy concerned with the judgment of mankind? "He saved others, himself he cannot save." And is human nature changed? Are the people, when left to nature (for there is the line which makes this judgment just) governed by different principles, and unaffected by the same passions? Have they ever escaped for an interval from that dark and delusive cave described by the sage,[2] in which the poor, fettered, and ignoraut captives are made the emblems of natural men? Τέθνηκε Φίλιππος; Look for an answer to

[1] Warwick's Spare Minutes. [2] Plat. de Repub. VII.

> The present works of present man—
> A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
> Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile.[1]

"There are four great obstacles," says Roger Bacon, "to the comprehending of truth, which impede every wise man and scarcely permit any one to arrive at the true title of wisdom; namely, the example of weak and unworthy authority, daily custom, the scorn of the unlearned vulgar, and the concealment of our own ignorance with the ostentation of apparent wisdom. In these every man is involved, every state occupied."[2] We may conclude with the words of Socrates, "the being deceived by ourselves is the most dreadful of all things, for when he who deceives never departs from us even for a moment, but is always present, is it not most awful? πῶς οὐ δεινόν.[3] What I wish to impress upon my reader's mind is the conviction expressed by St. Jerome: "veritatem paucis contentam esse, et hostium multitudine non terreri." In human philosophy, as well as in religion, the judgment of the vulgar is of no weight. "The multitude of the human race," says Roger Bacon, "hath always gone astray from the truth of God, and we know that even Christian people are imperfect; for the small number of the saints proves this. In like manner, the vulgar hath always been wanting in the wisdom of philosophy; for this is evident from the small number of philosophers."[4] He concludes with this admirable sentence: "We cannot have a protection to defend us against these, unless we hold to the commands and counsels of God, and of his Scriptures, and of the Canon law, and follow the saints and the philosophers, and all the wise ancients. And if we adhere to these commands

[1] Coleridge.
[2] Opus Majus, Part I, c. 1.
[3] Plato, Cratylus.
[4] Opus Majus, I, 3.

and counsels, we can never err, nor ought we in anything to be reproved." [1]

Berkeley has expressed an opinion which must greatly astonish the moderns, but which I believe every man of thought and learning will fully assent to; namely, that, "in the present age, thinking is more talked of, but less practised than in ancient times. Since the revival of learning" (mark the epoch) "men have read much and wrote much, but thought little." [2] And at the present day what a vast number of followers have a few men of extraordinary mental powers, who like Gorgias and Protagoras never even pretend to make men good, but like those master sophists, openly laugh at all who talk of doing so,—and whose maxim it is, respecting those who look to them for instruction, ποιεῖν δεινοὺς λέγειν; [3] an engagement which the providence of God enables them most truly to fulfil: we may construe the Greek literally; awful declaimers indeed they make them.

Whoever has paid attention to the established notions and manners which take their rise in the modern system, and which are supposed to be conclusive against the wisdom of the ancients, must be aware that they rest on the principle of conformity with public opinion, as the great test of what is to be received or rejected by men. The writers who support these opinions, like the sophists described in Plato, are careful "to teach no other things than the sentences which men in general, the οἱ πολλοὶ (whether they come on foot, or drawn in gilded carriages) praise, as often as they are assembled together (as in the theatres). And all this they term wisdom: as if some one, who nourished a powerful and huge beast, should mark attentively

[1] Opus Majus, Part I, c. 5. [2] Minute Philosopher, VII.
[3] Protagoras. Plato, Meno. 35.

its temper and desires, in what way it would be best to approach it, and in what way to lay hold of it, and when, and from what cause it becomes most difficult or most easy to manage, and at what sound uttered by another it becomes irritated or appeased; and learning all this by constant habit and time, should call it wisdom, and should become a teacher, as having invented some great art; though he knows nothing in reality concerning what in these sounds and passions was honourable or base, good or evil, just or unjust, but should name all these things according to the fancies of that great animal, τοῦ μεγάλου ζώου, calling those things good at which it was pleased, and those evil at which it grew angry; but besides this, he would have no opinion to express, but would give to things necessary the names of just and honourable; but of the nature of necessity and of good, in what respect these two differ, he would know nothing, nor would he be able to teach others.—Such a person is he who thinks it wisdom to have made himself acquainted with the passions which govern a crowd of men of all descriptions when assembled together, so as to know what excites their hatred, and what gives them pleasure." [1]

With respect to the particular direction of public opinion against the wisdom of the ancients, it behoved all who loved Christianity to stand on their guard against the efforts of men who, while they professed to oppose nothing but the corruptions, were undoubtedly hostile, or at least indifferent, to the substance of religion. In fact, a large portion of the accredited writers who came forward to attack the Church, were men of no decided religious principle, of no attachment to any faith. How often do we find Villers's Essay on the Spirit and

[1] Plat. de Repub. VI.

Influence of the Reformation quoted with applause by modern doctors, and yet the opinions expressed in this book are avowedly Socinian, or conformable to the views of the French philosophy! In this the two Socini are spoken of as having adopted the reform;[1] in this, the religion of the human heart, spread over the world, is said to be Christianity anterior to Catholicism; in this the advance in mathematical and military science under Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick of Prussia is treated of as among the happy effects resulting from the Reformation of the Church.

Hence the first German works which propagated the principles of the French revolution, professed only to continue the Reformation commenced in the sixteenth century.[2]

I am not astonished that the friends of antiquity should feel the importance of pointing to works of this nature, that men might be aware of what was depending upon certain popular questions, and that they might not be misled by any ideal portrait of their own creation, or by the deceitful use of expressions which conveyed different ideas in the minds of the men who used them from those that were obvious and ordinary, that they might not separate principles and practices from a system under which they will be always forbidden and retained.

Almost all the writings on the Continent, which do not rest upon the ancient faith, furnish examples of what d'Alembert praises in Montesquieu; namely, "*l'artifice innocent*" of concealing "truths" under a veil in such a manner "sans qu'elles fussent perdues pour les sages";[3] all which sentence may be offered as a lesson to such scholars as have yet to

[1] P. 163.

[2] M. de Haller, Restauration de la Science Politique, tome I, p. 151.

[3] Eloge de Montesquieu, p. 31.

learn the spirit and character of the present age. But Villers is more bold, and pronounces that "none of the institutions of the middle age were calculated for the new humanity. As lances and shields had been laid aside for fire-arms, so must the other characteristics of the olden time be altered. It was requisite that everything should change. The new spirit could not subsist in the ancient forms. It is therefore," he concludes, "from this point of view that the Reformation must be considered as a necessary product of a new age, as a manifestation of a new spirit." Those, on the other hand, who saw not the necessity for such a change, were pleased at being presented with such plain statements of the position, that others might not be mystified and hoodwinked: and though it would be great injustice to many of the first leaders if their opponents had ascribed such views to them, yet when they considered to what extent even their best principles were carried by those around them, and what were the real and most operative causes in accomplishing the changes of the Church, we must acknowledge the ground to have been valid for believing that, after all, it was not so much in consequence of any real advance in the spirit of Christianity that those mighty changes of religion in the northern kingdoms of Europe were proposed, but rather of the politics of princes and statesmen, the avarice of the nobility and gentry, and the irreligion and licentiousness of the people.

> Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside,
> Oh! with what ease we follow such a guide!

It was in vain to think of silencing such vulgar charges.—It is idle to contend about the name by which we should designate this great revolution. What are the facts of history? What are the results now before us? These examined, "deinde

fortasse," as Cicero said of something similar, "non magnopere quæretis quo nomine appellandum putetis." If we attentively examine the writings of the early innovators, we shall seldom be at a loss to determine from what principle their hostility proceeded. Le Songe du Vergier, which was written in the reign of King Charles V of France, contains a long dialogue or dispute between a knight and clerk, in which the knight with great learning produces almost every objection which the Reformers afterwards advanced against the Ecclesiastical discipline and order. At length, towards the conclusion of the work, we come to a chapter thus entitled, "Le chevalier prouve par plusieurs raisons qu'il semble que c'est chose plus prouffitable a toute bonne police et a la chose publique que ung homme ait plusieurs femmes que une seule." Here the mystery is explained, and we can understand his objections to the goods of the Church, to the life of nuns and friars, and to fasting and penance, and to living, as he says, "contre nature."

"Call you this the Gospell," says Wilson, a zealous gospeller, "when men seke onlie for to provide for their bellies, and care not a groate though their soules go to helle? Doe you not see how every one catcheth and pulleth from the Churche what thei can?"[1] As far as England is concerned, one fact might set the question at rest. In our nation, drunkenness first became prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth. Before that period, ever since the entry of the Normans, the sobriety of the English was remarked by all Europe. "If any one wish," says Musculus, "to see a multitude of knaves, disturbers of the public peace, &c., let him go to one of their cities." "Who," says Erasmus, "are those Gospel people? Look around you, and

[1] Warton, Hist. IV, p. 163.

shew me one who has become a better man; shew me one who, once a glutton, is now turned sober; one who, before violent, is now meek; one who, before avaricious, is now generous." "On the other hand, I can shew you many who have become worse by the change,"[1]—"passionate, vain, spiteful as serpents, and lost to the feelings of human nature. I speak from experience."[2]

"Indeed," says Melancthon, weeping while he says it, "speaking modestly, any other state of things, in any other age, exhibits the beauty of an age of gold, when it is compared to the confusion which the reformers introduced."[3]

"Assuredly," as a learned writer says, "if the new learning reformed the Creed, it deformed the morals of its professors." "Of the thousands," says Calvin, "who renounced Popery and seemed eagerly to embrace the Gospel, how few have amended their lives! Indeed, what else did the greater part pretend to, than by shaking off the yoke of superstition, to give themselves more liberty, and to plunge into every kind of lasciviousness."[4]

Let the reader consult Mr. Butler's book of the Roman Catholic Church for other testimonies to this truth,[5] concerning an event which was no subject of surprise to the men who watched the progress of the religious innovators: for, in fact, they could not reasonably have expected any other result. The impartial historian will eventually be driven to the confession, that the whole of this revolution proceeded upon loose principles of morality, or rather, indeed, proceeded in opposition to the eternal fundamental principles of virtue and justice. He will have to record that it required breach of vows, contempt of solemn engagements, sophistical evasions

[1] Spong. advers. Hutten. [2] Ad Frat. Infer. Germ.
[3] Ep. lib. IV. [4] Calv. I, VI, de Scand. [5] P. 172.

of duty, the most arbitrary and false interpretation of promises, mental reservation in taking solemn oaths, and in the application of ancient funds; the most open robbery and contempt of right; the forcible seizure of property, destruction of the laws of the land, reviling of superiors, reviling of benefactors, reviling of the dead, the desecrating of what was consecrated to the divine service, a disregard of truth in the admission of evidence and in the perpetuating of charges by solemn monuments and public ordinances after they have been recognized as false; a disregard of the old principle of generosity and humanity in adopting measures to favour the success of the modern system from its commencement down to what may be stated as the last instance, that of the famous Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, Morton, Williams, and Potter, bishops of Durham, Lincoln, and Carlisle, who advised King Charles I to send his faithful friend, and, at all events, his obedient minister, Strafford, to die the death of a traitor.[1] He will have to remark that it destroyed the whole principle of legislative justice by making laws to decree that the observance of the ancient religion was high treason, and then by inflicting the punishment of traitors on those who adhered to it; that it justified rebellion on the grounds of religion, in the reign of Mary; that it acted upon the principle which makes human ordinances of equal weight with the natural and divine law; that it sanctioned the doctrine of the inutility of constant prayer, the inutility or rather superstition of penitence and abstinence, of the impossibility of continence; of civil powers being the judges of religion, of civil laws being the origin of duties, of the sovereignty of the people, and all the monstrous conclusions of necessity flowing from that principle;

[1] Collier, II, 801.

besides establishing that the Christian Church had lapsed into idolatry "for 800 years or more"; that it falsified the promise of our Saviour, and therefore weakened all sense of religion in the minds of men, excepting such enthusiasts as had lost the power of drawing a legitimate inference.

Hence arose very speedily a remarkable feature in society and literature, which struck all men of education and thought, who had travelled and given attention to the differences of character which existed in the world. Such persons were sure to observe that wherever the modern philosophy had taken deep root, men who were sensible, grave, cautious, and acutely discerning in matters of temporal and material interest, were ready to treat questions, not only of the Christian religion, but such as involved the fundamental principles of morality and of government, with a degree of childish playfulness, of heartless, insane levity, which presented the most shocking contrast to the nature of the subject involved. Nothing that was majestic or deserving of the veneration of men, nothing that was alarming and tremendous in the visitations of Providence upon individuals and upon nations, could awe their hasty tongue, or make them suspect for a moment that their laughing, scornful, and fancied-sagacious conceits might be mistaken. They laughed, and scorned, and talked, and blundered on, utterly careless of the impression which their sentences produced, and of the result to which they might eventually lead. All this was according to the natural course of things, from men having transmitted to their children that fatal opinion, that money and temporal interests, and, above all, their own thoughts, and wills, and persons, were of more importance than justice and the principles of the Christian philosophy.

It cannot be necessary to add that such observa-

tions were unconnected with any miserable wish to prejudge and undervalue the moderns. An impartial study of contemporary writers will prove that the followers of antiquity did not resist the innovators from any principle but that of the profoundest conviction that they were deceived and deceiving. Gentlemen of real honour understood each other, and were assured that, on whatever side they happened to find themselves, they were always at an infinite distance from being the object of such reflections.

And now to resume our general view of history, what was the state of this country before this revolution? "A numerous clergy," says Mr. Butler, "administered the rites and blessings of religion; numerous portions both of men and women, whose institutes were holy, furnished the young with means of education, the old with comfortable retreats, and all with opportunities of serving God in honour and integrity. Throughout England the Roman Catholic religion only was acknowledged, so that the Reformation found the whole nation one flock under one shepherd. Almost every village contained a church, to which the faithful, at stated hours, regularly flocked for the celebration of the eternal sacrifices, for morning and evening prayer, and for exhortation and instruction. In a multitude of places, the silence of the night was interrupted by pious psalmody. England was covered with edifices raised by the sublimest science, and dedicated to the most noble and most salutary purposes; commerce prospered; agriculture, literature, every useful and ornamental art and science was excellently cultivated, and was in a state of gradual improvement; the treasury overflowed with wealth; there was no debt; and one-fourth part of the tithes in every place being set apart for the maintenance of the poor, there was no 'poor law.'

Such was the temporal prosperity of England when the Reformation arrived. Will it suffer on a comparison of it with the condition of England at any subsequent era, or even with its present?" This gentleman proceeds to examine, in his Twelfth Letter, Whether England has gained by the Reformation—1. in spiritual wisdom—(and it will be no answer to this most interesting question to prove that the most learned and judicious body of the moderns is not Socinian); 2. or in morals? 3. Whether the revival of letters was owing to it? 4. Whether the conduct of the religious orders called for the dissolution of the monasteries?" The first reformers themselves acknowledged, repeatedly, that the people only desired to have their own way and live at their pleasure.[1] "Men," says Luther, "are more revengeful, avaricious, and much worse than they were under Popery."[2] Those who are acquainted with the history and literature of that period, must know that it was the era of the decline and fall of chivalry, and of the greatest corruption of manners in every rank of society. When the city of Berne had abolished the convent of Interlachen (the church of which is now a wine-cellar) and supplied its place by reformed teachers, the subjects of the convent were in great joy. "No more convent," said they, "no more taxes, no more tenths!" But Berne soon required taxes and tenths; and immediately the peasants turned back to be Catholics, out of rage, and drove out the new teachers. It was the same case in other countries: England, Camden says, seemed to be raving mad;[3] and without doubt, these were the secret causes

[1] Bucer, de Regn. Christ. l, I, c. 4.

[2] Luth. in Postil. Evang. Advent.; but I grant from his declamations nothing can be proved.

[3] Camden, Apparat. ad Annal. Eliz.

and the weighty arguments which produced such a sudden and violent revolution.

Now is it not startling to find that men should have approved of a Reformation in religion or philosophy at the very time when their passions were most unbridled, when they were most worldly-minded and sensual? Is it not marvellous that when they were animated with the spirit of purity, of devotion and love,[1] they sholud have been attached to a corrupt system to which they ascribed, under God, all the virtue and happiness that belonged to them? Is not this a strange and unaccountable paradox, enough to make "moult de gens avoir moult grande merveille"?

It is generally believed that these changes in England were immediately succeeded by a flourishing state of letters: the Reformation and the revival of learning are made to constitute the blessed whole; but the writers of our literary history[2] have shewn that this was by no means the case, and that for a long time afterwards an effect quite contrary was produced; the grammar-schools and universities[3] were deserted; degrees were abrogated as anti-christian; Duke Humphrey's library at Oxford was completely stript by the spiritual reformers, and a total stop seemed to be placed to all improvement in knowledge; the persons ordained by the bishops were artificers, and other illiterate persons; so that, about the year 1563, there were only two divines in Oxford,—the President of Magdalen and

[1] Tancredus, passim.

[2] See Warton, for example.

[3] Hence the humorous song:

> We'll down with all the Varsities,
> Where learning is profess'd;
> Because they practise and maintain
> The language of the beast.
> &c. &c.

the Dean of Christ Church, who were capable of preaching before the University.

Again, it were well if the attention of religious men had been directed to the fact, that the arguments and principles which were employed against the Church, might be urged in the same manner against all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. As Zwingli explained the words, "This is my body," so in like manner did Socinus interpret the passages which proved the divinity of Christ. Again; it was said that ceremonies and points of doubtful meaning ought not to be pressed upon the people, who began to dislike and disbelieve them. To this Jeremy Taylor makes a remarkable answer. "The boy was prettily peevish, who, when his father bade him pronounce Thalassius, told him he could not pronounce Thalassius, at the same time speaking the word: just so impotent, weak, and undiscerning a person is that who would forbid me to do an indifferent action, upon pretence that it makes him ignorantly sin; for his saying so confutes his ignorance, and argues him of a worse folly." "See that you be perfect at home," he says in another place to the clergy, "that all be rightly reformed there; as for Reformation of the Church, God will never call you to an account. Some things cannot be reformed, and very many need not, for all thy peevish dreams: and, after all, it is twenty to one that thou art mistaken, and thy superior is in the right: and if thou wert not proud, thou wouldst think so too." [1] Berkeley has remarked that there is no sort of sophism that is not employed by minute philosophers against religion; and I dare undertake to shew that there is not one which has not been employed against the clergy and the monastic institutions of the middle ages by men who

[1] Minister's Duty.

profess religion and learning, who have attacked them in the way that Dryden calls "the slovenly butchering" oftener than in that of those fine strokes which divide the head from the body, and leave it standing in its place. They are guilty of a *petitio principii* in taking for granted that the way to heaven is the broad and straight way inconsistent with occasional austerity, and that men may follow the guidance of philosophy in all things while they resist the authority of the Church;—of *non causa pro causa* in affirming that the people were kept in ignorance by the clergy, and that the wealth of the Church was the fruit of their avarice and pains; that if Pope Adrian in 785, and the Roman see after him down to the seventeenth century, did regard the canons of the Pseudo-Isidore as the basis of the canon law and discipline, then for eight hundred years the clergy were wilful impostors.[1] They are guilty *fallaciæ accidentis* in confounding the vices of particular men and of the age with the great body and with its general essential spirit;—of *ignoratio elenchi* in expecting to find the benefits resulting from the labours of the Christian priesthood recorded by historians and satirists and poets;[2]—guilty *plurium interrogationum* in many of their sentences where they ascribe beneficial effects to the revival of learning and the Reformation; as also when they demand, "Can any one doubt of the wickedness and superstition of Pope Alexander VI and his clergy? of the superstition of Louis XI

[1] This requires explanation. Pope Adrian believed in the false Donation of Constantine, which had existed long before his time, and had not yet taken its place in the collection of forged Decretals. The latter made its appearance under the name of St. Isidore, some forty years after the date mentioned in the text.

[2] See Paley's chapter on the supposed effects of Christianity, in his Evidences. Indeed, with the views of antiquity, all the arguments in favour of Christianity acquire additional force, and, in some respects, a double import.

and his nobles, of the falsehood of the tales about St. Dunstan and the other saints?" They are guilty *fallaciæ consequentis*, when they discover, with modern writers, in the early life of St. Dunstan strong indications of hypocrisy, turbulence, and ambition. Though "to me," says Mr. Butler, in the language of unassuming wisdom and piety, "these are invisible, unless it is certain that a person who retires in his youth from the dignities and gauds of the world, spends many years in privacy and humble occupations, and afterwards attains great dignities in the Church, must necessarily hence have been hypocritical, turbulent, and ambitious in his youth."

But the worst of all is *mentitio* (I would there were a softer word); as when Robertson, copying Maclean, proves the corruption of the Church from a garbled extract out of Dacherii "Spicilegium Veter. Script.," which speaks quite differently from the real passage before him;[1] as much so as if a writer were to quote St. Barnabas's Epistle, where he describes the way of light, and affirm and prove that he says, "You shall confess your sins; this is the way of light." And, lastly, if I may be allowed to form another composed of many of the preceding, they are guilty "*delirationis*," as in the case of one of the most admired writers of the day, who dresses up another of the odious figures with which we have been made too familiar, in defiance of history even in the particular instance he selects, and then unblushingly affirms, and appears to suppose that a nation of scholars is to take his word for it, that this hateful portrait "is a just specimen of all monks down to the Reformation." Nay, others have even converted into crime their virtues and accomplishments. Ginguené complains of their having thought more about copy-

[1] See Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, p. 460.

ing Bibles and Missals than about Greek and Latin manuscripts. Others again attacked them for having splendid libraries. And Wickliff, in his tract, "Why poor priests have no benefices," condemns Wykeham, his contemporary, on the ground of his skill in architecture, as one of those "wise in building castles, or worldly doing, though he kanne not read well his sautern."

So much for the conduct of those who pretended formally to argue touching the points in dispute. But we come to a more painful spectacle in beholding the conduct pursued by gentlemen of birth and honour towards those who remained unconvinced by the modern expounders, towards the men whom the late Mr. Wyndham called obscure, yet not meaning that they were destitute of hereditary virtues and hereditary dignities, that they were not a part of that class which ought to be denominated *ultimi Romanorum*.

It is not strange that men of low origin, whose breeding has been learned in a college, or that professed controversial writers should pursue the objects of their resentment with unfair representations and viperous calumny. There is nothing in the acquisitions of a critical scholar, or of a popular preacher who must court the itching ears, that can supply the place of religion or the high feelings of a gentleman; but if we reasoned *a priori* it would be incredible that gentlemen of birth and honour, condescending to be their vile echo, should ever be guilty of seconding and approving of such injustice. The phraseology of a conventicle ill agrees with a corslet; the illiberal jealousies of fanaticism appear still more odious when exhibited by men whose circumstances are favourable to the development of every generous feeling. With gentlemen, at least, we have been taught to conclude that no political or worldly motives are capable of banishing the love

of honour and of virtue. The Emperor Augustus upon one occasion is said to have surprised his grandson in the act of reading a book of Cicero. The boy, terrified at the sudden appearance of his grandsire, hastily concealed it in his gown; but the Emperor had previously observed it. He desired the boy to deliver it to him; who complied with symptoms of great fear. The Emperor, without moving from the spot, began to turn over the leaves and read some of them. After a considerable time, while the culprit continued exhibiting a very natural alarm, Augustus gently gave him back the book, saying, "This was, my child, a learned man, and a lover of his country." Now the followers of antiquity had reason to expect examples of this kind from the more gentle and noble of their adversaries. Nevertheless, such expectations would have been grievously disappointed. And they had only the power of comprehending and explaining the sad and miserable result, by pointing at the plundered abbey, the roofless hospital, and the palace built of church stones, while they repeated the words of Tacitus, "Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris."

Charles I tells his parliament that he has issued out a proclamation for the due execution of the laws against Papists, and that he has most solemnly promised, on the word of a king, never to pardon any priest without their consent, &c. They were to be put to death for singing the mass. Charles II, as is well known, owed his escape to gentlemen and various persons of this religion, who fought for him to the last; and yet the wearers of the crown never seemed to feel that they had incurred an obligation.[1]

Bishop Burnet and Rapin complain of James I

[1] See "A Catalogue of English Catholic Peers, Knights, and Esquires, slain in the defence of King Charles I." London: Keating and Brown.

for being partial to Papists. Between the years 1604 and 1618 he signed the death-warrants of twenty-five priests or laymen, unaccused of any crime except religion, besides banishing more than 100 priests, the Parliament continually assuring him that to execute the penal laws would advance the glory of God.[1]

From the first, the fear of exciting too intense and dubious a feeling has restrained me from entering upon any detailed view of the history relating to the Church, even to the policy which was pursued till very lately towards those who had not followed the age, of which the examples, as the amiable Mr. Alban Butler gently says, "are not to be related or called to mind without melting into tears"; while simpler souls will find the sign of the cross their safest mode of expression. Far from me the wish to remind generous youth of the facts of this history, disguised and falsified as they are by the moderns. It may be necessary for some to undertake the task of relating these things honestly, "sed ita tetra sunt quædam, ut ea fugiat et reformidet oratio."

Whoever approaches the holy and venerable ground of religion should endeavour to preserve that soft and gentle tone which, if we even admit Cicero for a judge, becomes the conversation of the wise, "nihil iratum habet, nihil invidum, nihil atrox, nihil mirabile, nihil astutum."[2] In patience we must possess our souls. Since the Apostles' time this lesson has not been observed more faithfully by any than by the Catholic chivalry of the British isles.

Still I must venture to select some instances of the evil that I would correct. Lord Clarendon says himself, that he had broken off all friendship with the Earl of Bristol from the time that the Earl had

[1] Rushworth's Collect. [2] Orator, 19.

changed his religion. He mentions the law, "that all priests for saying mass were to be put to death," without one word of horror or censure; and he relates that, when Charles II desired to know whether actually such was the law of England, he proceeded to explain "the seasons in which, and the occasions, and provocations upon which these laws had been made"; and he clearly hoped to establish their justice and wisdom. But indeed I must leave to other writers the odious task of going through with this history. It is like the cave of Trophonius, from which every man returned pale and dejected. There is no smiling again after consulting it. Every name, every circumstance that stands conspicuous on its page, might give rise to the most bitter reflections, though very opposite from those which modern writers would suggest. It will require a very powerful degree of prejudice to enable the mind to proceed through the examination of the original documents without being "perfectly amazed and confounded at the evidence of such deep and complicated injustice, treachery, hypocrisy, sedition, forgery, and barbarity."

After reading the sad detail we may mournfully repeat the words of St. Augustin:—"Hæc facta sunt in pace post Bellum.—Pax cum bello de crudelitate certavit, et vicit. Illud enim prostrabit armatos, ista nudatos. Bellum erat, ut qui feriebatur, si posset, feriret: pax autem, non ut qui evaserat, viveret, sed ut moriens non repugnaret."[1]

Indeed, however natural it might have been for ordinary men to view with impatience or anger those who injure them, it should have been remembered how very inconsistent it was with philosophy, and particularly with that divine wisdom that should govern every member of the city of God, to betray

[1] De Civitate Dei, III, 28.

any great concern about the evils which the world, which the vulgar, "whether in robes or tatters," could inflict upon the brave. The favour of God and the love of our friends rest upon a basis which their strength cannot overthrow, and with these we have everything. "Multis miseriis turbatum est hoc seculum," says Alcuin, "et non est refrigerium in eo, nisi in misericordia Dei et fide amicorum." [1] To be consistent with their religion, to retain the dignity of their nature, the consciousness of their own honour, the spirit of that high chivalry which was their boast, men ought to have disdained those evils which were only material and bodily, "and therefore could be no bigger than a blow or a cozenage, than a wound or a dream." Gentlemen of honour might have learned a lesson in this respect from a poor cloister monk, Luis Ponz de Leon, who, after a confinement of five years in the Inquisition without seeing the light of day, being at last released, and restored to his theological chair, an immense crowd being assembled to hear his re-opening lecture, as if no such melancholy interval had taken place, resumed his subject with the usual formula, "Heri dicebamus," &c.

But it will be urged, on the other hand, that men can deprive us of the very treasure which we deem sufficient and secure,—the faith of our friends. "How is it possible," said Theseus, in the tragedy, "that mine and the interests of the sons of Œdipus should ever be at variance?" Have you forgotten the reply?

Ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται
Θεοῖσι γῆρας, οὐδὲ καθανεῖν ποτε·
Τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος.
Φθίνει μὲν ἰσχὺς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος.
Θνήσκει δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία.
Καὶ πνεῦμα ταὐτὸν οὔποτ' οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν
Φίλοις βέβηκεν, οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.

[1] Epist. XXXII, apud Canis. vol. II.

Τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἥδη, τοῖς δ' ἐν ὑστέρῳ χρόνῳ
Τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται, καὐθις φίλα.[1]

You have observed the instance of the Earl of Bristol with whom Lord Clarendon boasts that he broke off all intimacy in consequence of his acquiescing in the religion of his ancestors. And might not these affecting lines of Sophocles have been repeated, in our time, by the high-minded and truly virtuous Stolberg, who was insulted in his last moments by the man whom he had once cherished in his bosom? Alas! my reader, what can I reply to these things? Certainly I have not a word. Even our swords are formed to remind us of the cross. You and I may live to shew "how much men bear and die not." "This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils, and a constant calamity. Let us remove from hence, at least in affection and preparation of mind."

Again, those who adhered to antiquity were struck with the want of what they deemed wisdom, of the deep old philosophy, or rather of spirituality in religious and moral views, which distinguished the men who opposed them. It was a very remarkable appeal which Fénelon made to his readers, in these words: "Search as long as you please out of this holy unity (I would understand this as alluding to the unity of affections and faith), you will find only dry doctors, blinded by their science, who languish upon endless questions, et qui s'evaporent dans leurs propres pensées."

This is not the place for entering upon a review of the character which the new principles succeeded in fixing upon the men who supported them, for the subject would be unbecoming and most ungracious. Certes, if antiquity knew not the spirit of holiness, that spirit hath not been tempted since to alight

[1] Soph. Œdip. Col. 600.

upon the earth. "I see them," said Erasmus, "coming forth from hearing the preacher with a ferocious air and menacing regards, like those of people who had been hearing bloody invectives and seditious discourse." "In these harangues," says he, "the leaders inflamed their fury to madness: they inspired such rage that they seemed even possessed by the evil spirit." And it was Mr. Gibbon who made the observation, that "there actually subsists in Great Britain a dark and diabolical fanaticism, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe."

And what was the portrait of the leaders besides Luther and Calvin, who are not to be spoken of in few words, nor described as Tillotson described Luther, calling him "a bold rough man":—a Carlostadius, whose character might have been found described by Melancthon:—a Zuinglius, painted by himself:—an Œcolampadius, of whom Luther gave his opinion:—an Ochino, whose opinions were not concealed:—a Beza, whom governments at least had reason to fear:—a Münzer, of whom it is well not to speak:—a Knox, whose office in the Reformation was proclaimed by Dr. Johnson:—a Cranmer, of whom every man had means for forming his own opinion in the page of our English history?

With regard to the wonderful man who was the chief actor in the tragedy of which Erasmus spoke, there were many reasons to induce the advocates of antiquity to be humble, even when they alluded to him. Against whom should mortal man dare bring "a railing accusation," when the Archangel Michael dared not do it, when disputing with Satan about the body of Moses? They knew too the degree of deference to which learned and wise and good men, who might differ from them in opinion respecting him, were entitled; and even besides the motive of

not wishing to offend them, the subject itself was not to be approached in a light careless style of declamation (nor indeed without a combat of the heart, if they had heard Martin Luther's hymn, which assuredly has more relation to his monastery at Erfurt than to his temples at Augsburg); and so those that were wise and moderate would not be forward in estimating what might have been his merits, who perhaps but lightly regarded man's judgment; and yet he had one to judge him, and by whose merciful judgment he has to stand or fall, and to which it will become all private men to leave him; for certes, besides the motives of piety, "modeste et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent, quæ non intelligunt." And so I would pass on in silence, if the language and opinions of many men did not proclaim the necessity of reminding one another that, beyond controversy, we should beware of investing any common mortal with the gift of unerring judgment;[1] let our opinion of them be what it may,—"summi enim sunt, homines tamen." And though I firmly believe that much more than this might be reasonably and piously urged, yet it shall suffice for this place.

The dangers, which were sure to present themselves, arising from the neglect or abandonment of the Church, appeared an argument against innovation to most thinking men. We have lived to see the divinity of Jesus Christ rejected in a formal document, promulgated in the very centre of Protestantism, in that small democracy of Geneva, of which "the influence on some of the great states," says Villers, "particularly on France, England, and Russia, is incalculable": not that I exactly agree in this.

[1] Some will be taking up this sentence to cast it back on me. Let them not be over hasty. The spear would glance to the ground.

Men predicted that it would be in the most frightful abandonment of all but a kind of natural religion, that these disputes would end, and that this would be found more tolerable to the person who had involved himself in the difficulties than the distractions and doubts which led to it. He would repeat a well-known sentence:—"I am weary of conjectures, this must end them." And such was the result: "a cold incredulity, an extreme contempt for past ages, a boundless presumption, and above all, a spirit of universal independence, form the general character of the succeeding generation. It was told," continues this able ecclesiastic whose words I use, "that it was called to remake everything, religion, laws, morality; and so it was ready to believe. It moved on smilingly over ruins. Where was it going? It knew not. But it was going where all those are gone who are lost.

Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

Certes, foreseeing such a situation of the world, it was well to possess the power of being beforehand with parliaments and with men who meddle with matters that fall not to their province, and who take upon them sometimes to make new religions, or to change the old. It is a miserable thing when a silly traveller is deserted in a wild mountain by the guides in whom he confided, or obliged to join a band of plunderers into whose company they may lead him. The moment he can foresee such an event, it is high time to look out for some means of gaining a vantage-ground, and of escaping from under their control before they have matured their plans and involved him in destruction. Certainly, in this crisis, it is both dangerous and criminal to bind oneself irrevocably to such company. Even those who are still faithful may be blinded and led astray equally with ourselves, or may fall to disput-

ing and idle reproaches of one another, and still vainer remonstrances, while it would be for those whom they had forsaken to cry with the Roman poet:

> Sic eat, O Superi, quando pietasque, fidesque
> Destituunt, moresque malos sperare relictum est;
> Finem civili faciat discordia bello.

Certainly these difficulties might not have been experienced by the men who sought honour one from another, and not the honour which cometh from God only; for if they aspired to that character of wisdom which carried with it such reverence in the world, and what is far more, amongst the men of intellect and learning too frequently, they were to be ready to follow the age wherever its opinions might lead them, and to give up all convictions of their own on matters of religion, or at least the scruples which would direct them to act accordingly. A total indifference to all religious distinctions will, in every age, among a certain class, carry with it an imposing air of philosophy and superior discernment, which few persons are able to disdain when they may obtain it for themselves with little trouble: for there is nothing so easy as to catch the phraseology which middle-witted sophists regard as the stamp of men of judgment. I, too, might talk of an enlightened age, and the absurdities of superstition,

> Καὶ κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην·

but there is nothing to approve of in such a warfare if we regard it in reference to wisdom or to chivalry;

> Ἀπόλεμος ὅδε γ' ὁ πόλεμος, ἄπορα πόριμος:[1]

Certainly then it was not wonderful when the scene of the world seemed so fearfully to darken, when

[1] Æschylus, Prometh. Vinct. 906.

the opinions of the age became so violent in opposition to the principles of antiquity, that common prudence, the bare desire of salvation, was thought to require men of all degrees and circumstances, even to their own loss and hindrance, to adopt the measure that placed a broad line of separation between the parties, and that they should cry out in the words of the Church,

Libera, Domine, animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Enoch et Eliam de communi morte mundi. Amen.
Libera, Domine, animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Noem de diluvio. Amen.
Libera, Domine, animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Danielem de lacu leonum. Amen.

If we contemplate in a later age, the state of the continent of Europe, as to these events, the most cautious reader will admit that there is justice in the following observation of M. de Bonald, which, without this reference, is rather unguarded:—"In the time of Bossuet and Leibnitz," he says, "the question was between the Catholic and the reformed religion, because there were then Catholics and reformed; but to-day, when the indifferent are the majority, it is the Christian religion which we must defend; it is the civilization of Europe and of the world that we must preserve; it is order, justice, peace, virtue, truth—all morality, that is, all that is great and elevated in man as in society, in manners as in laws, in the arts even as in literature! and on this ground, without entering into any discussion, even philosophic, as to the truth of the respective doctrines of different communions, I fear not to say, in general, that the doctrine the most strong, the most inflexible, the most positive, the most hostile to indifference, is that, whatever it may be, which we ought to preserve."[1] So far M. de Bonald. Indeed, without laying claim to any supernatural gift of

[1] Mélanges Littéraires, tom. I, p. 298.

prescience, an attentive observer may reasonably exclaim with the chorus,

Ἀκμάζει βρετέων ἔχεσθαι.[1]

If there be in this selfish and unthinking age any man who has learned wisdom from the past, and who can view the future with the eyes of a sage, divested of the false colouring which the passion or prejudice or selfishness or wickedness of the heart creates, like Polydamas, "who alone," says Homer (and had he fallen on these times the praise would still be his due), "could see the past and future,"

Ὅ γὰρ οἷος ὄρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω,

he would be ready to receive that passage of the Iliad where this wise man gives counsel to the Trojans, as conveying in an allegory the instruction which men of religion need; and, in the very words of Polydamas, he would give counsel to those that are willing to distract and divide the Church. It is painful to the pride of man to feel that he has been deceived, and to look for help from anything besides his own wisdom; therefore in advising the obvious measure that prudence will dictate, he would even quote the words with which Polydamas prefaced his harangue, and he would say,

——— αἶ γὰρ δή μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὧδε γένοιτο·

not indeed in confidence of persuasion, but knowing that it would be perhaps his own companion and friend that would fiercely reply to him in the words of frowning Hector,

——— σὺ μὲν οὐκ ἔτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις,
Ὅς κέλεαι κατὰ ἄστυ ἀλήμεναι αὖτις ἰόντας.
Νήπιε, μηκέτι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν' ἐνὶ δήμῳ·
Οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω,

[1] Æsch. Sept. cont. Theb.

and that the result would be but a repetition of the Homeric record of the Trojan people—

> Ἕκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπήνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,
> Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔτις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο βουλήν.[1]

It must have been often remarked how almost all the eminent clergymen of the reformed Church of England, who adhered to the spirit of antiquity, have been in their time ridiculed and persecuted by the men who support τὴν καινὴν παίδευσιν. In strange company, certes, did these good men find themselves, if they but strayed abroad for one day into the world.

Chillingworth died in consequence of the treatment which he received from the Presbyterians, because he had once been Catholic. Jeremy Taylor was imprisoned in the Tower of London, because his bookseller had prefixed to his collection of offices a print of Christ in the attitude of prayer, which was thought scandalous and tending to idolatry. Sanderson, Hooker, Bull, Laud, and Butler, were formally accused of Popery; nay, even religious laymen, from Charles I down to poor Isaac Walton, thought themselves obliged to refute this terrible charge; and it would be hard to point out a time when a zeal to observe even the prescribed injunctions of the reformed Church did not draw down the charge of superstition, of holding antiquated notions, of being behind the age, and insensible to that second reformation which has abandoned by tacit consent the vestiges of Popery which had been suffered to remain;—vestiges which, in the early stage of the Revolution, were essential to its final triumph, as Tiberius knew how he should preserve the form of the republic, with its titles and dignities, and show a form of respect to its edicts and its

[1] Il. XVIII, 312.

records; and while men of all ranks were rushing into slavery, he was anxious "ut vocatus electusque potius a republica videretur, quam per uxorium ambitum, et senili adoptione inrepsisse."[1] And it must be acknowledged, however revolting may be the profaneness and bad taste and inhumanity of other opponents, those last are the most inconsistent and perhaps ungenerous among the moderns; for what arguments would be at their disposal, with what sentences could they prove the power of eloquence; nay, what command, arising from holiness of heart, could they exercise over others, if they did justice to antiquity and abstained from availing themselves of her arguments, which they have eluded—of her sublime feelings, which their principles tend to eradicate[2]—of her means and provisions and consoling images, which they have ridiculed and defaced and pulled down from the ancient sanctuary? Certes, it is from her armoury that they come prepared for the combat. Like Hector, who clothes himself in the panoply of Achilles; like Plato, who makes use of oratory to ridicule orators, as Cicero says of him, that he seemed chiefly admirable in the Gorgias, "Quod mihi in oratoribus irridendis ipse esse orator summus videbatur;"[3] like Demosthenes who pleads against the evil of being an expert pleader;[4] like Cervantes, who, with his imagination ennobled by the sublime images of romance, came forward to give the death-blow to the generous system of chivalry—so, in the case of these men, it is with the old arguments, feelings, and provisions, that they provide themselves: the lovers of ancient wisdom are slain with their own weapons: and behold their opponents arrayed in all the grandeur of their own panoply,

[1] Tacitus, Annal. I, 7.
[2] Vide Locke, Paley, &c. &c. &c.
[3] De Orat. I, 2.
[4] Orat. cont. Androt. 5.

standing on a ground which they hold it impious to attack, and impossible to conquer.

They are guilty also of further inconsistency in selecting particular men among the ancients, such as Fénelon and Pascal, for the objects of their high respect; since, as in the case of those persons who are willing to admire the morality of the Gospel while they reject its claim to a divine origin, it is incumbent upon them either to abstain from their protestations or to withdraw their reverence, either to admit or to reject the whole. If their protestings be well founded, their admiration is totally inconsistent with the character of wise and good men. It is utterly irrational and immoral. The very men whom they are pleased to eulogize should be the chief and prime objects of their disapprobation. Then were Fénelon and Pascal the great supporters of "Antichristianity," and "corrupted Christianity." I repeat it then, there is no alternative for men of reasonable minds. Either the system of the ancients was Christianity, and uncorrupted Christianity, (and in that case what becomes of the name and trophies of division?) or else Fénelon and Pascal, and all who were great and eminent in Christian literature, who lived in the same unvarying religion, were the very chief of sinful and dangerous men; and still further, by the Christian rule, and unavoidable inference, all who praise them become partakers of their guilt. It is utterly vain and childish, and like the ignorant people who sometimes make use of fine words without understanding their meaning, to speak with admiration of such men, unless learning and genius may extenuate error, and virtues reign in the heart together with a voluntary departure from the truth of God. Let the moderns at least be philosophers and reasonable men. True, men of learning and genius, the gentle and the affectionate, who love to

enter into communion with all who have ever been generous, high, and holy in the world, must feel that it is very shocking to exclude all who professed the faith of Catholics, in union with the Holy See, —scholars, orators, statesmen, mighty and gracious princes, philosophers, poets, and men given to divine contemplation, from that society in which they may even enjoy the presence of those virtuous sages who lived before the coming of the Messiah. It may be very deplorable that in place of these, they must, in accordance with the views of their Church historian, Dr. Milner, or of some other learned man, cherish the recollection of certain obscure or turbulent persons, who in successive ages of the Church were censured by their more eminent contemporaries, as being deficient in knowledge or discretion, or even moral virtue, who may perhaps, however, have had honest intentions, but without a mind to render them of service to mankind; who may have opposed the wickedness of their age, but without measure and without charity; who may have been anxious for good, but who wanted the wisdom which could effect it: all this may be very revolting to the imagination and to the judgment; nevertheless, if Christians, they must embrace a consistent philosophy, and not, like the virtuous heathen, Alexander Severus, erect a statue in their oratory to Christ and to Numa, nor like an eloquent writer of our age, eulogize Fénelon and Pascal, and in the same pages assert that the religion which they professed and defended, and out of which they taught that there was no safety, was a religion "debased by foreign infusions, mingled with absurd tenets, trifling superstitions, cruel maxims, and retaining scarce any traces of the truth as it is in Jesus."[1] What would St. Paul have said of those

[1] The Sentiments proper to the present Crisis. A Sermon by

who defended such a system, or of those who eulogized such defenders? at least for the less distinguished followers of the inconsistent scheme it will be hard to find a satisfactory excuse. "For my part," says M. de Haller, in a note to his great work on the Restoration of Political Science,[1] "I wish that men were consistent: it is a sign of natural judgment, although it may be mistaken; a kind of fidelity or conscience, even in error. Such men may be attacked on some side; we may be able to push their consequences to absurdity, to discover their contradictions or their impossibilities; and if we succeed in destroying their first principle, and in replacing it by a more solid base, they retract—and, new Pauls, they become as zealous for truth as they had been for error. On the other side, it is impossible to reason with men who are incapable of connecting together two or three ideas, who escape from all argument; who never know what they would have, who are neither cold nor hot, who jump from one principle to another, or rather who have not any. Upon them all pains are lost. Such heads are not made for knowledge; with their rage for conciliating everything, they are more dangerous than all others, because they cover error with the mask of truth. Si Baal est Deus, sequimini eum; si autem Dominus est Deus, sequimini illum." If the principles of your new system are true, put them in practice, and make your system. But if they are false, remain faithful to the ancient truth and learn to understand it.

But again, with respect to the laity, I must observe that they were generally placed, under the old system, in a state very favourable to their becoming holy knights, ready for heavenly adventure; sith

Robert Hall, M.A. The judgments of the greatest men will sometimes slumber.

[1] Tome I, p. 362.

they who were unlearned had not to choose between two evils; if they were not men of the world, void of all those chivalrous feelings, and disdainful of those practices which characterize heroic men, still they did not find themselves in the number of certain pedantic persons who confer but little honour upon religion or humanity, while it is a first principle with them that all but themselves are knights of poor faith and of wicked belief. In the case of antiquity, there was no such dilemma for the simple laity: the thoughtless respected the devout, and the devout were full of tenderness and charity for the thoughtless: a man was no less qualified for every place to which his own rank and personal endowments, as well as the love of others, might call him, because he was known to be religious, to worship God with zeal and hearty affection, and with all the circumstances of piety: it gave him no pedantic or ungracious air in the estimation of others; the beauties of youthful behaviour were no less conspicuous in him; his growth was no less beheld with favour, his honour no less respected, his friendship no less sought for, his courage and his spirit no less undoubted, his personal accomplishments no less agreeable in the eyes of those who are to youth the dispensers of happiness and honour.

But to say a few words more respecting the character of the Reformers.

Of Calvin himself it is not necessary to speak here; some may think, "Dixi omnia, quum hominem nominavi"; and with regard to his disciples, it will be sufficient to cite the testimony of Grotius, when he says, "Calvini discipuli ubicunque invaluere, imperia turbaverunt." Most certainly, if ever the standard of rebellion was lifted up, it was in France by the Calvinists; and though the generous heart will be always on the side of brave men who suffer oppression, still, unless we assume the

position that subjects may make war with their king on account of his religion (for this was their only pretence), we cannot justly condemn those who resisted them; they were the first to provoke by conspiring against the king and his ministers, and then they said it did not become *gens de cœur* to suffer themselves to be put down; and that is very true; but then, as Bossuet says, if they were determined to be *gens de cœur* in this manner, they should have renounced the character of religious martyrs. We must not be surprised at the zeal and horror of the opposite side, for nothing can be more shocking to a reasonable piety than the enormities committed systematically in France by the Calvinists, in every city which fell into their hands. At Lyons, for instance, in 1562, some of the memorials of the earliest age of Christianity were wantonly destroyed, and the bones of brutes mixed with those of the Christians martyred under Severus A.D. 202.

Calvin wrote to the Baron des Adrets to desire that his "soldiers should do violence to no man, and be content with their wages"; which was to recognize them as a lawful army; and Beza, by his sermons, as he himself confesses and boasts, was one of the principal instigators of the war: and it is certain, upon his testimony,[1] that when the prince desired peace, he only demanded the opinion of the gentlemen bearing arms; so that the ministers were not even heard, nor admitted to advise against it. It might be very reasonably urged that somewhat of the same character belonged to all the martyrs in the cause of the modern system. In England, in France, in Germany, they were either leaders, or instigators, or companions of men who were opposed to the civil rulers, and who held their resistance to be a virtue; though were it otherwise, the

[1] Lib. VI, 282.

fact of men having sealed their testimony to a religious system with their blood, is no proof of that system being divine, since we know, in the early ages of the Church, the Montanists, Marcionites, and many other heretics had their martyrs.[1] With respect to the French Calvinists, even writers on their side have said that the impartiality of history cannot blame the conduct of Richelieu in opposing them; and how do these professed restorers of the discipline of the Church refute the charges brought against them by the Bishop of Meaux? They are founded on the confession of their own writers; and perhaps they adopt the most prudent course, by making Bossuet give place on their shelves to Voltaire.

Let us pursue the task for a few minutes longer of inspecting the characters of the men who have been distinguished by their zealous attacks upon the ancient religious character of Europe.

When Mary Queen of Scots was led to execution, she carried a crucifix, and prayed, concluding with these words, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you would better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." This was the grand charge against the Church, that it kept men from attaining to a spiritual religion. She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart." It is often by means of several trifling circumstances which agree in testimony, that we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; and of this kind of evidence there is indeed no deficiency in the case before us.

[1] Tillemont, Mémoires Ecclés. des VI Premiers Siècles, tome II.

Let us take a specimen. That heroic king, James of Scotland, who fell in Flodden Field, was buried in the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. Now, on the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI, the corpse had been thrown among some rubbish into a waste room, where some workmen for pleasure hewed off its head; and Queen Elizabeth's glazier kept it in his house, in Wood-street, London, on account of its sweetness and singular appearance. Let it not be said that I bring forward cases of outrage committed in the moment of popular fury, and which had nothing to do with the spirit and principles of what was then the new philosophy. It is not so; for it was the spirit of this philosophy which led to those very instances, and the advocate of its principles was answerable for them, and what is more, was perfectly willing to be so. Were the facts just related to be discussed in any assembly of enlightened moderns, the very most that could be expected would be the acknowledgment that it might indicate somewhat of bad taste; but even this poor concession would be made in a tone and a form that plainly showed they granted it more from compliance with a certain old custom of speech than from the dictates of their principles; and they might have been censured, as the Epicureans of old were by Cicero, for their inconsistency in shrinking from declaring openly the full length to which their opinions led.

With what lightness and inhumanity is the following circumstance related by a contemporary.—"We were yesterday led to examine a tomb in the very ancient church of St. Catherine, which workmen are now pulling to pieces for the purpose of forming the new Dock. It was the tomb of John Duke of Exeter, who was, we believe, uncle to Henry V, and was with him at the battle of Agincourt. His skull is now in the possession of the

surveyor. The cranium is small and retiring, which, those who profess to be learned in such matters, say, is evidence of royalty and legitimacy, as well as of valour. The teeth are remarkably perfect." But the late disinterment of Alfred and of several of his family at Winchester, and the demolition of the old abbey walls for the purpose of erecting a Bridewell on the spot which had contained for so many ages the bones of this renowned king, is the most remarkable fact of this nature that we can reasonably expect to find. The reader may see the account of this fact in Dr. Milner's History of Winchester. "In digging for the foundation of the Bridewell, at almost every stroke of the mattock or spade some ancient sepulchre or other was violated, the venerable contents of which were treated with marked indignity. A great number of stone coffins were dug up, with several chalices, patins, rings, buckles, the leather of shoes and boots, velvet and gold lace belonging to chasubles, and other vestments, as also the crook, ring, and joints of a beautiful crosier, double gilt."

Indeed as to the destruction of churches, abbeys, and chapels, which took place that our Lord's service might not be served or said, and the purposes to which they were and are still applied—of wine-cellars or bridewells, or sheds for cattle, or to whatever else the publican, or the magistrate, or the farmer, or the nobleman, who is the proprietor, may think them applicable—I must observe that here again is an instance in which we have less reverence for God than the pagans of old. Lampridius, the historian of Alexander Severus, records of him that a certain idolater putting in a claim to an oratory of the Christians, which he wanted to make an eating-house of, the pagan emperor adjudged the house to the Bishop of Rome, saying, "It were better it should serve in any kind to the Divine

worship than to gluttony, in being made a cook's shop." In England I have seen feasting and revelry on the very spot where the altar of God once stood. Is not the paganism of Alexander Severus nearer to Christian truth, than the system of men so utterly void of all human feelings of reverence? I have heard the walls of Roslin Chapel re-echo with shouts of mockery and laughter; and yet they were not brute beasts that lay there entombed; they were the human dead at least, if the lordly line of high St. Clair had no other reverence. Would it not have been better to have met there those pagans of Greece and Rome, than such Christians?

I shall not have occasion to spend many words in proving that from first to last the demeanour and temper of our ancestors were widely different.

"Yes, God be thanked!" says Southwell, "even our adversaries themselves are so fully persuaded of our good behaviour, that if a man in company be modest, and grave in countenance and demeanour; if he use no swearing, foul or unseemly speech; if he refuse to join in lewd company and dishonest actions, he is straight suspected for a papist."[1] Thus Cyprianus, a convert to the Christians at Carthage, was called in derision Koprianus.

Indeed if it were only on the score of humanity, and hatred of affectation, placing out of the case all preference to any one religious system, I should feel constrained to be their advocate. Take what is considered to be the most intolerant part of our history, and the contrast will be striking. Compare, for instance, "The Summe of the Epistle," written by Dr. Redman to M. Latimer, with "The Summe of M. Latimer's Answer to the Doctor."[2] Compare

[1] An Epistle of Comfort to the reverend Priests, and to the honourable, worshipful, and others of the lay sort, restrained in durance for the Catholic faith, p. 152.

[2] Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog. vol. III, p. 20.

the desire of Mary's government, that Latimer should escape, with the inference drawn from it by Fox.[1] Compare the words of Queen Mary to Ridley —"My Lord, for your gentleness to come and see me, I thank you; but for your offering to preach before me, I thank you never a whit"—with the vehemence of Ridley on this occasion, wishing he had shaken off the dust of his shoes for a testimony against that house; "so that the hearers confessed their hair stood upright on their heads." Go back to the reign of Henry VIII, and compare the opposite parties throughout that era: take for an instance, the speech of Cardinal Campeggio and that of the Duke of Suffolk, given in Cavendish;[2] or look back further still, and compare the Lord Cobham on his trial with the Monk whom he reviled: "Rome," says this able disciple of the Lollards, "Rome is the very nest of Antychrist, and out of the nest cometh all the disciples; of whom prelates, priestes, and monkes are the body, and these pylde friers are the tayle." —Then said the Prior of the Fryer Augustines, "Alac, syr, why do ye say so? That is uncharitably spoken." And the Lord Cobham said, "Not only is it my saying; but also the Prophet Esayes, long afore my tyme. The 'prophet,' sayth he, 'which preacheth lyes, is the tayle behind.' As you fryers and monkes be lyke Pharisees, divided in your outward apparell and usages, so make ye divysyon among the people. And thus, you, with such other, are the very naturall members of Antychrist."[3]— The Prior spake not again. In short, do but read history with an unprejudiced mind, and without doubt you will readily admit this conclusion. Far be it from me to adjust the balance of bigotry and cruelty between contending parties, or to draw con-

[1] Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog. vol. III, p. 121.
[2] Ib. vol. I, p. 434.
[3] The State Trials, vol. I, p. 43. Trial of Sir John Oldcastle.

clusions from particular cases affecting the argument at issue. I know that violence and intemperance are the natural companions of men who rise up in opposition to ancient institutions, and that the cause may be good, though the persons who are its advocates be obnoxious to just censure; still I contend that the friends of antiquity may be justified in pointing out the fact, that the men who came forward to bring it in guilty of falsifying the faith of Christ, were themselves deficient in the essential spirit of this faith; and they may, perhaps with justice, argue, that though God hath ordained that good should ultimately result from evil, he hath in no instance made use of it to establish good, or given the sanction of his authority to men who effected a revolution in the world, without being models of conformity to his will.

Again, the moderns themselves confess that there is little of meditative religion in the communities they admire. Indeed, their abolition of the monasteries, an institution of the early Christians, and their defence of that fatal measure, prove it so as to place that question at rest for ever. Lord Bacon openly avows that divinity knoweth not mere contemplative piety; he means, such as is not actually drawn out into some actions of benevolence to men —which Cicero, who deemed the contemplation of heavenly things the highest part of action[1]—which Milton, who thought man for contemplation formed, and who resided for a long time in the Benedictine monastery of Vallombrosa,—which the Psalmist, who held the internal praise of God to be an act of virtue, would hardly, I presume, have granted. And yet, if shewn any of the practical catechisms which served to build up the ancient religious character, that is, the books which prescribe acts of mercy and

[1] De Finibus, lib. V, 21.

love and penitence and thankfulness, these moderns deride the superstition of exacting mere works and performances, which, as they truly say, are nothing without faith, the love of God, and other Christian graces of the Spirit; and they quote St. Paul, "If I give all my goods to the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

It was notorious that preaching formed nearly the whole religious service of many of the new religious communities, while the apostolic and catholic institutions for the observance of continual prayer, and the repetition of the Psalms after the example of David, who said that "his eyes should prevent both the dawning of the day and the night-watches, by meditating on God's word," were laid aside, as tending to laziness and useless superstition. But in their place were sermons, which the ear was never to be satisfied with hearing; and surely the effects which soon presented themselves seemed to imply that religion might be very little profited by merely instructing the understanding, if men neglected to furnish their hearts and affections with proper exercise. The Christians in the middle ages heard sermons, and I believe, for the most part, such as might at least rival the finest discourses of the modern preachers. They listened to them gladly; (there is a tradition in Provence of a young man having been drowned in attempting to swim across the Rhone, that he might hear St. Martha preach at Tarascon. King Louis IX could not meet a hermit in a forest without requesting him to preach; when he lay on his death-bed, "moult souvent demandoit le roy," says the Monk of St. Denis, "qui pourroit prescher la foy Chrestienne en Thunes." And they told him that brother Andrew of Longaimel could preach it, for he understood the language:[1]) but then the old Christians did not go to

[1] Chroniques de St. Denis, II, XCIII.

church merely to hear a preacher. There are higher and more spiritual employments for that holy place. Formerly a Christian said, with the author of the Imitation of Christ, "Tædet me sæpe multa legere et audire: in te est totum quod volo et desidero." "Taceant omnes doctores; sileant universæ creaturæ in conspectu tuo: tu mihi loquere solus."

Some of the reformed churches did indeed retain a few of the old ceremonies of religion; but how were these observed and esteemed by the great body of men in those communions? On the other hand, what a scandal were they to the consistent and genuine reformers! who in vain used to proclaim that "they bred grief of mind in a number that were godly-minded and had antichristianity in such detestation, that their minds were martyred with the very sight of them in the church." [1] It must be confessed, this kind of martyrdom was like other attendants on the new system, a little less severe to flesh and blood than that which had formerly been known.

Men who had been educated upon modern principles, complained that the people in foreign countries, which had resisted the proposed changes, seemed to consider them as heathens; but might not an appeal have been made to any candid person who was conversant with the world and with antiquity, even who derived his opinion of Christianity from the articles of the reformed churches, whether the conversation of nine of those persons out of ten did not fully account for the conclusion, not that they were like heathens (I shall soon have occasion to shew how little they resembled them), but that they had no faith, principles, or feelings, in common with their fathers, or with those who still repeated the creeds and professed the religion of the ancient

[1] Hooker, Eccles. Pol. book IV.

Church, whether of the East or West, whether of the Greek or of the numerous Oriental Churches of the Nestorians, Eutychians, and Monothelites, who were unconnected with the Church of Rome from an early age?

The worship observed in the middle ages was admirably calculated to inspire devotion;—not the fleshly enthusiasm of excited passions, but the pure flame of spiritual religion. Those daily and midnight offices too, which are so lightly spoken of by the unthinking moderns, were doubtless a source of blessing not only to the assistants but to temporal men in all their quests of earthly knighthood when they were in danger, or distress, or sickness; an observation, to which Alcuin alludes in a letter to Count Maginher, in which, besides giving him many admirable directions for a knightly life, he says, "Esto quoque Ecclesiis Christi quasi frater, ut per orationes servorum Dei, inter pericula hostium, fluminum, viarum, infirmitatum, divina te protegat dextera, regat, atque conservet semper, ubique."[1] When Charles V, going to Algiers, was almost ruined in a prodigious storm, he told the minutes of the clock, expecting that at midnight, when religious persons rose to matins, he should be eased by the benefit of their prayers. Nor is there wanting evidence that, on some occasions, they were made use of in affording some extraordinary information and relief to men.

They tell a strange tale connected with a monastery on the river Saane, where I was once lodged for a night, which I will give in the words which first conveyed it to me:—"It struck four. The bell called the monks of the convent of Altenryf to the church. A fearful storm had raged the whole night long. Still the thunder roared in the

[1] Apud Canis. II, epist. LIV.

distance, and the sky was lighted by the forked flashing. The rain had fallen in torrents, and had enormously swelled the waters of the river Saane, which raged in a winding course round the convent. From the craggy cliff opposite, the rain had caused a quantity of the earth and rock, with the trees which had crowned the brow, to fall into the river, which disturbed still more the muddy wave. In their white choir-habits the monks glided into the church like beings of another world. The lightning flash still lit up at intervals the stained window, which cast below a red and green tinge. The chant began; the full-toned organ accompanied and raised it." I cannot picture to myself that scene and hour, without thinking of what passed in the church of the monastery of Croyland, when the sons of Ragnar Lodbrog, having invaded England and carried devastation and blood before them, having just slain the undaunted Algar and routed the army opposed to them, a few youths of Sutton and Gedeney, who had escaped in the night, fled to communicate the fatal news to the monks of that house, which stood in an island in a vast tract of water. The Abbot and monks were performing matins when they arrived. What a moment! when the youthful and the strong were ordered to fly with their charters and jewels, and to hide themselves in the neighbouring marshes with Toretus the anchorite, when the flames of the villages in Kesteven had already spread towards them, and the howls of the barbarians were heard as they rushed on exulting to find Christian priests to massacre; while the venerable Abbot and those who were too young or too old to fly, in their sacred vestments, performed their mass and sung their psalter, till the cruel Oskitul and his ministers hewed them down at the altar, broke down the tombs, and committing the edifice to the flames,

poured on to Peterborough! But to return to our peaceful choir at Altenryf. "The chant began. At the words of the 26th psalm: *Pater meus et mater mea dereliquerunt me: Dominus autem assumpsit me,* was Father Romuald seized with a certain presentiment, but he concealed what passed within his soul. The service was at an end. The storm had removed to a distance, and the sun shone in the east. The small fowl twittered on the branches which still gave minute drops amid the rustling leaves. The Saane roared less furiously." The story goes on, shewing how, moved by an inward restlessness, Father Romuald wandered mournfully down to the sandy bank of the flood, sunk in himself and disturbed, "smiling nature," with all the charms of summer beauty, not being able to overcome the impressions on his mind; till, at length, he observed on the bank of the river, still in part washed with the wave, a cradle, and in it a tender sleeping infant: he drew near. It was nearly naked, and embedded in mud and sand; only its innocent smiling face was free. Romuald threw himself on his knees, and drawing the cradle out of the reach of the threatening wave, gave thanks to God for making him the instrument of his mercy to the poor child. "Hapless creature! thy father has forsaken thee. I will be thy father. Thy cruel mother has abandoned thee; I will seek a tender one, who will nourish thee in her place. Almighty God! I understand thy warning, and thy will shall be fulfilled." The child was brought up under Romuald in the convent, which he left young; and, after a life of adventures, weary of the world, he became a hermit, and inhabited the lonely cell in the rock on the river Saane, called St. Magdalena.

Gentle reader, you perceive I am not like one who stands on his guard against an adversary. I fear I ought not to have detained you with this story.

The good monks of the house knew nothing of it. It may be true, or it may be false; κακὸν δ' ἀνεμώλια βάζειν. Nathless, having no character of solemn reserve or Thucydidean dignity of style to support, permit me to go on and add a few words more about this same monastery; because my remembrance of what passed in the church on the night when I lay there in the course of a journey, may serve to express more distinctly that sublimity and holiness in the old service which have been already spoken of. I was then young; but the impression was so strong upon my mind that I am able to give a distinct account of what passed.

The evening was closed when the bell rung for complins. Having expressed my desire to assist at the service, I was conducted to the gallery of the organ over the west door, where one of the monks followed to perform on the instrument, for which he required no light. The church, an old Gothic structure, was nearly dark; for the lamp which hung in the distance before the altar only shone like a solitary star, without enlightening what lay below. The monks, therefore, I could not discern, but they sat in the choir, far off, as their voices indicated. At times they chanted in a loud sonorous tone and rapid manner; at others they kept silence, and then a feather would have been heard to fall on the pavement. At intervals the convent bell was heard to toll hastily, as a signal for certain prayers to be repeated in silence, a custom of great antiquity.[1] The effect was most solemn, without for an instant suggesting the idea of anything like contrivance; affectation in religion was not heard of among the old Christians. Indeed, so perfectly was this obviated that, until I came to reflect upon what had passed, the possibility of such an evil never occurred

[1] Martene, de Antiquis Monachorum Ritibus, p. 117.

to me. I could perceive that the monk, upon rising from the organ, knelt by my side. His tall pale figure was just discernible through the gloom, bowed down in silent profound devotion. At last, suddenly the chant in the choir ceased, and all was silence. It was the end of the service; but there was not a motion or sound in the church for the space of ten minutes. This was ancient piety, the religion of our fathers, the calumniated spirit of the Church. There would the knights have knelt in silence, like the stern figures that now kneel upon their graves. The Church had taught them often thus to pray, admonishing them in the words of St. Cyprian, "quia Deus non vocis, sed cordis auditor est."[1] Chivalry too taught them to hold their tongues, and Jeremy Taylor quotes Plutarch to show that the "being taught first to be silent, then to speak well, is education fit for a gentleman or a prince." It was the spirit of heroes as well as saints, nourishing the heart of man, preparing it for mighty deeds, for bravery and death. But no longer to play in romantic words with that which is so serious.

Much has been said and written with the view of proving that the old religion of Europe was mixed up with many of the ceremonies and much of the spirit of the heathens: but if these objectors had taken the pains to examine the question, they would have found that these ceremonies and circumstances of worship have been derived by the Church from the Jews; and herein she ordained nothing, but after the example of Christ himself; for he made no change but what was necessary. Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are, in the Church, what those were in the Temple, to whom was committed the care of lamps, and the daily sacrifice, and the holy unction.

[1] De Orat. Dom.

"Baptism," as Bishop Taylor remarks, "was a rite among the Jews, and the Lord's Supper was but the *post cœnium* of the Hebrews, changed into a mystery, from a type to a more real exhibition; and the Lord's Prayer was a collection of the most eminent devotions of the prophets and holy men before Christ, who prayed by the same spirit; and the censures ecclesiastical were but an imitation of the proceedings of the Judaical tribunals; and the whole religion was but the law of Moses, drawn out of its vail into clarity and manifestation." The Jews did pray for the dead. "Now it is very considerable," says Bishop Taylor, "that, since our blessed Saviour did reprove all the evil doctrines and traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and did argue concerning the dead and the resurrection, yet he spake no word against this public practice, but left it as he found it; which he who came to declare to us all the will of his Father would not have done if it had not been innocent, pious, and full of charity. The practice of it was, at first, universal, it being plain in Tertullian and St. Cyprian."[1] But passing over this, what is the force of the objection if we should astonish our opponents by admitting that, in some points, there is a resemblance between the ancient religious character of Europe and that of the nations of the earth before Christianity? "There is not a doctrine of the Church," says De Maistre (and nothing is more true than his assertion), "there is not a doctrine, there is not even a usage, appertaining to the higher parts of its discipline, which has not its root in the profoundest depths of human nature, and, consequently, in some universal opinion more or less altered here and there, but common nevertheless in its principle to all people of all times." He continues: "The develop-

[1] Liberty of Proph. I, 20.

ment of this proposition would furnish matter for an interesting work." Certain it is that the philosophy of the East, as it appears in the writings of the Greek sages, was held by the early Fathers to have served the purpose of an introduction to the Gospel; and, no doubt, the man who, like Panætius, had always on his tongue, Plato, Aristotle, Xenocrates, and others, would be well prepared for receiving the most awful and mysterious doctrines of the Church; but the study of these old sages did not in the least prepare the mind for admitting the spirit or the principles of the new theories which, under one general name, belonged to a school of philosophy, only to be described as a system which dignified with that epithet whatever was held by the ancients to be opposed to all philosophy. In England, however, for the last three centuries, "during which interval," as Bishop Berkeley says, "there has been much talking and writing, but very little thinking," the dignity and importance of this old philosophy, that is, of natural religion, has been less and less regarded. So that this argument would have been but lightly valued. However, I shall build upon the fact one proposition, namely, that the charge of Heathenism brought against Christian antiquity by Dr. Middleton, may be turned in an awful manner against the persons who thoughtlessly produce it. What, because the Greek and Roman heroes trusted in Providence, would it not be intolerable if every schoolboy, armed with Homer and Virgil, were to laugh at our ancestors because they had the same firm reliance? And may not this reasoning, to follow St. Jerome, be pursued further? Because Pythagoras, perhaps the wisest of all the philosophers, and his disciples after him, wished to keep the vulgar of mankind in a teachable spirit and modest reverence for authority, in that devout temper of mind expressed by the chorus saying,

Μηδάμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων
Θεὶτ' ἐμᾷ γνώμᾳ κράτος
'Αντίπαλον Ζεὺς,
Μηδ' ἀλίτοιμι λόγοις.[1]

according to a philosophy which condemned even Prometheus, because, not fearing Jove, he had acted ἰδίᾳ γνώμῃ, was the wisdom of the Church to be censured because it taught the common people the duty of humility, of not trusting solely to their own judgment or to the fancied influence of particular inspiration, when they had the successors of the Apostles, for such were the ministers of Christ, to preach the Word of God? I know, alas! too well with what bitter scorn such a question will be received by certain people; but I know also the state of society, the manners of the age, the blasphemy, the fanaticism, the madness of the vulgar, all which confirm the opinion of the wisest of men and the doctrine of the Cross:

——— Quid diceret ergo
Vel quo non fugeret, si nunc hæc monstra videret
Pythagoras?[2]

Because the heathens, taught by the light of nature, and by the tradition, which, doubtless had the revelation of God for its origin, made vows and offered sacrifice, and were scrupulous in the circumstances of religion, at certain times, to all the gods, δεξιὰς καὶ ἀριστερὰς ἀνισχόντες, as we read in Demosthenes;[3] and saying with the chorus,

Ἡδύ τι θαρσαλέαις
Τὸν μακρὸν τείνειν βίον
Ἐλπίσι, φαναῖς
Θυμὸν ἀλδαίνουσαν ἐν εὐφροσύναις·[4]

(for which, by the way, St. Paul commends the Athenians in his famous sermon, of which the

[1] Æschylus, Prometh. Vinct. 524. [2] Juv. VI.
[3] In Midiam. [4] Æschyl. Prometh. Vinct. 534.

common English version does not give the exact force of the words),[1] are our ancestors to be accused of Paganism, because they paid their vows and offered before God daily, in fulfilment of the divine prophecy, "that, from the rising up of the sun to the going down thereof, and in every place sacrifice and a clean oblation should be offered up": [2] which sacrifice, says St. Augustin,[3] "per sacerdotium Christi secundum ordinem Melchisedec in omni loco à solis ortu usque ad occasum Deo jam videmus offerri."

Dr. Middleton, from his hatred of Christianity, pushes the comparison to a degree of extravagance that becomes perfectly ridiculous, and that must, I should think, produce a re-action in the mind of every reader who is a man of piety, or even of common taste. "There are frequently erected on the road," he says, "huge wooden crosses, dressed out with flowers, &c., which always put me in mind of the superstitious veneration which the heathens used to pay to some old trunks of trees or posts, set up in the high-ways"; and then he quotes Ovid's Metamorphoses! What, because the Pantheon of Rome, with the single alteration, as this writer observes, "of changing the name and consecrating the temple, serves as exactly for all the purposes of the Papist as it did for the Pagan worship": is it, therefore, a Pagan temple? What different thoughts ought the view of the Pantheon to inspire! "Tous les saints à la place de tous les Dieux!" cried the Count de Maistre, "quel sujet intarissable de profondes méditations philosophiques et reli-

[1] The Count of Stolberg, however, supposes that St. Paul, using a word of double signification, intended that the unfavourable sense should be gathered from his countenance (VI, 243).

[2] Malach. I, 10. St. Justin Martyr applies this to the sacrifice of the Mass.—Dialog. cum Tryphone Judæo.

[3] De Civ. Dei, XVIII, 35.

gieuses! Because the Jews were to extirpate the nations who served their gods upon the high mountains, must we argue with Middleton that our ancestors were like heathens, because he heard that they had a chapel on the top of Mont Cenis? Where is the necessity for concluding that the Pope is the successor, not of St. Peter, but of the Pontifex Maximus? that the processions, incense, holy water, lamps and tapers, votive gifts, expressive for ever of gratitude for deliverance (just as men, in later times, return thanks once by word of mouth), and other ceremonies and circumstances which prevailed with our ancestors, were contrary to Christianity, because the heathens, out of their natural piety, had observed the same, or what resembled them? Socrates requires the study of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and other sciences, adding that the great end of all studies was to compel the soul to look upwards, applying itself to that object *ἐν ᾧ ἐστὶ τὸ εὐδαιμονέστατον τοῦ ὄντος, ὃ δεῖ αὐτὴν παντὶ τρόπῳ ἰδεῖν.*[1] When we read that the Christians of the middle ages mixed up all their labours and attainments with their religious creed, that is, with the thought of God and of the future life, are we to conclude "that their religion was spoiled through heathen philosophy"?—or, with the anonymous author of a most awful book in our language which I will not name, because the remembrance of its contents is not likely to excite any good or holy feeling, that this is an evidence "of that baneful superstition which, like a dry rot, had spread through the whole fabric of society"? Because, in the Homeric age, it was held impious to speak reproachfully to the poor, like the suitors of Penelope, exclaiming,

Πτωχὸν ἀνιηρὸν δαιτῶν ἀπολυμαντῆρα,

[1] De Repub. VII.

or, like Melantheus,

> Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δὴ ἔργα κάκ' ἔμμαθεν, οὐκ ἐθελήσει
> Ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι, ἀλλὰ πτώσσων κατὰ δῆμον
> Βούλεται αἰτίζων βόσκειν ἣν γαστέρ' ἀναλτον·
> Ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται,
> Αἴ κ' ἔλθῃ πρὸς δώματ' Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο,
> Πολλά οἱ ἀμφὶ κάρη σφέλα ἀνδρῶν ἐκ παλαμάων·
> Πλευραὶ ἀποτρίψουσι δόμον κάτα βαλλομένοιο,[1]

or even, to give an air of philosophy to the rebuke, as Antinous reviled the swineherd, who had led a poor strange beggar to the house, saying,

> —— ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ἧμιν ἀλήμονές εἰσι καὶ ἄλλοι
> Πτωχοὶ ἀνιηροί, δαιτῶν ἀπολυμαντῆρες;

or because Penelope said of Antinous, for raising his hand against the beggar, μελαίνῃ κηρὶ ἔοικεν, were therefore the Christians of the middle ages in the errors of Paganism, when they did not agree with the moderns in thinking that the system of monastic relief to the poor, and the giving of alms at the doors of castles, was a prodigious evil, or because they called them the poor of God, and thought that in helping them they helped Christ? Because the heathens believed that kings were from God, Ἐκ δὲ Διὸς βασιλῆες,[2] were the Christians of the middle ages like heathens, because they believed that some submission and reverence were due to Rulers, not on account of the service which they performed to civil society, but on account of their being ministers of God? Because the heathens, at the beginning of a journey, before they went to sleep, or rose in the morning, when they entertained a stranger, or commenced a disputation,[3] in short in all the smaller affairs of life, desired the protection and favour of the gods, by invocation, incense, and drink-offer-

[1] Od. XVII, 226. [2] Callimachi Hym. in Jovem, 79.
[3] Plat. Timæus, 27.

ings, are therefore the Christians of the middle ages, and of the primitive age too, to be called heathens because they prescribed the sign of the Cross, and holy water, and secret recommendations to Heaven, to express their hope and trust in the mercy and grace of God preventing and prompting them, and bestowing a blessing upon the smallest evidence of faith and love? Because Nestor would not appoint an embassy to appease the wrath of Achilles till he had ordered a libation to gain the mercy of Heaven; because these warlike messengers as they went along the shores of the resounding sea offered up their prayers to the Deity who could alone soften the heart of him whom they would propitiate, ought we to brand the devout preparations, the pilgrimages of our ancestors, and their prayers by the way, with odious epithets? Is it heathenism to make the public ways resound with the praises of God? The processions of Catholics had no other object, and no other result excepting what the scoffer who passed by might make for himself.

Upon the gathering of a thunderstorm over the mountainous region of Bavaria, I inquired from my host at an inn the occasion of the bells being tolled. "It is, sir," said he, "because we are simple Catholics; and it is our custom thus to remind folk that they ought to pray in such moments." This might remind a man like Middleton of that trait of natural piety described by the poet, of the Trojan heroes who held a feast on that terrible night when Jove gave his thunder,

> Οἶνον δ' ἐκ δεπάων χαμάδις χέον, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
> Πρὶν πιέειν πρὶν λεῖψαι ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι.[1]

But would this justify an inference unfavourable to the custom, or rather to the spirit, of the old religion of Europe?

[1] Il. VII, 480.

When Verres by a course of the most atrocious tyranny had compelled the inhabitants of Segesta to give up the statue of Diana which Scipio Africanus had restored to them from among the spoils of Carthage, when it had been decreed, to preserve the existence of their state, that the statue was to be given up; "Behold," cries Cicero, "what piety there was in the Segestani. O judge, there was no man found, neither a free man nor a slave, neither a citizen nor a foreigner, who would dare to touch this statue. Some barbarian workmen from Lilybæum, ignorant of the whole matter, and of religion, were hired to remove it."[1]

Now not many years ago it was determined by some stranger of official dignity with the moderns, to unroof, for the sake of the lead, one of the most ancient and magnificent of the Gothic structures erected by our religious ancestors, on the summit of a vast rock, in Ireland. Are we to follow Dr. Middleton, and exclaim, "Behold the paganism and idolatry of these superstitious islanders"? Not one man could be found, master, workman, or day-labourer, inhabitant or sojourner, who would dare to touch this building. Some enlightened "operators from the sister country were hired, to carry the plan into execution, and it was realized amidst the tears and the execrations of the poor!" "At other instances of robbery and flagitiousness, I am to that degree moved," cries Cicero, "that I only think them to be condemned; but at what I am about to mention, I am affected with such grief that it seems as if I could suffer nothing more intolerable. Shall Verres ornament his house with the memorials of Africanus? his house, full of obscenity, full of flagitiousness, full of shame? Shall Verres place in that house the memorial of the most tem-

[1] In Verrem, Act II, lib. 4.

perate and most holy man, the statue of the virgin Diana, in that house which is given up to the revels of harlots and procurers?" Is the follower of antiquity to be embarrassed at such a passage as this, when he pours forth his soul in mourning and horror over the desolation introduced by the reforming nobles of this land? Is he to blush for having wept to see the image or the picture of Mary, the mother of our Lord, whom all generations shall call blessed, taken down from the holy walls of churches and convents to await the criticisms of some insolent connoisseur in the galleries of a Somerset, a Walsingham, or a Burleigh?

Because that divine philosopher Plato expresses his opinion that men should not only erect decent monuments to their dead parents, but should also every year discharge the accustomed rites in their honour, not sparing the necessary expense, that so, by a continued commemoration, they may always honour them;[1] or because the same philosopher holds that, next to the gods, we should pay reverence to the souls of the men who worship them, and that, in the second degree after the gods, we should reverence such souls, evidently meaning that they merit reverence only inasmuch as they resemble the deity, and that he is to be revered in them:[2] because there is something in this resembling the doctrine of Christian antiquity, which enforced the sentiment of natural as well as of revealed religion, touching the regard due to the saints of God; was therefore the Christian of antiquity, was St. Augustin, infected with heathen superstition, when they taught that men should pray for the dead, and not regard all communion with them as at an end when they were removed from this life, and that the saints and martyrs were to be had in honour, and their

[1] De Legibus, IV. [2] Ibid. V.

memorial to be retained in the Church on earth? But let us take a less subtle instance. Achilles, when he states his intention of departing from Troy, announces that, having loaded his ships, he shall be seen hoisting sail,

αὔριον ἱρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσι.

Does Dr. Middleton mean to claim credit to himself and to his followers because they have no such custom, neither the religion to which they belong? Really it is a little too much to expect that men of thought can be silenced by such atrocious and insulting sophistry. Who would not rather belong to the religion of Hector, than to that of the modern philosophers? Who would not rather worship in the Parthenon, than be a philosopher in the saloons of Paris? Than such a creed, Paganism is ten thousand times more philosophical, more holy, more spiritual, more generous, more lovely, more Christian.

When Plato speaks of an action to be avoided by youth, his expression is, *οὐδ' ἔστι τοῦτο ὅσιον.*[1] When the modern sophists would condemn a practice, their expression is, "Neither is it expedient, conducive to your interest, advantageous to civil society, becoming, constitutional, nor legal." When do they desire youth to refrain from an action on Plato's principle, "because it is unholy"?

The philosophy of Socrates was thought by the Fathers to be a good introduction to the Gospel, to prepare men for Christianity. Roger Bacon[2] and the Count of Stolberg,[3] following Justin Martyr and Origen, suppose many heathen souls to have been inspired by God. According to Cicero, the object of that philosophy was, first, to lead us to the

[1] De Repub. II.

[2] Opus Majus, II, 8.

[3] Geschichte, VI, 375–6.

worship of the gods, then to a knowledge of justice, afterwards to promote modesty and greatness of soul.[1] Collius[2] has shown, from a review of the ancient sages and from the testimony of the holy Fathers, that philosophers had, in some measure, under God, prepared the Gentiles to receive the instruction of the Holy Spirit; but what does the modern sophist, who teaches the philosophy of Dr. Middleton, prepare men for? It is religion to make no reply. I reverence him and his philosophy as fate and death. This gentleman, whom the new divines are so fond of quoting, has indeed proved one thing fully in these famous letters, that if he had been living with the same mind in the days of Plato or Cicero, he would have been a despiser of the gods, and would no more have had regard to the spiritual elevations of Socrates, than to the fables of Cerberus; but his understanding must indeed have been obscured and weakened by the indulgence of a scornful temper, if he imagined for a moment that by a string of classical and trite quotations, he could convince any scholar or man of sense that the old religion of Europe and the legal religion of pagan Rome were the same, or that any corruption of men, in the darkest ages, was able to approximate, in the smallest degree, two systems so essentially different. The truth is (and the conclusion is not the hasty result of a superficial glance at the world), the spirit and system which have grown with the age, have succeeded not only in exciting a hatred and contempt for the forms, institutions, and principles of the ancient religion of Europe, but in branding with the epithet of superstition what the common natural piety of the human heart would always dictate; have made men (let us never fear to speak the truth) less devout than the

[1] Tuscul. Quæst. I, 26. [2] De Animabus Paganorum.

despised pagans; have obliterated, in a greater or less degree, from the minds of men who trust to them, all regard and reverence for those devout exercises of religion which the light of nature before Christianity was able to point out,—the aspirations, the tears, the feelings of awe and love, the outward indications of natural piety, the bended knee, the stretched-out hands, the pouring out of wine, the first observance before even an answer is made to inquiries, the solemn silence of an adoring, supplicating spirit,

Ἄπυστα φωνῶν, μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν'[1]

such as we find exemplified in Homer and Hesiod, in the Argonautica ascribed to Orpheus, in Æschylus and Sophocles, in the father of history, Herodotus, and in all the early records of mankind; the conviction of sin lying heavy on the soul, of the necessity of averting judgment (however that truth might be obscured in the horrible penances of the East), the voice of conscience, that God has claims upon the soul and body of his creatures, that knowledge which was appealed to by the Apostles; and have succeeded in separating from religion, that is, by taking away the proper object on which they should be exercised, all those delicacies of feeling, and those ennobling faculties of the imagination which were in unison with what the Gospel afterwards revealed to mankind; such, for instance, as Demosthenes ascribed to the Athenians, calling it the conceding spirit of piety, Τῆς εὐσεβείας τὸ συγκεχωρηκός,[2] such as that tender regard for the graces of a humanized spirit which gave rise to the "injecto ter pulvere"; such as that quick sensibility in distinguishing between actions, which the bold rough assurance of the moderns deems identical; of which

[1] Soph. Œdip. Col. 479. [2] In Midiam.

apprehension Demosthenes furnishes a striking instance in this same oration, shewing how it was necessary, when a choragos was to be prevented from exercising his office, to take him by the hand and lead him out, and not merely summon him to withdraw, Ἅπας τις ὤκνει τῆς ἀσελγείας ταύτης αὐτόχειρ ὀφθῆναι γενόμενος· and how, when a man had been appointed to the office who was disqualified by law, and whose pretensions were fatal to the interest of others who had expended their substance on account of the dignity, and had resolved (the law and their own interests conspiring) to prevent his discharging it, when the theatre was filled, and they saw the people collected, Ὤκνησαν, εἴασαν, οὐδεὶς ἥψατο. Doubtless it was facts like these which led Tertullian to exclaim, "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ!" and yet these are the very facts and features of antiquity, which, if pressed upon the world at this day, if applauded even when sanctified and recommended by the additional authority of Scripture and the Church (much as this position will surprise and scandalize the mere superficial observer who has never studied either himself or others), would be laughed at as trifling, false in philosophy, useless, superstitious, the spirit of the dark ages, the abominations of the popish Church.

As to what was advanced by Calvinists and others, that their communion existed before the Reformation, among the Vaudois, the Albigenses, the Lollards, and the Bohemians, some held immediately that this very claim might be converted into an argument against them; because what the tenets were which these sects professed, that some were destructive of all civil order, others of the whole system of ecclesiastical property, others of the fundamental points of the Christian religion, even according to the new confessions of faith, was a

matter of history which all the controversy in the world could never overthrow. With respect to the second class, hear Lord Cobham on his trial, "Sens the venime was shed into the Church ye never followed Christ." Then asked the Archbishop, "What he meant by venime?" The Lord Cobham said, "Your possessyons and lordshippes." [1] And further let the reader examine for himself whether or not most candid and judicious men were of opinion that Bossuet, in the eleventh book of his "Variations," furnishes a complete evidence against the possibility of making these sects the authors of any reformation which did not either immediately or by consequence destroy the Christian faith? So that the attempt seemed to imply a criminal indifference to the means by which certain men sought to justify themselves. St. Jerome writes, "Whoever is united to the chair of Peter, he is mine"; [2] but these theologians took up the converse of the proposition, and seemed to say, "Whoever is separated from the chair of Peter, he is mine." "Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia," [3] said St. Ambrose. "There," said the innovators, "has been Antichrist for eleven or twelve hundred years."

A writer of the day speaks of "a large class of men who resisted the various corruptions of Christianity step by step, from Cerinthus down to Berengarius." Cerinthus, who denied the divinity of our Saviour, and maintained the necessity of observing many of the ceremonies of the law, preached his doctrine during the very time of the Apostles, as we learn from St. Epiphanius and St. Irenæus; it was his presence which made St. John rush out of the bath,[4] and it was against his followers that the

[1] State Trials, vol. I, p. 43.
[2] Ep. XVI, aliæ LVIII, ad Damas. p. 22.
[3] In Ps. XL.
[4] St. Iren. Cont. Hæres. III, 3.

same Evangelist wrote his Gospel.[1] Is it marvellous that the followers of antiquity should feel at a loss how to reply when they are thus told that there were Protestants in the time of the Apostles?[2]

But again; how could any unprejudiced observer account for the fact of so many men of undoubted piety and learning remaining constant in their attachment, or becoming converts, like the Count of Stolberg, to the ancient religion (no divines carried their affection and reverence for it farther than such men as St. Bernard, Pascal, and Fénelon, Sir Thomas More or Fisher, though some, in defiance of all truth, would have made them out to be half-inclined to the modern opinions), if it had been really guilty of the crimes and follies laid to its charge? "Remark, if you please," says Fénelon, "that the greatest saints, and the writers on the inward life, who had the most affecting marks of the spirit of grace, were," as Saint François de Sales, in the ancient communion, "ready to die rather than depart from it. Humble and pacific souls which live only upon meditation and love, are always little in their own eyes, and enemies to contradiction. They are very far from rising against the body of pastors, from deciding, from condemning, from reviling." And here I must observe what unfair conclusions have been drawn from the opposition of men in different ages to the vices and abuses of their time. A true historian knows well that with respect to the Church, even the men who suffered from the exercise of its power, and who exposed the abuses which had crept into parts of its discipline, were firmly attached to its communion. This remark is true with regard to the great men of the earth, like the Emperor Frederic II of Suabia, who, after scandalizing

[1] Ib. III, 11.

[2] Vide Tillemont, tome II, p. 54.

Europe by employing Saracens against the Pope, died a devoted and generous benefactor of the Church; and René of Anjou, King of Naples, who displayed such just displeasure against Pius II for so unjustly opposing him, who afterwards had to resist a measure of Sixtus IV, and whose profound piety and attachment to the Church are made a ground of accusation against him by modern writers;[1] and it is most true also, in reference to men of genius and learning, as in the case of Dante, who makes a pope ascribe the event of his conversion to the time of his becoming Rome's pastor:—

> ——————— Late, alas!
> Was my conversion: but when I became
> Rome's pastor, I discerned at once the dream
> And cozenage of life; saw that the heart
> Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
> Lured on the climber: wherefore, of that life
> No more enamour'd, in my bosom love
> Of purer being kindled. For till then
> I was a soul in misery, alienate
> From God, and covetous of all earthly things.[2]

Dante, who knew what were the faults of Boniface VIII, and what the wrongs of his predecessor Celestine, yet loudly condemned those who had outraged the person of the former pontiff. He makes Hugh Capet enumerate the crimes of his race, and then say—

> ——————— to hide with direr guilt
> Past ill and future, lo! the fleur-de-luce
> Enters Alagna; in his vicar, Christ
> Himself a captive, and his mockery
> Acted again. Lo! to his holy lip
> The vinegar and gall once more applied,
> And he 'twixt living robbers doomed to bleed.

Petrarch, the source and subject of whose complaints have been so grievously misunderstood or

[1] As may be seen in the Hist. de René d'Anjou par le Vic. de Villeneuve, tome II.

[2] Purg. XIX.

misrepresented by men who wished to bring him in as an evidence on their side, was a most devoted servant of the Church. Montaigne expired in the act of adoring the Holy Sacrament. Boccaccio and our Chaucer both lived in much esteem with divers holy men in orders; nor would any good Catholic have blamed them for inveighing against the vices of particular priests in their age. And certainly, if Ariosto could have foreseen the circumstances of a future time, and what dull falsehoods pedants would then draw from his ingenious fiction in the "Orlando Furioso," he would rather have deprived his Benedictine or Augustinian friend of a harmless smile, than have left a line which could be made use of in the cause of such stupid malignity. Even Erasmus, upon his "Encomium of Folly" being censured by Martin Dorpius, solemnly declared, that "if he had foreseen the troubles by which the Church was afterwards, at no distant period of time, afflicted, he would not have composed a work so gay, on subjects which unexpectedly proved so serious."[1] In a letter to a Carthusian he declared that "he was heartily grieved for all that he had before written or said in favour of it."[2] However, Sir Thomas More came to the aid of Erasmus; he justified his intentions in composing the work, defended many passages and expressions to which Dorpius had objected, and extenuated the apparent culpability of others. Nay, still further; Boccaccio, in the most scandalous as well as ingenious of his works, has found a defender in an orthodox and learned prelate, Bottari, who shews, in his lectures in the academy of La Crusca, that the objects proposed by Boccaccio were reasonable and just, that he employed his satire against hypocrisy, against

[1] Life of Erasmus, by Charles Butler, Esq. p. 151.
[2] Surius, Hist. ad an. 1536.

the accidental vices of the court of Rome, against false miracles and false relics, and that for so employing it he had even the authority of the fathers and councils, who were equally severe against similar impostures."[1] Poggio published his "Dialogue on Hypocrisy," in which he so violently attacks the clergy, under the eyes of Pope Nicholas, who was his patron, and who continued to extend his favour to the author of the "Dialogue." Muratori relates and deplores the traffic of indulgences, under Leo X, without being less the faithful servant of the Church of Rome; and Trissino, who, in his great poem of the "Italia Liberata," is so unmeasured in his description of unworthy successors of St. Peter, lived in the enjoyment of the highest favour and most honourable offices at Rome during the reign of two successive popes.

Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Dean Colet," dwells with peculiar satisfaction on the proofs that this great and religious man was detested by the men whose vices and follies he exposed. Have not good and holy men, in every age of the world, been exposed to the calumnies and hatred of the profane? And how utterly fallacious is his argument, unless he takes for his ground that the Catholics and men of corrupt minds were identical? Has he not, however, been obliged to record the peculiar esteem and veneration which Sir Thomas More always entertained for him, making him his confessor, and constantly attending his sermons?[2] and that he was "not out of confidence in the court of Rome, from whence some commissions were directed to him?"[3] What an atrocious and sophistical line of argument it would be, if a modern writer were to assert that all the holy and contemplative persons

[1] Ginguené, Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, III, p. 129.
[2] P. 139. [3] P. 184.

in the Church of England belonged to the Methodist communion, and that the Socinian and worldly-minded ministers were the representatives of the Church! And is it not the very same fallacy that such writers as Dr. Knight propose to us, saying, that all the good and wise men were among those who were for the new communion; and that the old, vicious, ignorant theologians (to dispute with whom was like fighting with beasts at Ephesus), "the monsters," the lovers of ignorance and corruption, were the representatives of the ancient Church?

The men of ancient time drew a very different inference from the facts at which Dr. Knight triumphs. "If they had been of us, they would have staid with us. We should rejoice," continues Southwell, "when the wolves are separated from the sheep of Christ. Let no man imagine that the good go out of the Church.—'When the sun shineth,' saith St. Augustin, 'is it the palm that withereth or the cedar that is parched? Is it not rather the grass that suddenly fadeth with the heat?' Though you see some Saul from a prophet become a persecutor of prophets; some Judas, from Christ's Apostle become his betrayer; some Nicholas from a deacon, become an arch-heretic; yet be not you moved—this cannot in any way prejudice, but rather profit the Church—whose purity is increased when it riddeth itself of such corruption."[1]

I am aware that the reader who is accustomed to associate all religious considerations with polemical divinity, must have arisen unsatisfied from the perusal of these miscellaneous remarks, if not with some impatience towards the writer; for besides that the advocates of antiquity will generally say in the words of Sir Thomas Brown, "We have no

[1] Epistle of Comfort, 187.

genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them," they never could have so totally forgotten all that had been inculcated by their masters in philosophy, as "to suppose that it was easy to attain truth and avoid error, to get rid of old prejudices, to purify the interior eye," as St. Augustin says, "and render it capable of contemplating the sun of the soul, truth; to suppose that difficulties could be removed amidst confidence and false information, pedantic learning, and confirmed habits of mind leading to one conclusion"; and reasoners, such as De Maistre describes, "dont l'embarras n'embarrasse pas." How could it have been expected that the great part of men, in modern times, should have seen these things in the light through which they appeared to their fathers? It would have required a long and careful study of the profound writers of what Lord Bacon terms "the Georgics of the mind," concerning the husbandry and tillage thereof, to have been able only to trace out the complicated involutions of the bandage which covered many eyes. "For three centuries," says De Maistre, "all history seems nothing but one great conspiracy against truth."[1] So it was on this particular point with literature in general, from the novel to the controversial essay; and, by the way, I appeal to every man of letters and taste, whether, excluding the religious question altogether, upon purely literary grounds it is not sincerely to be wished that an evil should be removed which imprints a stain upon the whole of our literature, making it obnoxious to the charge which Voltaire brought against the Provincial Letters, that "il ne s'agissoit pas d'avoir raison, mais de divertir le public"?[2]

There will be always sufficient offerings to public

[1] Du Pape. [2] Siècle de Louis XIV.

opinion where the modern philosophy prevails. The smallest present to a less conspicuous shrine would not be regarded with indifference by men of genius.

> Parvus ut est cycni melior canor ille gruum quam
> Clamor, in æthereis dispersus nubibus austri.

One of the most profound and eloquent of the moderns has made an observation which should be placed along with the above testimony of De Maistre. "I have not a deeper conviction on earth," says Mr. Coleridge, "than that the principles, both of taste, morals, and religion, which are taught in the commonest books of recent composition, are false, injurious, and debasing." The great work of M. de Haller, "the Restoration of Political Science," proves this to demonstration. Indeed this progress of mind had long been lamented by men of discernment. Even Sir William Temple said, "Whoever converses much among the old books will be something hard to please among the new." The evil is progressive. A student who is conversant with the English writers of the seventeeth century, upon coming to the perusal of our more recent literature, finds himself in a new world, where "the new humanity," the second reformation, is fully established. From the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, the progress of opinion, in an opposite direction from antiquity, increases in a geometrical ratio, as mathematicians would say, the accelerating force varying with the distance from the fixed point at the centre. It is on this ground that the Baron de Starck, in his celebrated dialogues, maintained the impossibility of a re-union between the moderns with their system and the ancient Church. The distance was become immeasurable, and the return hopeless. They who in an unhappy hour fell from the bark of St. Peter, were for a season drawn after

her by the natural movement of the waters; but this attraction could not last long; she had passed on in her course to eternity, and had left them to the mercy of the wild sea of doubt, which must for ever cover them. Small consolation that they could still discern her, dimly seen, perhaps, on the farthest verge of the horizon, or falsely reflected in the waters which were already darkly shadowed by the approach of the night of death.

It is reasonable to suppose that, as long as men denied the positions of antiquity, there might be hope; for, by argument and evidence, its friends could have led them back to it; but, in time, men adopted a course which seemed to place an invincible bar to their return. With provoking complacency they were ready to consent to generals, but with a salvo that rendered them without effect. They would grant that all might have been right and wise in a former age, but they would insist, that, in their time, "the new humanity," their population, perhaps their commerce, their increased civilization, had rendered the modern positions just and essential; that is, had abrogated the wisdom of all ancient philosophers, and the experience and judgment of all past ages of mankind.

So, indeed, as for seeking to draw men towards antiquity, the case, humanly speaking, might have seemed hopeless; for, as Solomon saith, "he that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humour, but no matter for his instruction"; and, indeed, those who are ever diving into antiquity for the purpose of spying the nakedness of the land, "grubbing and searching," as Büsching says, "for weaknesses and failings that they may paint a horrid caricature, full of loathsome deformity and horror, whilst everything noble vanishes under their

coarse halds,"[1] will be only like the wolf in the fable, who went to school to learn to spell, "but whatever letters were told him, he could never make anything of them but *agnus*, he thought of nothing but his belly." And again, as Lord Bacon says, "arguments are ever with multitudes too weak for suspicions."[2] And again, as it was said of old, "audacter calumniare; semper aliquid hæret," upon which the same philosopher comments: "It will stick with the more ignorant and inferior sort of men, though men of wisdom and rank do smile at it and despise it; and yet the authority won with many doth countervail the disdain of a few."[3]

And so the desired end of all these "books," caveats, and preservatives will be obtained; and what Hooker records, at least without lively satisfaction, of his contemporaries, will be true of men in the present age—"the name of Popery will be more odious than very Paganism amongst divers of the more simple sort; so whatsoever they shall hear named popish, they will presently conceive deep hatred against it, imagining there can be nothing contained in that name but needs it must be exceeding detestable."[4]

"It is no breach of charity," as Sir Thomas Brown says, "to call these many fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude, do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild

[1] Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen, I, 16.
[2] Hist. of Hen. VII.
[3] On the Advancement of Learning.
[4] Eccles. Pol. book IV, p. 347.

their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies."

It might have been predicted that every fresh attempt to encourage a more charitable, manly, generous, and reasonable spirit, would almost aggravate the evil.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Still it was right to make the attempt, in reliance upon the power that could control unruly wills; still it was wise to remind men that there was a possibility of their being mistaken, that something depended upon previous habits, for "Suo quisque studio maxime ducitur"; that there was a kind of wisdom far above "knowledge," which "puffeth up," that will teach its possessor not to draw hasty general conclusions, though he set out with a just conviction of error. A pedant would call the angels to behold him, when he lights upon a false date or the transposition of a letter; but a wise man discerns such a fault and is silent. It was in vain for those who argued against peace and charity and brotherly bonds in Christ, to sound a trumpet, and proclaim the mistakes and the blemishes which other men had discerned before them. Their charges might have been true, there might have been those mistakes and blemishes, and yet they were no less proper fools for their pains. "Justus Scaliger," says Dryden, "would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him which are incident to human kind: but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger?" There were indeed pedants and fanatics in religion from whom the friends of unity and love had nothing to hope. Woe were me had I been constrained to dwell with them. Whoso adopted the opinions which are

expressed would have had occasion to use the words of King David: "I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle."

But to proceed with certain other observations, in a cursory way, such as can hardly fail to have proper weight with men of intelligence and moderation who are Christians, not alone from the spirit of party, but from reason and affection: observations "quæ si singula vos forte non movent, universa certe tamen inter se connexa atque conjuncta movere debebunt." "And," as Lord Bacon says, "it cometh often to pass that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover the small."

And first. I hold that we have a vast debt of gratitude to discharge: not to speak of Christianity, letters and civilization which we first derived from the Church, I confine the amount to what is acknowledged by one of the bitterest enemies who ever wrote against it, and yet who concedes that "the Papacy with all its errors, its corruptions, and its crimes" (I do but repeat his hard words), "was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, too, it was the Saviour of Europe: for, in all human probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mahommedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation through the pernicious institutions which have everywhere accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to an united and prodigious effort commensurate with the danger." [1]

And truly this consideration will give rise to another argument, which may be urged with consider-

[1] See also the remarkable concessions of Sismondi, *Hist. des Répub.* tom. IV, p. 144.

able force against the spirit which is opposed to the religious character of ancient Europe. For if men are not attached to it from a similar feeling, they ought to honour and defend it as the moral principle which can save their respective countries, whose freedom and best interests are inseparable from the cross. Nor let it be thought an argument against this position to point at the present condition of any country where the old religion still prevails. The fate which seems to hang over the miserable race of men is not to be explained by a few flippant sentences and abusive epithets upon things we may despise and understand not. "O my good friend," says the Spartan stranger, in Plato, to an Athenian, who seemed to think that the success of his country in war was a proof that its peculiar notions were the best, "do not say that; for many defeats and victories are and will be unaccountable. Therefore we cannot say that it is a clear, but rather a very doubtful criterion in estimating good and evil institutions, to have respect to success or reverse in war. So that, putting success and subjection out of the question, let us proceed to argue how such an opinion or law is good, and such other not good"; [1] and, indeed, some men would do well to hear what the knight tells the clerk in the Songe du Vergier, that St. Gregory saith, "il n'est au monde signe plus évident de pardurable et eternelle damnacion que avoir tousjours prosperité continuelle." [2]

With regard to the particular objection which the present condition of some nations is so likely to suggest to the superficial reasoner, we may observe that, when the old religious feeling glowed in every bosom, the monarchies of Europe were limited and consistent with the personal freedom and dignity

[1] De Legibus. [2] Chap. IV.

of their subjects and of the monarchs themselves; and certainly it is from a very different source that we must trace the modern system of internal military police; of the horrible conscription; of all the vexatious detail of passports and restraints; of military obligations, standing armies, and their huge magazines of infernal agencies, threatening daily with destruction the unfortunate neighbourhood; of the atrocious signing away of countries and cities to new sovereigns; of enormous forced contributions; of the vain parade of perpetual embassies, with their weight of diplomatic agents. All this is clearly shewn in M. A. Haller's great work on the restoration of political science.[1] It is strange that men do not perceive how the enemies of freedom were the enemies of the ancient religion. Ambition, corruption, base intrigue, private interests, and the rebellion of the people, are the real causes of all national degradation and loss of freedom, and to these passions the religion of antiquity was essentially opposed. Where that religion was sincerely adopted, men would of necessity reverence and maintain the laws and constitution of their country, and princes would be unwilling and unable to overthrow it. Hence, I am perfectly sure that the evils related by the original historians of the middle ages were enormously exaggerated by them; not from the wish to deceive, but from the sense of religion and justice being profoundly engraven on the hearts of men; every departure from their laws appeared, *on that account*, far more deplorable than the same would on similar grounds appear to the moderns.

But let an honest answer be given to this question, what would have been the fate of Christendom if her only legitimate guardians had been the committee-men and patrons of modern societies?

[1] Tome II, chap. 28.

What would have become of that Evangelical religion, to the possession of which they lay exclusive claim, if they had been its only defenders? The chief of the German reformers, we know, actually endeavoured to persuade his countrymen that it was resisting Providence to oppose the advance of the Turks, who then threatened Europe, and whom he represented as the scourge of God to chastise the idolatrous nations who professed the Roman Catholic religion. A celebrated university conferred the degree of Master of Arts on a Mahometan, and men had begun to reason in the following manner, and to say, "Following the course which the wisdom of God doth teach, it were more safe for us to conform our indifferent ceremonies to the Turks, which are far off, than to the Papists which are so near."[1] Lastly, Mr. Southey, in his Peninsular War, has given us an extract from "the Gospel Magazine," published during the momentous crisis of our contest with Buonaparte, which compares the tyrant to Cyrus, because, having destroyed the persecuting spirit of Romish Babylon, and restored the liberty of religious worship, he had so far laid the foundation of the New Jerusalem. "It is of no avail," says the writer, "to object to any such character, that he is a man of blood, for such was David; and yet as his wars were necessary to bring in the peaceable reign of Solomon, so the present wars, in the manifest destruction of the enemies of truth" (the persecution of that holy man, Pope Pius VII), "may introduce the reign of a greater than Solomon, who shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." Who is there that loves his country and will not shrink from any connection with such miserable betrayers

[1] Hooker states and answers the argument, Eccles. Pol. book IV, p. 345.

of all that is holy in religion, and sacred in the estimation of brave and good men?

It has not been sufficiently observed, that the spirit of the ancient religion of Europe had a tendency to preserve the virtue and the fame of nations by cherishing, against all the obstacles which a corrupt system of government could impose, that living principle which, though it may be the ridicule of scorners and of the religious sects who catch their manners, is assuredly the most lasting source of true heroism, that which secretly, but surely, nourishes the holiest and deepest feelings of the human heart, "the whole greatness of our nature, that power which may indeed lie dormant, and of which the possessors themselves may not suspect the existence till it manifest itself in the hour of trial." This is one of the lessons which every man of thought and candour will derive from a review of history.

Much has been lightly said with respect to the influence of the new principles upon the knowledge and virtue of mankind. "Catholic Switzerland," we are told by Villers, in his celebrated essay, "has not a single man of eminence, of any description, to mention." It is very true, it may not have produced the most distinguished botanists or agriculturists, like those men who would never suffer the cattle to feed at large in the open air; nor such a genius as Iselin, "the first," we are told, "who conceived the idea of writing a philosophical history of the human race"; nor may it be able to boast of such a city as that celebrated capital, where all the citizens are philosophers, and so very wise, that an ingenious traveller of our nation lately declared that after being there some days, he was obliged to go about with anxious solicitude to seek some one who was content to be a fool and "behind the age." But it gave birth and principles to the men who

fought at the pass of Morgarten; and though the Institute of France might take little heed of a bold peasantry, it should have been reminded more than once, of the Catholicism of the three cantons of Schweitz, Uri, and Underwald. But that our reflections may be confined within the narrowest limits, I shall endeavour to exemplify my position by referring to a few instances, furnished exclusively during the late peninsular war. Mr. Southey is not the first English writer who has mentioned the bigotry and superstition which distinguished the capital of Aragon. "The French, too," according to this historian, "'accustomed as they were to undervalue the Spanish character, had spoken with peculiar contempt of the Zaragosans. 'Few persons,' they said, 'are to be seen among them who distinguish themselves by their dress;—all is serious and regular—dull and monotonous. The place seems without any kind of resource, because the inhabitants use no effort to obtain any;—accustomed to a state of apathy and languor, they have not an idea of the possibility of shaking it off.'" Mr. Townsend, however, took a very different view of that city. "Here," says he, "I forgot all the hardships and fatigues which we had suffered in this long journey: nay, had I travelled all the way on foot, I would have freely done it to enjoy the sight of these cathedrals. That which is called El Asen is vast, gloomy, and magnificent; it excites devotion, inspires awe, and inclines the worshipper to fall prostrate and to adore in silence the God who seems to vail his glory. The other, called El Pilar, spacious, lofty, light, elegant, and cheerful, inspires hope, confidence, complacency, and makes the soul impatient to express its gratitude for benefits received." Zaragosa possessed also the Church of St. Engracia, which Mr. Southey, while he calls it a monument of fraud and of credulity, grants to

have been a place "wherein many feelings of deep devotion had been excited,—which many thousands had visited in faith, and from which, unquestionably, many had departed with their imaginations elevated, their principles ennobled, and their hearts strengthened." We may learn even from history to what use these churches were applied; for, when the first national feeling was displayed in the city of Braganza, upon the sudden arrival of intelligence from Porto, it was in the church that Sepulveda was found by the messengers from the exulting multitude, and it was from prayer and meditation that the brave governor hastened to issue orders. Vulgar politicians and tyrants, blinded by the corruption of their hearts, might have despised these monuments and practices of ancient piety, which distinguished Zaragoza, "which the pedantry of war," says the historian, "described as a town not fortified." But the philosophic observer, taught by the collective lessons of history and wisdom, would look upon these things with a different eye; and, by referring to these very subjects of scorn, to the hours of meditation and prayer spent in these cathedrals, which, as Mr. Southey concedes, had elevated the imagination, ennobled the principles, and strengthened the hearts of thousands, would be able to account for the event of that siege, than which, as the historian has justly said, "there is not either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore." Well, indeed, might he exclaim, "Let not the faith which animated the Aragonese be called superstition." It was virtually and essentially religion in its inward life and spirit, it was the sense of what they owed equally to their forefathers and their children; the knowledge that their cause was as righteous as any for which an injured and insulted

people ever rose in arms; the hope that, by the blessing of God upon that cause, they might succeed; the certain faith that, if they fell, it was with the feeling, the motive, and the merit of martyrdom! Nor is it beneath the notice of legislators to reflect on the importance of what is so often ridiculed as the popular faith of nations. The French trembled when they looked forward to the 30th of May, the anniversary of St. Ferdinand. The eve of St. John had always been a festival in Coimbra before the year 1808, when it was celebrated with such uproar and overflowing joy. And Dupont, in his despatches stating his distress, took care to mention, among other sources of his disquietude, that the anniversary of the great Spanish victory at the Navas de Tolosa was at hand, to which the Spaniards from religious, as well as national and local feelings, attached (as indeed they well might) great importance.

I have abstained from lengthening the present book, by alluding to the monastic institutions, because they have been already considered in another place, as belonging, at least in principle, not to any peculiar system of any age, but to all spiritual religion, which is concerned with another world, arising naturally and necessarily out of the feelings which dictate retirement, meditation, and prayer. But here I feel compelled to observe how egregiously the moderns have erred in their judgment of the effects which follow from it. Mr. Southey pronounces that the persons in Spain, who went into nunneries by their own choice, would, in Protestant countries, have been consigned to a Bedlam; and, doubtless, many there are who have experienced this latter fate in modern times, who would have escaped it if there could have been a haven open to them in time to fly from the storms and distractions

of the world, and to heal the wounds of their afflicted spirit; but, that these institutions produced nothing but evil, as he affirms, is, indeed, a hard saying, and one which cannot possibly be just; one, too, which cannot be reconciled with the experience and judgment of the Spanish people, when, in their solemn proclamations, they called upon even the austere religious recluse nuns to take a part in their holy cause, to send up their prayers to heaven for the success of Spain, and to minister in their domestic economy to the necessities of their warlike brethren. Bonaparte hated and despised the whole order of regular clergy. "Experience," he said, "had shewn him that countries where there were many friars were easily conquered." "He was undeceived of his error in the Peninsula," adds the historian. Not to speak of the spirit and the religion which they taught and practised, and kept, as it were, continually before the eyes of the people, the annals of the war are filled with instances of the heroic devotion of the monks and clergy, than whom, with the exception of their Primate and those who governed the Inquisition, no men exerted themselves more strenuously in the common cause. They bore arms (I speak as a layman, and dare not assert that they were right in so doing), they exercised their spiritual offices to the dying, a service of no less danger, of the merit of which there can be no doubt. During the whole siege of Zaragoza, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sass, in whom Palafox reposed the utmost confidence, and whose deeds will live in memory for evermore. Wherever there was a service of danger, there was a monk or a priest ready to be devoted. It would be but to repeat the most trite and familiar of subjects, to record

the charities and humbleness and patience and piety of the religious orders, and of such prelates as the Bishop of Orense, whom Mr. Southey describes as one of those whose truly Christian virtues are the proudest boast and the truest glory of the Catholic Church; but when we discover also that these are the men who, when the crisis arrives, are the bravest and most devoted in the cause of humanity and of justice, yes, and even of everything simple and innocent, beautiful and humble, it does indeed seem that they approach to the very ideal excellence painted by poets, or rather that they are living monuments of the truth of that dispensation which is from God.

Again. A man of refined and cultivated taste, had it been associated with a devout spirit, could hardly have been prevented from contracting an affection for that Church which St. Cyprian called the House of Unity and Peace. With our ancestors a multitude of causes conspired to make religion form a great part of the pleasures of life. It was associated with everything that could delight the imagination and soften the heart. It taught that "sine charitate opus externum nihil prodest, quidquid autem ex charitate agitur, quantumcumque etiam parvum sit et despectum, totum efficitur fructuosum."[1]

The perfect order which pervaded its ritual, displayed as well in the poor sea-beaten or mountain chapel of the lonely hermit as in the most solemn temple of a metropolis, reigning by as certain and unchanging laws as those which give rise to the harmony of verse, was calculated to give repose and satisfaction to that desire of order which is inherent in the human soul; which is most strongly developed in men of the finest natures, and which

[1] De Imit. Christ. I, 15.

assuredly may be traced up to the very highest and most sublime origin.

The practices which it enabled and recommended the faithful to discharge were all, more or less, capable of conducing to inspire the soul with happiness and peace, and of being united with the occupations and innocent diversions of life, in a countless variety of instances, so as to make these harmonize with religion. The mere view of our old English cathedrals and half-demolished abbeys, in the sweet retired lawns of Tintern or Netley, may have already directed the English reader to draw a similar inference. Whereas, beyond all doubt, in these later times the union of Christianity, or of what is thought Christianity and substituted for it, with a kind of scornful spirit and gloomy pride in the absence of all restraint, a certain discontent and sullen indifference to everything that gives expression and a body, as it were, to the overflowings of the heart, a kind of reality to the visions of imagination, oftentimes perhaps anticipating the felicity of a higher existence, has robbed men of much that made life a blessing. All this was condemned by the moderns yet, without referring to the rites of the Jewish dispensation, our ancestors concluded, from the very nature of Christianity itself, as evinced by the contents and by the revelation of the Gospel, first announced by the appearance of a star in the East, and then confirmed by a series of miracles, appealing to the senses, as in the case of the darkness at the Crucifixion, that it was not the divine will that religious truth should be presented to men in the nakedness of metaphysical abstraction. Göthe laments, in the system of the moderns to which he himself was attached, the vacuum, the deficiencies, the want of harmony, which appear. He confesses that in the moral and religious, as well as in the physical and civil life, man does not act willingly

impromptu. What he does, he ought to be led to do, and in a manner constrained to do by a series of acts which would give rise to habit. What he ought to love and practise should not be left to his solitary thoughts. The sacraments are the sublimest parts of religion, the sensible symbols of an extraordinary grace. He proceeds to charge the modern system, his own, in words that would seem too severe and decided for this place, but I may repeat his conclusion, that, "even what is left in the modern system cannot be enjoyed, if that system has neglected to nourish in men the symbolical or sacramental sense, if they are not habituated to see, in the union of the internal religion of the heart with the exterior religion of the Church, one whole, one perfect harmony, a sublime and universal sacrament, divided into many symbols, to each of which it communicates its holiness." Not to dwell upon St. Augustin's words, that "all the sacraments of Christ are received not to salvation but to judgment, without the charity of unity," [1] we may remark that the modern system has destroyed this harmony; and, in leading to indifference, has deprived men of those sources of peace and consolation which the mercy of God intended for them. Youth indeed, in some measure, triumphs over the circumstances of the world. Youth, in its hour of kingly state, before the iron and brass have been infused by age into its golden nature,[2] may feel that existence itself is happiness sufficient; for the joy and manly diversions which the natural world everywhere affords in the mere prospect of its pomp, the rising and the setting of the glorious sun, the crossing midnight torrents, the encountering danger for some sweet friend, hearing the sound ἱππικῶν ἀγρύπνων πηδαλίων of the sleep-

[1] Lib. III, cont. Lit. Petil. c. 40.
[2] Plato de Repub. VIII, p. 386.

less bits of horses, the climbing of snowy mountains, the diving into the lonely depths of great waters, visiting the damp kingdoms where nymphs were said to dwell, the hard struggle in the bounding course of the well-oared cutter flying against the stream, a companion of the Naiads; the exercise of strength, and spirit, and generosity remains unaltered; and of these no reformer, however zealous, can deprive it. But then, to make no mention of such youths as appeared to Socrates so full of promise, who, when crowned, like Alcibiades, with beauty and riches and power and interest, if any god should say, Do you wish to live, having what you now possess, or immediately to die, unless you might possess better things? would answer, that they chose to die;[1] I say, to make no mention of these, who, as Vogt says of the German youth, find nothing in the world worth living for, but what love and the Christian religion form in the heart; the shades, the chilling shades of life's declension await every man, when ordinary objects and visible nature alone cannot suffice, when he stands in need of the comfort and delight, which the religious institutions of this country should yield, by keeping him conversant with the invisible world towards which he is hastening, when he needs the retirement of a church always open, the free discourse with the ministers of religion, who may be found without enduring the trouble and formality of an ordinary visit of compliment, the daily changes in the religious offices, and the general opinion that the attendance upon these is not a mere form, obligatory only upon such as fill responsible situations, and, therefore, a ridiculous superstition in one of independence; when he needs the bond of union, which the old practices of piety unquestionably promoted amongst all ranks of men,

[1] Plato, Alcibiad. LI, 4.

producing that affectionate civility which strangers meet with in Catholic countries, and which no other religion produces (I say this confidently from experience), and, as Fénelon says, "il n'y a point de véritable douceur par tempérament:—pour être doux à autrui il faut renoncer à soi"; that bond yielding to men a participation in the united spirit, wisdom, and holiness of the Church, the communion of saints,[1] that fellowship which was so easily recognized among the young and old of those simple congregations; rendering the poor so amiable and happy, the higher ranks so forgetful of their pre-eminence, in which the orphan youth, during happy hours of holy song, might expect to receive a mother's look from the poor woman at whose side he placed himself: when he requires too that his ears should be soothed by always hearing the language of piety from the lower orders of the people, instead of being incessantly wounded by the sound of those horrid oaths and curses which interlard and eke out the language of the poor among the moderns —(where the old religion prevailed, who could have been so egregiously perverted in nature as not to love the common people, or be unwilling to fancy them among his dearest and nearest friends, for they were found what they will always be in all places under similar circumstances, generous and affectionate, simple and brave?[2] The followers of antiquity were not satisfied if they could only hear that the poor were contented and hard at work while the rich moved on in golden splendour; from an emperor to the lowest page in a knight's household each son of chivalry was dissatisfied unless the poor loved him, unless they could believe and feel that

[1] See the Count of Stolberg's remarks on St. Paul's Epist. Col. II, 15, Geschichte, VI, p. 551.

[2] This, and the similar assertion in p. 28, are the result of personal experience.

he was their brother, one of their own flesh and blood, and like themselves, generous and affectionate, simple and brave): assuredly then a time awaits every man, when the loss of these resources, for such they are to the infirmity of the human spirit, is more than enough to counterbalance the advantage of those modern discoveries, that Christian people are to despise authority in their interpretation of Scripture, and that they may lawfully revile and dishonour, instead of paying spiritual obedience to the prelate, elected out of all Christian countries, to fill the oldest, or, at least, according to the judgment of the second and third centuries, the first See of Christendom.

Again, was it wonderful that the ancients paid but little respect to the judgment of the persons for whom the character of the Church had no charms? that is to say, its inclination to peace instead of controversy, to silence instead of prating about holy things, to peace and order instead of party spirit and disagreement, to generosity as a great characteristic opposed to everything selfish, creating a spirit of graceful submission instead of the churlish disdain of authority,—its love of harmony and of all that can exalt the imagination,—processions, music and painting; solemn and majestic objects,

Μεγαλοσχήμονά τ' ἀρχαιοπρεπῆ·[1]

instead of indifference for everything but what men can touch with their fingers, and deal out under the measure of calculation: above all (let the men who would monopolize the Gospel look to this) its union of the humanized with the holy temper, of the amiable and gentle with the profound and solemn? Was it wonderful that the very fact of men being opposed to a Church that could shew

[1] Æschylus, Prometh. Vinct. 400.

forth such excellence, should be hastily taken up as a warrant to disclaim them altogether as proper judges of the question at issue? Truly, their disposition and balance of mind might have been well discerned in their countenances and habits, their manners and conversation. It were pardonable for a contemporary if he had said it has never been merry in England since such pedants first came among us:—mark their expression, "quod nemo aspicere sine suspiratu posset"; look at their engraved portraits, "neminem nominabo, genus hominum signasse contentus."

On the other hand, if you but pause awhile to regard the portraits of your steel-clad or mitred ancestors, as they may look down between those of fair and noble ladies, from some old hall of chivalry—

> —— Veterum effigies ex ordine avorum
> Antiqua è cedro [1]—

looks you behold such as once

> Drew audience and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air!

looks

> Where Charity in soft persuasion sat,
> And in each gesture grace and honour high;

there on one side you behold "illam divinam gravitatem, plenam antiquitatis," as Cicero says. And see, on the other, what sweetness of temper do those features indicate? You almost expect to hear the sound of that voice which goes to the heart, that voice which

> ———————— was ever soft,
> Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman; [2]

[1] Æneid, VII, 177.

[2] Shakespeare, Lear, V, 3.

as the old poet sings of the Hyperboreans,

> Μειλιχίη δέ τοι αἰὲν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε γαλήνη
> Παίδεσιν ἠδὲ τοκεῦσιν·
> Αἴσιμά τε ῥέζειν πεπνυμένα τ' ἐξαγορεύειν.[1]

What humility is also manifest! Humility is the essence of a gentleman, and humility, remember, was the beginning and the end of their religion. That religion made the poor humane and gentle; the great, humble and charitable; youth, generous and mindful of its Creator; old men, venerable and forgiving and kind-hearted. But view these lovely images, which still can lighten up the stern warrior's brow, and mark how that religion gave to female beauty a certain characteristic grace and tone of expression:

> Here that gentle smile receives its birth,
> Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

The *angel-mild* of the German somewhat describes it; that vision which instantly tranquillized, while it revived the heart of the poor young prince, James I, in his prison at Windsor, which he describes so affectingly, saying,

> ——— for of menace
> There was no token in her sweet face;

that look which yielded to Milton the image of our first mother,

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love:

that expression which cannot be defined, but which made the possessor appear, even to the rudest warrior, more beautiful than when she bestowed upon him the prize of chivalry in the lists of his

[1] Orph. Argonautica, 1116.

triumph,—that expression, something,—we might call it with Homer, the λαθικηδέα μαζόν· albeit, striking suddenly upon his heart of rock, like the rod of Moses, it would open the fountains of waters which never before were seen to flow; something that speaks of purer, happier, more enduring worlds; that tells of truth and goodness, of love without end, and without measure grace; that forms a spot like the garden of God for the troubled spirit of one whose heart, though young, may be weary of this cold world and its empty shows, whose spirit and reason, as in a case contemplated by a holy man, and forgiven through his charity, may be too distracted to seek refuge in hearing the heavenly strain of evening choirs, or even the discourses of the Apostles, where he can lay down his sorrow, and recall his soul and find peace.

In a work by the amiable Mr. Alban Butler, there is the following anecdote: "During the civil war, the famous Marquis of Worcester marching once in Cardiganshire, near the ruins of a monastery, at Strata Florida, a woman who was a hundred years old was presented to him, who had remembered the monks in Catholic times, and had lived above threescore years in great regret for the loss of the public service of the altar, and in constant private devotion, without seeing a priest, nor thinking that any could be found in England. The Marquis asked her, 'When the religion altered, you altered with the religion?' She answered, 'No, master, I stayed to see whether or no the people of the new religion would be better than the people of the old; and could see them in nothing, but grow worse and worse, and charity to wax colder and colder, and so I kept me to my old religion, I thank God, and mean, by God's grace, to live and die in it.' When the Marquis told her he would take her to Ragland Castle (his seat in Monmouthshire), where she would

find a priest, and might hear mass every day, she was so transported with joy, that she died before the next morning. The Marquis wept when he heard of her death, and said, 'If this poor soul died where she might have served God, how joyfully will she serve him in a place where she will never die.' "

"It is wonderful," says Vogt,[1] "with what knowledge of human nature the whole discipline and form of the Church was moulded. The year had its four grand festivals: Christmas for winter, Easter for the spring, Whitsuntide for summer, All-hallows and All-souls for autumn. The three weeks before Christmas, or Advent, were devoted to prayer and repentance. Then followed the pomp and joy of the great feast, and the third day after that, Holy Innocents; both of which were peculiarly the feasts of the young, when children were taught to associate happiness with obedience and duty and love." Christmas, on many accounts, was peculiarly the feast of youth; for then we celebrate, as the boy would say, for whom Erasmus wrote a beautiful declamation, "Imperatorem nostrum Jesum, ac eundem quidem omnium, sed tamen peculiariter nostrum, id est puerorum, principem." We commemorate, "pueri puerum." Then men were reminded that they must become like children; that as their blessed Saviour was at that time born in the flesh, so they should pray that he might be born spiritually in their hearts; for, as Erasmus says, "Omnino Christianismus nihil aliud est quam renascentia atque repuerascentia quædam," restoring to them all the sweetness and peace and innocence and joy of youth; for "justus ut palma florebit; etiam in hac vita perpetua quadam adolescentia vernabimus, non animo tantum, verum etiam corpore. Etenim quemadmodum floridus ille Jesu

[1] Rheinische Geschichte, I.

spiritus in nostrum spiritum redundabit, ita noster vicissim in suum corpus influet, et quoad fieri potest, in sese transformabit." [1] The very circumstance of its vacation from ordinary employment, which dispersed the boys of all nations throughout their respective districts, served to infuse the freshness and air of youth over the scene of nature.

" Christmas was succeeded by the Feast of Kings, when kings and great men made their offerings at the altar, and kept hospitable court. In every family a king was chosen, who ruled for the day. The rest of the winter was the Carnival, or the time of feasting and joy. The three last days usually gave occasion for dancing and song, and other innocent diversions. But now came on the time of fasting, with Ash-Wednesday. The people flocked to church, and the priests strewed them, as they knelt, with ashes, and signed them with the Cross, and said, 'Memento homo quia pulvis est, et in pulverem reverteris.' Now the songs of joy gave place to the seven penitential psalms, which were solemnly repeated in all churches and chapels. The plentiful board was exchanged for strict temperance, and the overplus given to the poor. Instead of the music of the bower and hall, the chant of 'miserere' was heard, with the eloquent warnings of the preacher. Forty days' fast overcame the lust of the people. Kings, princes, and lords were humbled with their domestics, and dressed in black instead of their gorgeous habits. In Holy Week the mourning was still more strongly expressed. The chant became more solemn, the fast stricter; no altar was decorated, no bell sounded, and no pompous equipage rolled in the streets. Princes and vassals, rich and poor, went on foot in habits of deep mourning. On Palm Sunday, after reading out of the history of Christ,

[1] Concio de puero Jesu.

every one bore his palm, and nothing else was heard but the sufferings of the Messiah."

In Provence, before the Revolution, it was usual to see all the children and all the youths carrying branches of palm in triumph, curiously entwined and mixed with ribands.[1]

"After receiving the sacrament of Maundy Thursday, the bishops and priests, kings and princes, proceeded to wash the feet of the poor, and to serve them at table. On Good Friday, the holy sepulchre was represented, the halls hung with black, and but a few lights burning, while verses were chanted out of Jeremiah. The same was continued on Saturday, till twelve o'clock struck at midnight, and then the church resounded with the joyful cry, 'He is risen!' The bells sounded from the towers, the organs made the vaults echo with triumphant harmony, and three times the whole chorus sang 'Allelujah! Allelujah! Allelujah!' On Easter Sunday every one appeared again in his festive apparel, and all the expressions of mourning were laid aside. It was a festivity of Church and State from Easter till Whitsuntide. Divine service was performed with all the pomp and beauty of the Church; and the political assemblies called Fields of March and May were held on the banks of the Rhine. All splendid ceremonies now took place; peace was proclaimed, kings were crowned, nobles gave chivalrous games, the people enjoyed themselves at their sports." Then the knights and noble dames walking in their garden, as the bright rays of a Sunday morning gilded all the opening blossoms of

[1] Soirées Provençales, tome I, p. 173. It is curious to mark how this writer has often caught unknown to himself the tone of the sophists, whose triumph was so shortly to take place. Thus speaking of the Passion which was represented in some of the churches, he says, "Le peuple partout imbecile et frivole, le peuple courra ce grossier spectacle; il admire stupidement et revient chez lui tout édifié de ce qu'il a vu."

rose and jasmine, of tulip and narcissus, of Naiad-like lily and purple hyacinth, would feel and understand why Religion also decked her altars, and sent forth to the blue heaven her sweet frankincense, while

> ——— the spring arose on the garden fair,
> Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
> And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
> Rose from the dreams of its winter's rest.

Then the music and the soul, as it were, of the Church, harmonized with the universal beauty; for like the poet's blood, her spirit ever moved,

> ——— in mystic sympathy
> With nature's ebb and flow.[1]

"On the first day of May, processions went into the fields to beg a blessing for the crops. The summer commenced with Ascension-day, and the thoughts of men were directed to the gifts of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. The feast of the Trinity was only an ordinary Sunday; for it was held to be presumptuous to represent so incomprehensible a doctrine by a festival: yet, in a later age, Corpus Christi day was employed in festive pomp, when the Host was carried about in grand procession, while the streets were hung with richest tapestry, every householder displaying his most beautiful pageantry, and kings and queens, princes and princesses, followed in humility to mark their reverence and loyalty for the Lord of all. Now came on harvest-time, and the blessing of God was then petitioned for at the Kirmess, or feast of Consecration, when the Church and people rejoiced together. After the Assumption, the harvest being brought home, the hunting season commenced;

[1] Shelley.

though, at first, only that of small game, hares, quails, &c.; but after St. Ægidius, or the holy hunter, St. Hubert, the nobles hastened to the woods in quest of the wolf, the wild boar, and the stag. At the end of the vintage, rents were paid and worldly accounts transacted. All-Hallowne day closed the festivity of the harvest. As the labourer and vintner had now received the fruit of their pains, so it was proper that the labourers in the Lord's vineyard should be honoured with praises. The face of the country was now changed by the advance of the year, and the success of the husbandmen. The fields were naked, and the leaves were falling fast from the trees, the dark clouds poured down with rain, the brooks were swoln to rivers."

> And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
> And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
> Like troops of ghosts on the swift wind past;
> Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.[1]

And yet still the Christian pilgrim had bright views; for while he felt the influence of the ghastly change, and listened to the howl of winds which made his path so awful through the sullen night, he would love to recall and to view by the light of faith those sublime and beautiful images with which his youthful fancy had been fed and nourished.

> Adparet divûm numen, sedesque quietæ;
> Quas neque concutiunt ventei, nec nubila nimbis
> Adspergunt; neque nix, acri concreta pruina,
> Cana cadens, violat: semper sine nubibus æther
> Integer, et large diffuso lumine ridet.[2]

"All-Hallowne day was the last joyful feast of the year, the next day was All-Souls' day, devoted to prayer for the dead, and to the remembrance of the dead which awaited the living. A mournful

[1] Shelley.

[2] Lucretius, III, 18.

colouring spread over nature, highly favourable to romantic feelings, high thoughts, and generous deeds. The altars were hung with black, men kneeled upon the graves of their relations, and strewed them with flowers, and held lonely vigils, and strengthened their hearts." The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass, were bright with tears as they wandered by.

> From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
> And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

This solemn season continued till Advent, and the birth of Christ, when the year again commenced.

The wisdom of the Church, in setting apart these particular seasons for the commemoration of subjects which must have so deeply interested all who had an affection for its faith, will for ever accord with the spirit and religious feelings of chivalry. Some of these seasons, ordained to remind the soul of heaven, were abandoned even by those reformed theologians who had imbibed the least contempt for antiquity; but by the more general consent of the moderns, nearly all have been laid aside. I have no desire, in this place, to argue with the adversaries of antiquity; though to men of ingenuous minds there might be much brought forward on this subject that could hardly fail to interest. The ceremony of the ashes on Ash-Wednesday is not one of the most essential; but we may well wonder, with Bourdaloue, upon what grounds it was discarded, since the authors of the division acknowledged that ceremonies might assist men; that it is even necessary to retain some; that it does not follow, because we are not under the law of Moses, we should abolish them all; that it is just to demonstrate, the piety of our hearts by external signs, and that to banish all that may be called ceremony, is to introduce a monstrous confusion. "Now

among the ceremonies, what ought less to have offended the Protestant Church than the ceremony of the ashes? How is it superstitious? What is there in it but what is sanctioned by Scripture? What remembrance is more useful to us than that of our weakness, of our nothingness, and is it not that which it brings before our eyes? Nevertheless, this ceremony, the simplicity, and the holiness of which ought to edify, has been a scandal to these ministers. They have condemned it."[1] This is what Bourdaloue said, and truly a writer of the moderns has let fall words, in alluding to the change in the form of Confirmation, which an advocate for antiquity might think justly applicable to most of the alterations introduced. "These forms were certainly much more conformable to those that were used in the primitive Church than that which we have now. What was the occasion of changing them I do not find."[2]

But to let this pass, I must crave my reader's indulgence while I lament, for the sake of humanity, the disuse of that pious ordinance which devoted a season to the commemoration of the dead.

Now that All-Souls' day should have given offence seems marvellously strange, after reading what Bishop Pearson observes, in his exposition of the ninth article of the Creed, where a modern reader will be astonished to learn the meaning of what he has so often professed to believe, "the Communion of Saints": how that Christians on earth have communion, not only with God, the blessed Trinity, but also with the holy angels, with the saints departed out of this life, and admitted to the presence of God. "Indeed," says Bishop Pearson, "this is demonstrable by their communion with the saints

[1] Sur la Cérémonie des Cendres.
[2] Wheatley, Illustrat. of Common Prayer, p. 411.

alive. For, if I have communion with a saint of God, as such, while he liveth here, I must still have communion with him when he is departed hence, because the foundation of that communion cannot be removed by death." To the ancients, indeed, the argument of St. Augustin was no less satisfactory, when he says "Neque enim piorum animæ mortuorum separantur ab Ecclesia, quæ etiam nunc est regnum Christi. Alioquin nec ad altare Dei fieret eorum memoria in communicatione corporis Christi."[1]

But not to trouble my reader with the arguments and evidence that might be adduced,[2] I would beg him to indulge a little natural feeling, good sense, and piety, while, discarding controversy, he meditates with me upon this affecting solemnity. "Some men," says Jeremy Taylor, "are wholly made up of passion, and this very religion is but passion, put into the family and society of holy purposes, and for these I have prepared considerations upon the special parts of the life of the holy Jesus." It was with a similar sense of the wants and desires, and individual peculiarities of the human soul, that holy Church, in her charity and in her wisdom, had ordained the celebration of this, or of her other annual seasons; and though the name hath vanished from some calendars, though the fears and hopes, and the love which gave rise to it

May live no longer in the faith of reason!

yet still the heart doth need a language, still doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

[1] De Civitate Dei, XX, 9.

[2] Council of Nice, A.D. 325, can. 65. St. Cyril of Jerusalem in the fourth century, Catech. V. Arab. Third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397. Tertullian, lib. de Monog. c. 10. St. Chrysostom, Hom. III, in Ep. ad Philip. St. Augustin, Serm. 172, § 2.

As many men, under the influence of the new opinions, conceive this to be one of those subjects "wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of any schism or heresy," and wherein each of us may put the private feelings and affections, and recollections of his soul into "the family and society of holy purposes," there are even moderns who never suffer the 2nd of November, or its eve, to pass without some observance of this venerable practice, which can "exalt the soul to solemn thought and heavenly musing." Gray we know tells us, he

> Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia, silver-bright,
> In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
> With freedom by my side and soft-eyed melancholy.

And it is on such a night as this, that a man of deep feeling, methinks, would never forego the solitary watch, either in the church, the cloister, or on the battlements, even though that vigil should come as many remember it to have come, in vapours and clouds, and storms, "when huge uproar lords it wide, the wild winds howl," and the

> Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
> Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Like the night which Camoens describes:

> A shrill-voiced howling trembles through the air,
> As passing ghosts were weeping in despair;
> In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,
> And, shivering, own some dreadful presence near.[1]

Or as our own poet says,

> Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
> That uttered by the demon of the night,
> Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

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[1] Lusiad, Mickle's Translat. VIII.

——— κλαγγὴ νεκύων ἦν, οἰωνῶν ὡς
Πάντοσ' ἀτυζομένων.———

Many well remember an All-Souls' eve being attended with circumstances of this wild sublimity. That year, a furious tempest and flood were general over many parts of Europe. Great was the number of souls that in those few fearful hours took their flight to join the company of which we speak, unassailed by the fears which Socrates ridiculed in Cebes and Simmias.[1] Men perished at sea with their ships and treasure, and on land, from the fall of trees and houses, which were blown down. Panes from the windows of churches were beaten in upon holy monks, who could hardly hear each other as they chanted matins; and many a turret and oratory, where a small faint light denoted the vigil of some religious person, was shaken to its centre by that stern blast. Oaks were rent in sunder, and torn up by the roots; and sheep folds with the shepherds were destroyed and beaten down, and mills and bridges were swept away.

The wind blew as t'wad blawn its last,
The rattlen show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
Loud, deep, and long the thunder bellow'd.
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

O it was awful then to keep the vigil in the cloister adjoining to the house where I lodged:

Ghosts rode on the tempest,
Sweet was their voice between the gusts of wind,
Their song was of other worlds.

Then you might pace that solemn walk, winding your way between alternate pillars, and occasionally

[1] Plato, Phædo.

stopping to gaze through the iron-grated windows upon the dreary scene without, the waning moon now giving and now withholding her doubtful beam, while the trees, with their tops bending to the ground, gave one protracted, deafening roar; and this you might continue to do till religion would dispel the vain phantoms of imagination, and you would desire to hear the vaults resound to the solemn prayer of "Requiem æternam," and "Fidelium animæ."

Historians have often remarked how frequently this season has been distinguished by its tempests. In the eighteenth year of Henry I, All-Hallowne day was attended by a storm of equal horror; "at which," we are told, "the people were marvellously amazed." And on All-Souls' day, the year in which Richard I was taken prisoner in Germany, the north-west side of the element appeared on fire a little before the break of day.

In the year 1329, when Philip of Valois was King of France, the monk of St. Denis chronicles that the rains at this season had caused the rivers to inundate the country in a frightful manner. It was at the same season, in 1541, that the fleet of the Emperor Charles V encountered that hurricane off the coast of Africa, to which Andrea Doria, during fifty years' knowledge of the sea, had never seen any equal in fierceness and horror.

It was on All-Hallowne, about midnight, that Cavendish was called up at Asher, to let in Sir John Russell and a troop of horsemen, who were come with the comfortable tidings to Cardinal Wolsey of the king's returning favour, when he tells us it rained all that night most vehemently, as it did at any time the year before. So that after Sir John had delivered his message from the king, and given the ring, he concluded, saying, "And,

Sir, I have had the sorest journey for so little a way, that ever I had to my remembrance."

The Greeks had a most expressive word for nights like these. Sophocles talks of νυκτὶ κατουλάδι, and the Scholiast says, σκοτεινὴ νὺξ κατουλὰς καλεῖται, παρὰ τὸ ὀλοόν. And I will just remark that men in all ages seem to have felt the same associations, in reference to the departing of spirits, amidst the raging of the winds.

The monk of St. Denis relating the death of the Count of Flanders, in the reign of Charles VI of France observes, "à l'heure de sa mort levèrent les plus horribles vens et terribles qu'on avoit oncques veu, dont plusieurs gens en disoient ce que bon leur sembloyt."[1]

In Quintus Calaber,[2] on the death of Achilles, Jupiter is described as sending for Æolus, who issues his summons to the winds, which soon sweep fearfully over the sea and land, while the heavens are enveloped in clouds and thick darkness. And Tacitus has not failed to record the tempestuous night which followed the murder and funeral of Britannicus.[3]

But perhaps the impression is more favourable when this season is attended by less stern circumstances, when

> Assiduous in his bower, the wailing owl
> Plies his sad song;

when

> The full ethereal round,
> Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
> Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
> Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

The poet has said

[1] Chroniques de St. Denis, vol. III, f. 58.
[2] III, 697. [3] An. XIII, 17.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.

Such, I conceive, to be those that would dictate that tender desire,

Fond soother of my infant tear,
Fond sharer of my infant joy,
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?

words seeming to spring naturally from the occasion which brought us to walk abroad at that hour. Who can tell but that such things are as we do read about? like that great shade in the Odyssey, which, for a moment, is permitted to behold the prosperity of an earthly kindred being, and then departs, rejoicing, into the regions of everlasting peace.

Φοίτα, μακρὰ βιβῶσα κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα
Γηθοσύνη·

It is in such an hour as this, that the Christian will feel a new force and truth in that beautiful sentence, "absentes adsunt et quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt." It is then that he can break forth into that sublime rapture, "mihi quidem quamquam est ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivet."

"Manes enim mecum," as St. Ambrose says to his departed brother, "ac semper manebis." It is not doubtful that Christ has mercy on our tears. "Etsi nunc non tetigit loculum, suscepit tamen commendatum spiritum,—et si non resedit in loculo qui erat mortuus, tamen requievit in Christo."—"Ades inquam et semper ostenderis, et toto te animo ac mente complector, aspicio, alloquor, osculor, comprehendo vel in ipsa quiete nocturna, vel in luce clara cum revisere et solari digneris mœrentem. Quid est mors, frater?—Teneo igitur te

frater, nec mihi te aut mors aut tempus avellet."[1] Surely it was no vain superstition, or feeling unworthy of the Christian faith, which made Tacitus address the spirit of Agricola in these affecting words:—"Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ: placide quiescas." Surely there is nothing to despise or condemn in the salutation of Achilles to his departed friend,—

Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι·

Or in that of Neoptolemus, as he stood by his father's tomb,—

Χαῖρε πάτερ, καὶ ἔνερθε κατὰ χθονός· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε
Λήσομαι οἰχομένοιο σέθεν ποτὶ δῶμ' Ἀΐδαο·[2]

Dwell thou in endless light, discharged soul,
Freed now from nature's and from fortune's trust,
While on this fluent globe my glass shall roll,
And run the rest of my remaining dust.

So prayed Sir Henry Wotton at the grave of Sir Albertus Morton.

Enlightened by the scintillation of that essence of spirits, which is the life and strength of his own, the Christian will breathe without offence, without a thought rebellious to the divine will, or derogatory to God's truth, to the spirit of his blessed Gospel, to his unalterable justice and wisdom and mercy, that prayer not of human invention, but belonging in its principle to the heart of man. "Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace." O then, what a fall for the happiness of our existence on earth, when the innovation deprived men of the hopes and present transports which followed from their belief of this

[1] Sermo de Obitu Fratris. [2] Quint. Calab. θ, 50.

heavenly doctrine, taught by the Church of God! the communion of saints!! How death repairs its ancient terrors, and appals not alone the rich and careless, and those who live at ease, but the generous and the affectionate and the brave; shutting out from them those bright visions of continued intercourse and of unearthly friendship; pointing at the foul grave with its curtains of darkness, and uttering with its raven cry the horrid note of long separation, and of cold forgetfulness. The moderns are said by some to have opened the Bible. It may be so: but they at the same time closed heaven.

Here we must bid adieu to the festivals and seasons of the Church. I think there are some who will wish to cast back upon them a last look, before they depart for the new world and the "new humanity." What a contrast to the above picture does a year now present, where the modern philosophy has triumphed! The year indeed still revolves with its seasons; swift summer into the autumn flows, and frost comes on in the mist of the morning, and then the winds and the snow sweep across the naked plains; but the mystic sympathy of souls with nature is gone; on the garden of the mind no spring arises and no flowers and herb awake from their wintry rest. Revile and scorn if you will the tender and the affectionate:—let them be superstitious, ignorant, scrupulous, void of enlightened views:—scorn, revile, and triumph on, for certes they have no chance contending with you, where the new philosophy is to decide the difference. The multitude of its followers, the bold rough executing multitude, will always be on the side of men like you; for with them your arguments are unanswerable, and all your sayings like first principles. Meanwhile those to whom your least proud words seem death may behold their tearful emblem in that garden

sung by the poet,[1] on which the shades and cold of winter fell.

> The sensitive plant like one forbid,
> Wept, and the tears within each lid
> Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
> Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.
> When winter had gone and spring came back,
> The sensitive plant was a leafless wreck;
> But the mandrakes and toadstools, and docks and darnels,
> Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

Alas! for that portion of mankind whose thoughts are not exclusively engaged in the material occupations and pleasures of life, in commerce, in the breeding of cattle, or the management of civil institutions, jails and houses of correction, in the objects of political envy, in the base trade of literature, or in the heartless vanities of an eternal splendid dissipation (and surely in no country can that class be completely extirpated); what is there in life, whether spent in the country or in the capital, beyond that which simple nature of herself supplies? Is it possible that religion can gain in purity by being so effectually shut up from the face of day, and excluded from the occupations and prospects of men? I know not, nor do I wish to know, how the modern speculators in theology may determine the question; I leave it to the judgment of the scholar and the poet. I have heard of some such person who passed at early dawn by one of those sublime cathedrals which yet bear noble evidence against the proud revilers of antiquity: he pulled his rein as he reached the porch, and gazed along the dusky aisles. His eye could reach far, though all was barred and grated with iron to prevent entrance; for, if it were not thus, it is said the people would destroy everything; and it may be so; but then how comes it that a

[1] Shelley.

Christian people are in so strange a state of mind? His horse was weary and content to stand still, while his thoughts wandered; so he continued to look. All was desertion there, still and dead, excepting when the gust of whistling wind passed by. It was like one vast tomb, where "the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank, issued from the worm-eaten planks of coffins." And this was an Easter morning, the season when our blessed Lord arose from the grave; the very hour when the holy women were at the sepulchre. We find in the rule of St. Cesarius of Arles in the sixth century, and in many others, that even on every Sunday there used to be a procession at the end of matins at daybreak, to imitate the holy women and the disciples whose early visit to the tomb was rewarded by the first vision of our Saviour after his resurrection.[1] And wherever the ancient religion prevailed, crowds of devout men and women were ready to hail every festival in the church at hour of prime. And now, O holy temple, in which dwelled the eternal God, whose seat is in heaven,[2] now art thou voiceless and deserted! men prepare for heartless things to be seen and done this day, and many persons are already in the streets, and from every house a sound arises of domestic occupation; but thou art deserted! and hasty feet are moving, but not towards thee, and for many hours of this holy time thy only visitors will be the beams of day. For thou art the creation of another race of men from these who now gaze up at thee, who indeed admire and measure and scrutinize, but comprehend thee not; else wouldst thou not at such a time be left only to thy images of the majestic past, and to echo nought but thine own

[1] Ap. Bolland. 12 Jan. Pere Martene de Antiq. Mon. Rit. l. 2, c. 2.

[2] "Dominus in templo sancto suo: Dominus in cœlo sede ejus."—Ps. X.

solemn song, borrowed from the passing winds of night. Let not the follower of antiquity be condemned for indulging in such thoughts; he could not remain unmoved, or satisfied with the picturesque effect of pillars and arches. It was not enough for him to be told that this was now "*a national monument—pre-eminently,*" and that it might soon be placed under "*national superintendence*"—it was not enough for him to be told that it had a claim upon "*national liberality,*" that it was one of those "treasures which it becomes *a great nation* to possess," and that *government* should appoint a commission to preserve this "*national edifice,*" and that it was "*part of the constitution.*"[1] All this phraseology of revolutionary sophists would be forgotten, while he thought of the scene which used to be presented here on such a morning four hundred years ago! What a change! Had he lived in fellowship with the Christian people of other lands? What a contrast! The sentence of the Psalm would be remembered, and his solitary chant would give it utterance.

> Numquid confitebitur tibi pulvis: aut
> Annuntiabit veritatem tuam?—
> Non mortui laudabunt te, Domine: neque
> Omnes qui descendunt in infernum.
> Sed nos, qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino:
> Ex hoc, nunc, et usque in sæculum.

Again, in those days there was no difficulty in distinguishing a place of Christian worship from a Mosque or a hall of assembly. There were many objects to keep at a distance Turks, Jews, and Infidels. Everything in the churches and ceremonies spoke to the heart and soul of men who loved their religion. The appearance of a modern city will often

[1] *Vide* Quarterly Review, September, 1826, p. 348.

resemble that of Acre, after it had been given up by the Turks to the Christian army under Richard I and King Philip of France. "Who of the faithful," cries Vinisauf, "could behold, with dry eyes, the countenances of the venerable images of the crucified Son of God and of his saints, defiled in every manner? Who would not horribly tremble at the representation of the atrocities committed by that scornful race of Turks, who had thrown down to the earth the altars and the holy crosses, and had destroyed and obliterated all the indications of human redemption, and of the Christian religion?"[1] Really, on reading the description which Deshayes gives of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an Englishman, without being malignant, will be reminded of grievances that exist nearer than Palestine. "L'on entrait autre fois en cette église par trois portes; mais aujourd'hui il n'y en a plus qu'une, dont les Turcs gardent soigneusement les clefs, de crainte que les pélerins n'y entrent sans payer les neuf sequins à quoi ils sont taxés."

St. Augustin, at one period, was tempted to dislike the music in the Catholic churches. "Veruntamen," he adds, "cum reminiscor lachrymas meas quas fudi ad cantus ecclesiæ tuæ, in primordiis recuperatæ fidei meæ, et nunc ipso quod moveor, non cantu, sed rebus quæ cantantur, cum liquida voce et convenientissima modulatione cantantur, magnam instituti hujus utilitatem rursus agnosco."[2] Music is said by some of the Fathers to have drawn the Gentiles frequently into the church through mere curiosity, which ended in conversion of heart and desire of baptism, which gave occasion to Dr. Burney of saying that "the generality of parochial music with the moderns is not likely to produce

[1] De Vita Richard. I, lib. III, c. 19, apud Gale, Script. Rerum Brit.

[2] Confess. X, 33.

similar effects; being such as would sooner drive Christians with good ears out of the church than draw Pagans into it."[1]

"Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me," says Sir Thomas Brown, "much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music." Socrates held philosophy to be the highest music;[2] and to our fathers it seemed that the music of the Church was full of religion. "It consoles those that are sad at heart," says a monk of St. Gall; "it makes minds more gracious, it refreshes the studious, it invites sinners to contrition, it purifies the inward man, and renders him more prompt to works of piety."[3] What Beveridge says of himself, was doubtless true of those successive generations of men who took delight in the beauty of the Lord's house, and in the exercises of Catholic devotion. "Their soul became more harmonious, being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manner of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seemed very harsh and unpleasant to them."—"That there is something more than ordinary in music," adds this author, "appears from David's making use of it for driving away the evil spirit from Saul, and Elisha for the bringing of the good spirit upon himself. From which I am induced to believe that there is really a sort of secret and charming power in it, that naturally dispels from the mind all or most of those black humours which the evil spirit uses to brood upon, and, by composing it into a more regular, sweet, and docile disposition, renders it the fittest

[1] Hist. of Music, vol. II, p. 7.

[2] Phædo. See also Plato, de Legibus, VII, de Repub. III; Plutarch περὶ Μουσικῆς.

[3] See the very curious tract "De Benedictione Dei," from Cassiodorus or Isidorus, apud Canis. Lect. Antiq. vol. II.

for the Holy Spirit to work upon, the more susceptible of divine grace, and more faithful messenger whereby to convey truth to the understanding." The wisest men of all ages have regarded music as worthy to accompany the prayers of men to heaven: for music must terminate, as the Greeks would say, in the love τοῦ καλοῦ, that is, in other words, in the love and contemplation of God.

The subject is indeed intimately connected with the profoundest investigations of philosophy. Pythagoras had himself cultivated music, and, as Athenæus remarks on this, Τὸ δὲ ὅλον ἔοικεν ἡ παλαιὰ τῶν Ἑλλήνων σοφία τῇ μουσικῇ μάλιστα εἶναι διδομένη. But then a distinction immediately presented itself in this divine art. The Doric and the old Ionic were the harmonies proper for all solemn purposes. As to the first, Ἡ μὲν οὖν Δωρὶς ἁρμονία τὸ ἀνδρῶδες ἐμφαίνει καὶ τὸ μεγαλοπρεπὲς, καὶ οὐ διακεχυμένον, οὐδ' ἱλαρὸν, ἀλλὰ σκυθρωπὸν καὶ σφοδρὸν, οὔτε δὲ ποικίλον, οὐδὲ πολύτροπον. The old Ionic music nearly resembled this, for we are told οὔτε ἀνθηρὸν, οὔτε ἱλαρόν ἐστι, ἀλλὰ αὐστηρὸν καὶ σκληρὸν ὄγκον δὲ ἔχον οὐκ ἀγεννῆ· διὸ καὶ τῇ τραγῳδίᾳ προσφιλὴς ἡ ἁρμονία· But the Æolic is represented as the music for inspiring mirth, and confidence, and pleasure. The later Ionian and the Lydian music Plato excluded from his republic, while he recommended what he entitled the Dorian and Phrygian,[1] as well the awful and severe, preparing men for danger and death, as that which accords "with a peaceful and quiescent state, persuading or imploring, either supplicating God or instructing and healing men. With respect to the music adopted by the Church, from its first arrangement in the Church at Antioch[2] in the reign of Constantine to its final establishment in the schools of St.

[1] De Repub. III.

[2] Theod. c. 24.

Peter and St. John Lateran at Rome, of Metz and Soissons in France, and of Canterbury in England, a variety of curious and agreeable information may be derived.[1] I confess, with Mr. Charles Butler, that, in this point, I am an admirer of antiquity: it appears to me that the old music of the Church had a close connection with its primitive spirit of holiness and grandeur; and that if we could teach men to discern and feel its beauty, we should restore to them the ancient spirit and heart which animated our fathers; as Polybius[2] attributes the happy change in the manners of the Arcadians to their study of music: so that I even think the position of Plato is true, in reference to the Church. "Negat enim," says Cicero, "mutari posse musicas leges sine immutatione legum publicarum":[3] and that the experience of the states of Greece, as he states it, should be a lesson for ourselves, "quarum mores lapsi ad mollitiem pariter sunt immutati cum cantibus; aut hâc dulcedine corrupti atque depravati, ut quidam putant, aut" (which is indeed the most probable supposition) "quum severitas eorum ob alia vitia cecidisset, tum fuit in auribus, animis mutatis, etiam huic mutationi locus."[4]

It would be well if the modern composers of Church music had philosophized more on the subject of their profession, and had borne in mind the connection between the ancient style and the object to which all Church music is directed. It would be well if they had attended to the words of St. Augustin, where he approves of its use, but observes, "tamen cum mihi accidit ut nos amplius cantus quam res quæ canitur moveat, pœnaliter me peccare confiteor, et tunc mallem non audire can-

[1] See Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. II; Fleury, Hist. Eccles. tom. VIII, p. 150; l'Abbé Lebeuf, Traité historique et pratique sur le Chant Ecclésiastique.

[2] Lib. IV. [3] De Legibus, II, 15. [4] Ibid.

tantem." Still, however, in all essential parts of the service, the music of the Church continued the same; in her prefaces, prayers, chants for the Gospel, for the Credo, and for the different offices of night and day, where the Doric tones added such solemnity to the majestic strain, and which, when accompanied with the peculiar pronunciation of the Italians, must have attained its highest beauty. That the ancients were not insensible to these distinctions is clear, from the circumstance that the Doric dialect, consisting chiefly in the predominance of the long *α* in the place of *η*, retained itself even in later days in sublime poetry, to which, except among the Dorians, it was then confined. And with respect to the composition of music, we know that the introducers of the complicated style into Greece were thought worthy of stripes, if we credit the old poet—

ὡς τὰς Μούσας ἀφανίζων.[1]

The Spartans punished Timotheus the Milesian for adding a twelfth string to the harp, on the ground that luxury of sound would effeminate the people. Before that time Ekprepes, one of the Ephori, retrenched the two strings which Phrynnis the musician had added to the seven of the harp.

I confess it is to be feared that, with the progress of the age, the history of the Grecian music will resemble our own; and that the number of those who love the ancient harmonies of the Church will still decrease: for, as the Greek said of the old Ionic already described, the manners of our age are in discordance with its tone. Τὰ δὲ τῶν νῦν Ἰώνων ἤθη τρυφερώτερα, καὶ πολὺ παράλλαττον τὸ τῆς ἁρμονίας ἦθος. Still, not to remark that, being the music of Catholic devotion, its continuance is

[1] Aristophanes, Nubes.

secured, the principles of taste are immutable, and, doubtless, there will be always men possessed of a sufficient portion to comprehend and admire it.[1] Even Dr. Burney seems inclined to admit its merits, saying, "This kind of singing is become venerable from its antiquity, and the use to which it is solely appropriated: and its simplicity and total difference from secular music precludes levity in the composition and licentiousness in the performance."[2]

The sciolist in musical science, with the pertness that must accompany every superficial acquirement, may perhaps amuse himself at its expense; but if he has a foundation, if there be music in his soul, time, experience, and that taste which presides over the government of the heart, as well as the imagination, will alter his opinion; just as the eye becomes wearied with even the exquisite and appropriate ornament of a florid architecture, and turns to repose with pleasure upon the solid simple grandeur of the Doric or Norman temple.

These remarks may be extended to the whole ceremonial of the ancient worship, the grandeur and beauties of which were more likely to be felt upon reflection, and after long acquaintance, than at the first view; because they were directed to gratify the profound feelings which are the foundation of genuine taste, and which are not to be excited by the most ordinary and obvious modes, such as are used to produce them in their lowest degree: on this very account that ceremonial may disgust or weary, not alone the superficial and vulgar observer, but even the men of most delicate susceptibility, if they have not been accustomed or have never been taught to trace the connection of parts, to mark

[1] It is worthy of remark that Erasmus, when young, had an aversion to music; a fact which will not astonish the reader of his Colloquies.

[2] Hist. of Music, II, p. 22.

the subdued lights, and to catch those faint tones of exquisite harmony, which subsist under the forms of the ancient ritual.[1]

In determining the ceremonial of the Church the problem was, not how to produce a kind of theatrical effect which would strike with admiration the casual spectator, the idle stranger who might chance to stray in with the hope of amusement, but how to arrange the form of those solemn ordinances so as to retain dignity and beauty, and to avoid whatever would become tedious and insipid, when witnessed day after day continually. Moreover it was not to be framed for persons to whom religion and its offices were to be a matter of small concern, in which case the simplest and shortest would be the best; but it was to be framed for men like the old Christians, who were to find their delight and edification in all the exercises of piety; and to whom the church was to be a place of frequent resort.

These remarks will account for the surprise or displeasure felt by the moderns when they first witness the celebration of Mass at the Catholic altars, felt by Gœthe himself, as he relates in his Memoirs, describing his first visit to St. Peter's, and which he terms, with not quite sufficient reverence, "the original sin of Protestants." Cicero felt the difficulty, but expressed himself confidently as to the justice of his observation, saying, "Difficile enim dictu est, quænam causa sit, cur ea, quæ maxime sensus nostros impellunt voluptate, et specie prima acerrime commovent, ab iis celerrime fastidio quodam et satietate abalienemur. Quanto colorum pulcritudine et varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quam in veteribus? quæ tamen, etiamsi primo aspectu nos ceperunt, diutius non

[1] Vide Le Brun, Explication historique et dogmatique de la Messe, *passim*.

delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis tabulis illo ipso horrido obsoletoque teneamur. Quanto molliores sunt et delicatiores in cantu flexiones et falsæ voculæ, quam certæ et severæ? quibus tamen non modo austeri, sed, si sæpius fiunt, multitudo ipsa reclamat."[1]

In connection with the old music of the Church, it might be proper to notice the usage of the Latin tongue in her solemn offices: but as the subject, allied to what is most profound, would probably excite the spirit of controversy, and as I cannot, in this instance, extend a compliment to the moderns at the expense of Christian antiquity, I must retrace my steps. The Count De Maistre has written an admirable chapter on this subject.[2]

Even practical men, if they have travelled and observed much, will be led to conceive the inconvenience, if not the absolute impossibility of establishing generally a contrary practice. I cannot, however, engage in this argument, yet I may venture to quote what a monk of St. Gall[3] says, in allusion to the music of the Church, "that, while it is true that a Christian ought to be moved not by a modulation of the voice, but only by divine words, yet still I know not in what manner by a certain modulation of the chanter, there arises a greater compunction of heart. For many are found who, moved by the sweetness of the harmony, lament their sins, and are more bent to the spirit of contrition and of tears, and to a desire of amendment, in consequence of this tone and harmony, than they would have been merely by the bare utterance of the words." In like manner it seems to me that there is something so very solemn and majestic in the sound of the particular words used by the

[1] Cicero, de Oratore, III, 25.
[2] Du Pape, lib. I, chap. 20.
[3] Eckerhardus de Vita B. Notkeri, apud Canis. vol. III, p. 564.

Church; words not translated because "servatur in eis antiquitas, propter sanctiorem auctoritatem," the sense of which is perfectly well understood by the most simple Catholic who hears them, while they are never heard but when the soul is occupied with heaven, with truth, with love, with God,—something so greatly affecting in the thought that it was with these same words the saints of the Church, during so many generations of men, gave utterance to their faith; that, while languages cease and knowledge passeth away, their sound is still heard over all the Catholic world, and that it will continue to reach to heaven with the hearts and understanding of holy men in all future ages till Christ's second coming; there is something in all this so strongly appealing to the heart, and even to the judgment, that I can hardly conceive how any man who has a heart and judgment, who is susceptible of the sublime, could ever hear the "Per omnia sæcula sæculorum," or the "Vere dignum et justum est," without an elevation, without feeling less inclined than before to admit the plausible and ready argument against the wisdom of the ancient Church, which is urged with such confidence by persons, who besides overlooking the immediate consequences from the doctrine of the communion of saints, and being therefore but ill instructed in the Christian religion, are certainly in all other respects the least qualified to determine any question of philosophy.

Then with respect to the discipline and old ceremonies of the Church: "Disciplina," we are told, "qua ad justitiam erudimur, tota ad dilectionem Dei traducenda est."[1] "Ici quelle simplicité," cries Fénelon, "quel goût de l'Ecriture! c'est l'Ecriture elle-même qui sous ces représentations

[1] Cabassutius. Juris Canonici Theoria et Praxis, lib. I, c. 1.

passe successivement aux yeux du peuple dans le cours de l'année : spectacle qui instruit, qui console, qui, bien loin de détourner du culte intérieur, anime ses enfans à adorer le Père en esprit et en vérité." The Church was always careful to impress upon the minds of men the importance of having regard to the object and to the spiritual and mysterious sense of her ceremonies; as may be seen from the acts of the Council of Cloveshoe in 742, held under St. Cuthbert, to that of the general Council of Trent.[1]

In some countries, in this age, there is a contemptible, certainly a most base-born, passion for making everything appear ridiculous but what serves to satisfy the ordinary wants, or to gratify the grossest appetites of men. Where this awful spirit is suffered to prevail, it would be hopeless to think of justifying these ceremonies, or of pointing out wherein their beauty consists. Assuredly we cannot advance one step in divine philosophy, we cannot entertain the most distant conception of the spirit of the ancient religion, until this fatal leaven, destructive of all wisdom, of innocence, of love, of gentleness, of sanctity, be rooted out utterly from our hearts, and thought of with horror, not only as being unholy, but as being the peculiar attribute of all ignoble and base persons.

But to such of the moderns as are saved from its influence, it may be remarked that all these outward symbols and manifestations, these processions, burning lights, flowers, incense, changing of habits, offices for children,[2] belong not, as many ignorantly imagine, to an age of corrupt magnificence, but to one of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. From the perusal of the earliest books of the Old Testament, before we read of the Jewish ritual, as well

[1] Sess. XXII, c. 8.

[2] That these latter were appointed very early we shall find in Eusebius, lib. II, c. 3.

as from the study of Homer, and the oldest poets of Greece, the mind, if it can but free itself from the trammels of early prejudice, is fully prepared to feel the beauty and harmony of these different rites which still recommend themselves to the poor and the young, whose hearts have not been frozen by the influence of a selfish, calculating world, and whose imaginations are still free to give a form to the aspirations of nature.[1] They bring us back to those ancient countries of the East, to the tribes of shepherds which peopled Asia, to the families that wandered over deserts, and to those dwellings of peace and innocence, the tents of the Patriarchs. They naturally recommend and suggest themselves to youth. Gœthe in his Memoirs relates that, when a child, he thought of offering incense and whatever was most precious, and of burning a symbolical light to adore the Supreme Being.

There was indeed one characteristic of the modern objectors very difficult to be understood: their universal and most bitter hatred for the processions of the ancient Church. They seemed to consider that these possessed the strange power of converting every land which beheld them into Babylon, and of transmitting to it all the curse attached to that city. And yet methinks, as for the processions, it was a happy sight to see, beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden by God or man. If the moderns had but calmly considered, what would they have discerned in them that was not most harmless, most natural, most agreeable to Scripture, most venerable for its Christian antiquity, most conducive to high

[1] The following passage is quoted by Bishop Milner, from Rishton de Schism. Angl. p. 272. Speaking of the parties which prevail in England, "item præter plurimos ex optimatibus præcipuis, pars major inferioris nobilitatis erat planè Catholica. Plebeii quoque qui agriculturam per totum regnum exercent, novitatem istam imprimis detestabantur."

and holy thoughts, most difficult, if not impossible, to be abused? They demanded what advantage or good was derived from them; to which it might have been a sufficient answer that such was the question of a blind man. True, in these days, men of the modern taste seem to consider speed as the only perfection of which motion is susceptible; nevertheless it is certain,—how and why it happens I have no time to inquire, but such is the fact, and it would be vain to deny it,—that there is something in a number of persons simply and solemnly clad, moving at a slow and measured pace, with banners emblazoned with images of the high and holy, which is capable of producing an effect quite as sublime and as tearful as that resulting from the finest music or the most perfect oratory. It seems to address itself to some distinct and universal organ by which the soul is enabled to evince a new and profound emotion. Now when we bear in mind that, added to this, there was the rare union of which the Church alone seemed to possess the secret, of majesty and severe simplicity, of the awful with the gentle and the beautiful; that the Cross was on the banner, and the book of the Holy Gospels borne on high; that solemn tones and most touching melody accompanied it; that it frequently moved through places venerable for sanctity and for affecting associations, while the breeze of night shook the flame of a thousand tapers, which passed in long and solemn order; that then followed, under a stately canopy, the most holy and affecting object with which the mercy of Almighty God vouchsafes to cheer and strengthen sinful men;—when we consider that such was the procession of the ancient Church, shall we not be justified in exclaiming with the poet, "If God be good, wherefore should this be evil? And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw unreasonable poisons from the flowers which bloom so rarely in

this barren world?" Indeed, such was the impression produced by those affecting spectacles, that even the moderns were not insensible to it. Sir Thomas Brown affirms, that on beholding such a procession he has wept abundantly. Moreover, there was one character belonging to all the ceremonies of the Church which ought to have edified the moderns more than the ancients themselves, inasmuch as the latter could not have been prepared to discern it. The man of grace and genius among the moderns must have felt that there was something sublime in the conviction at all times displayed by the Church of its own dignity; rendering its ministers so insensible to the possibility of their forms being ridiculed. Ridiculed, however, and abandoned they were by the innovators of the sixteenth century. Certes it was but little edifying to hear the modern divines prompting and labouring to perpetuate this contempt for the venerable forms and usages which had come down from the old Christians; such as the sign of the Cross, as old as the Apostles' time; holy water, used in the first ages of the Church;[1] lighted tapers, used from all antiquity in the Eastern Church, and in the Western from the time of St. Jerome;[2] processions, in use since the Christians were first at liberty to profess their faith openly;[3] veneration of reliques, observed since the first martyrs who shed their blood for Jesus Christ;[4] the solemn and affecting ritual of the Mass, the very name of which should remind men of primitive holiness, a ritual associated with every venerable recollection of the early Christians, and which in essentials is the same in the Eastern and Western Churches, from all antiquity;[5] striking of

[1] Le Brun, Explication de la Messe, tome I, p. 75.
[2] Epist. advers. Vigilant.
[3] Le Brun, tome I, p. 85.
[4] Tillemont, II, 210, 234.
[5] Vide Le Brun, Dissertation sur l'Uniformité de toutes les

the breast in confession, another primitive usage;[1] burning of incense, used in the time of St. Chrysostom and prescribed in the Apostolic Canons; blessing of the bread, the Eulogia, to be distributed, of which we read in St. Gregory Nazianzen and Pope Leo IV;[2] the form of the holy canon, in most points as old as the Church itself;[3] adoration of the blessed Sacrament, the antiquity of which we may conceive from Origen, who saith, that "we should revere the words of Jesus Christ as we do the Eucharist," that is, as Jesus Christ himself;[4] the silence observed during this solemn sacrifice, from the time of the first Christians;[5] the commemoration of the dead and prayer for the dead, which parts of the Mass St. Chrysostom and St. Augustin declare have come down from the very time of the Apostles.[6] Lastly, the giving of the peace, and the final dismissal.

In abandoning these venerable ceremonies, the innovators argued that they might be well adapted to move the passions and inflame the imagination, but that spiritual and intellectual persons were offended. But assuredly they would have found it no easy task to form a satisfactory answer if they had been required to shew where they had learned so accurately to place the bounds between the imagination and the spiritual qualities of the soul. Where (for the question is still most interesting)

Liturgies du monde Chrétien dans ce qu'il y a d'essentiel au Sacrifice, tome V, p. 572.

[1] S. August. Serm. 68.

[2] Orat. 19 Leo. IV, Hom. de Cura Past.

[3] Le Brun, tome II, *passim*.

[4] Hom. 13 in Exod., and as may be read in the Liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom.

[5] Le Brun, XV Dissertation—Du Silence des Prières de la Messe; idem, tome VIII.

[6] Hom. 3, in Ep. ad Philip., and Hom. 69, ad pop. Ant.—Serm. 171, de Verb. Apost. al. 32.

did they discover that there was nothing divine in man but his calculating or reasoning or generalizing powers? When were the laws of nature all changed to make way for what they establish? How, by what process of reasoning, have they been able to separate what God has joined together, and to set in opposition what He has created in harmony?

To disbelieve the position of Fénelon, that the ceremonies of the Church were inspired by a love for the Holy Scriptures, would be only to betray our ignorance or our malice. Nor is the remark to be confined to these. Hear what Roger Bacon says of the canon law, he who was a monk of the dark ages, as some will still love to call them; for in an age of blinding, pestiferous illumination, they will cling to the term with a child's fondness. "Jus canonicum totaliter fundatur super auctoritate scripturæ et expositione.—Et ideo hoc jus non est nisi explicatio voluntatis Dei in Scriptura."[1]

In fact, notwithstanding all that may be rashly and ungenerously advanced by the moderns, they did the Church great injustice, when they accused her of withholding a due reverence from the Sacred Scriptures. Undoubtedly, as we have before seen, she did not hold their doctrines, which limit to the volume of Scripture the blessings promised to the Church.[2] The faith was supposed to rest on a totally independent foundation, and the study of the Scriptures, while recommended and practised, was not held as an indispensable requisite of a religious life. "Not only among barbarous nations," says the translator of Schleiermacher,[3] "but at Antioch itself, in the most flourishing period of Christian literature before the Reformation; in short, at the

[1] Roger Bacon, Opus Majus, II, c. 2. See also A. Corvini Jus Can. I.

[2] See Bellarmine de Verbo Dei. [3] Introduction, p. cxxxvi.

scene and time of the labours of Chrysostom, it was thought by no means inconsistent with a reputation for extraordinary sanctity, that the person so distinguished was τῶν ἁγίων λογίων πάμπαν ἄπειρος.[1] Still the reverence for the Holy Scripture was never laid aside. All the ceremonies and institutions of the Church grew out of that reverence; it was a profound, a childlike reverence, and its disposition may be expressed in the exhortations of Alcuin, where he recommends the perusal of the Holy Scriptures; or in those of St. Boniface in his first epistle to Nidhart; or in the words of William of Malmesbury, when he says, in the prologue to his book "De Antiquit. Glast. Eccles.," "Si quicquam est quod in hac vita hominem teneat, et inter adversa et turbines mundi æquo animo manere persuadeat, id esse in primis reor meditationem Sanctarum Scripturarum." Our ancestors would read the Bible on their knees; they considered, as St. Ambrose beautifully says in a passage quoted by the Count of Stolberg,[2] "That God walks through the Scriptures as if in bodily presence, and that when the sinner reads the Scriptures it is as if he heard the voice of God"; "but," as the Count observes, "corrupt human nature hides herself from Him, as Adam and Eve hid themselves in the garden." When an emperor desired to testify his regard or reverence, he could find no present more expressive than a copy of the Scriptures. The sacred volume would be in letters of gold, covered with purple and ivory and precious stones.

Thus we read that Count Philippe-le-Hardi of Burgundy paid a certain tradesman of the name of Manuel twenty sols a day for four years, to complete the illustrations of a beautiful Bible, for the writing and finishing of which he paid 600 francs to

[1] Theodoret. Hist. Eccl. V, 20.

[2] Die Liebe, I, 7.

his physician, Maître Jean Durand; and that he had given 600 écus for another Bible in French.[1] Kings and princes bequeathed copies of the Bible as a legacy to their children. Jehan de France, Duc de Berry, son of King John, who died in London, possessed a Bible in which these words were written, in his own hand, "Ceste Bible est à Jehan, fils du Roi de France." It had belonged to his father. The monks[2] of La Baumette, near Angers, possessed a Psalter which René d'Anjou, King of Naples, presented to them. It contained notes written with his own hand.[3]

Theodosius III, driven from the imperial throne in the beginning of the eighth century, became a priest at Ephesus, and employed his time in studious retirement, writing the Holy Gospels in letters of gold.[4] Thomas de Puppio, Archbishop of Aix, presented to his chapter in 1420 a Bible on vellum, enriched with miniatures, which he had purchased at Milan for fifty florins of gold. In the King's library at Paris, there is a folio entitled "Les Epitres de Saint Paul, glosées. Paris, 1504." On the last page you read, "A la louenge de nostre seigneur Jesu Christ et de sa très digne mère et de la Court celestielle de Paradis ont este translatées de Latin en François, ces presentes epistres de Mon Seigneur Sainct Pol, Avec la glose nouvellement à Paris, par ung docteur en theologie," &c. The printer prefixes some verses to an honoured and excellent princess. All the initial letters of this grand volume are painted in gold and colours, and there are many illuminated figures. At the head of the verses is a miniature representing an oratory, in which the princess to whom the verses are addressed is on her

[1] Courtépée, Description Hist. de la Bourgogne, tome I, p. 193.
[2] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, tome II, p. 618.
[3] Ibid. p. 307.
[4] Orloff, Essai sur l'Hist. de la Peinture en Italie, tome I.

knees, receiving from the hands of the printer his book of the Epistles of St. Paul. This princess is Anne de Bretagne, queen of Louis XII, who is also on his knees at a distance, with some lords and ladies of the court.[1] Here you find the most difficult part of the Holy Scriptures translated for the use of a princess. Then as to the end for which these magnificent volumes were provided, all persons who have any acquaintance with the old ecclesiastical literature, or even with history, must have remarked, that a perfect and familiar knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was the common acquisition of persons in every rank of life. The study of the Scriptures is even prescribed in the Capitularies of Charlemagne.[2] Of Charlemagne himself, we read "erat in omni latitudine Scripturarum supra cæteros modernorum temporum exercitatus."[3] Alcuin proposes the study of the Holy Scriptures as the highest and last to which his pupils should be led.[4] And of St. Boniface we read that he was "incessabili sacrarum Scripturarum meditationi deditus."[5]

William of Poitiers, in his Life of William the Conqueror, says that "he was accustomed to listen attentively to the words of the Holy Scripture, and to find in it a taste of infinite sweetness: while he corrected and instructed himself, he knew how to delight in this spiritual banquet." I have no concern here with William's consistency; but if no men read the Bible in our age, unless such as live and write and speak conformably to its divine contents, the number will be found not so great as the tracts of societies would lead us to suppose. The fact is

[1] Catalogue des Livres imprimés sur vélin de la Bib. du Roi, tome I, p. 61.
[2] Bal. Capit. I, 203.
[3] S. Gall. Monach. de Gestis Caroli Magni, 2.
[4] Grammatica Alcuini.
[5] De Vita S. Bonif. apud Canis. III, pars 1.

clear too from incidental evidence. Can we suppose that Charles V of France had been kept in ignorance of the Sacred Volume, when upon his deathbed he was able to bless the young dauphin in the very words used by Isaac in blessing Jacob, a passage of some length which he could have been able to repeat unpremeditatedly only from having had previous intimate familiarity with the Bible? There were many who, like St. Hilarion the Abbot, knew a great part of the Holy Scriptures by heart. Every regular clergyman could repeat the Psalter without book. The whole was chanted every week in monasteries.[1] We may appeal to the example of a poor apprentice, like St. Eligius, who used to study the Holy Scriptures and meditate on them while working at shrines; or of a young soldier like Count Gerald, who amidst the occupation of arms was able to make himself acquainted with the whole volume of the Holy Scriptures in order, so as to surpass many ecclesiastical students in his knowledge;[2] or of a king's daughter, Edburga, who preferred a book of the Holy Scriptures to rich bracelets and other female ornaments which were offered;[3] or of the women of France of all classes in the fourteenth century, who used to spin and listen to some one who read the Bible;[4] or of a St. Charles Borromeo, who replied to some that said he ought to have a garden at Milan to take the air in, "that the Holy Scriptures ought to be the garden of a bishop"; or of a St. Edmund, who used always to kiss the divine book of the Holy Scriptures out of religious respect, as often as he took it into his hands; or of a St. Eusebius, who for

[1] Milner, Hist. of Winchester, I, 135.

[2] Vetus Disciplina Monast. Præfat. xl.

[3] De Vita S. Geraldi Auriliacensis Comitis. Bibliotheca Cluniacensis, 70.

[4] Tristan, ou la France au 14me siècle, par M. do Marchangy, tome V, p. 56.

forty years till his death did penance for having once been guilty of carelessness on a day when Ammianus, who had resigned to him the government of the abbey, was reading aloud out of the Scriptures; or of the Saxon Hermit, whose MS. of the Gospels in the British Museum has been called "an incomparable specimen of Anglo-Saxon calligraphy"; or of the holy Anchorets who lived in the mountains near Antioch, who, as St. Chrysostom records, used to devote part of every day to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; or of a St. Palemon and those other numerous eremites in the desert of Thebes, who used to spend the greatest part of the night in meditating on the Holy Scriptures;[1] of a St. Ephrem the Syrian, who made them his constant study, and became so renowned for his exposition of the sacred text;[2] of a St. Serapion, who is said to have known them by heart, and when his last possession was a copy of the Holy Gospels, sold it to give the money to the poor;[3] or of Charlemagne's successor, who continually read them, of whom the poet Theodulph of Orleans testifies,—

> Est et Scripturis patulus tibi sensus in almis,
> Lectio te quarum pascit alitque frequens;

or of St. Edmund, king and martyr, who, to learn the Psalter by heart, lived in retirement a whole year in his castle at Hunstanton, which he had built for a country solitude; or of a king Edgar, who laboured for many years as a voluntary penance in transcribing the Sacred Scriptures with his own hand, and distributing them to different churches; or of a Herluin, who, after being a renowned and accomplished knight, became the founder and first abbot of Bec in Normandy; where he used to spend the days in working with his own hands at the

[1] Les Vies des SS. Pères des Déserts d'Orient, tom. I, p. 53.
[2] Id. p. 75. [3] Id. p. 300.

building, and the nights in studying the Holy Scriptures;[1] or of Robert the Good, of Anjou, who assiduously studied the Holy Scriptures;[2] or of René of Anjou, who desired that the Holy Psalms should be read to him as he lay in his agony, that he might die hearing them. But there is no end of instances. Pierre d'Oudegherst says of Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, in the 12th century, who was killed by conspirators in the Church of Bruges while he was saying his prayers, "that he had always in his company three monks, doctors in theology, who used every day after supper to read and explain to him a chapter or two of the Bible,"[3] adding "en quoy il prenoit un singulier plaisir." When St. Martin had abandoned temporal chivalry for spiritual, and had arrived at Poictiers to be a disciple of St. Hilary, we are told by the simple annalist that he remained for a long time hearing him lecture on the Holy Scriptures.[4]

Bede, in the beginning of his History, testifies that it was the king his patron's delight to hear the Scriptures read. Alfred of Northumbria, the predecessor of this prince, was styled "most learned in the Scriptures"; and Alcuin records of him that he was trained to sacred studies from his early youth, having been educated by Wilfred.[5] One of the first books sent into England by Pope Gregory was a Bible, adorned with some leaves of purple and rose-colour, in two volumes, which was extant in the time of James I. "What page," says St. Benedict in the rules of his order, "or what word of divine authority of the Old and New Testament, is not the most perfect law of human life?"[6] Let all

[1] William of Jumiège, Hist. of the Dukes of Normandy, VI, 9.
[2] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, tom. III, p. 91.
[3] Sismondi, Hist. des François, V, 205.
[4] Jean Bouchet, Annales d'Aquitaine, p. 37.
[5] De Pont. 718.
[6] Regula S. Benedicti, cap. 73.

(the monks) have the Holy Scriptures in their hand by day and by night as long as they live, and in whatever rank they may be placed." [1] In the rules of ancient monasteries, you will find what parts of Holy Scripture were read during each season of the year,[2] so that at its expiration, the whole Bible had been read aloud, "ex integro audiretur." [3] L'Arbre des Batailles, a book read by many a hermit, and by many a knight, was composed by Honoré Bonnor, Prior of Salon, by order of René of Anjou. In this we are told that the Holy Scriptures are the sea spoken of in the Apocalypse of St. John, "car ainsi que la mer est profunde si que le fons ne se peult trouver, et comme de la mer partent toutes les eaues; certes aussi de la saincte escripture partent toutes les sciences et le vertueux sçavoir de tout le monde : ainsi que la mer est fondée sur la terre, aussi est la foy fondée sur la saincte escripture. Et ainsi comme en la mer viennent toutes les eaues, ainsi à la saincte escripture viennent tous entendemens mais qu'ils soient selon la foy." [4]

But a very slight acquaintance with the private life of our forefathers will render such inquiries needless. Their love and reverence induced them even to carry the sacred book to the camp, and have it buried with them in their graves. The Earl of Lichfield possessed a copy of St. John's Gospel, which had been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert. In the British Museum there is a beautiful manuscript on vellum of a French translation of the Bible, which was found in the tent of King John after the battle of Poictiers; and all the world has heard of the book of the Gospels which was found on the knees of Charlemagne, as his corpse lay in the tomb, when it

[1] Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri, cap. 17.
[2] Ritus Luxoviens. in vet. Disciplin. Monast. p. 572.
[3] Vetus Disciplina Monastica, Præfatio, § 8, 50
hap. VI.

was opened after his canonization. And surely it is neither fair nor judicious to say, with Ashby, in his note to Warton, in reference to the first of these instances, "perhaps his majesty possessed this book on the plan of an exclusive royal right"; since these privileges of rank, as to the liberty of perusing the Sacred Volume, were the gift of the moderns, and did not appear until after the Reformation.

It was no uncommon picture of life which Christine de Pisan furnished, in describing the court of King Charles V. "En yver par especial s'occupoit souvent à oyr lire de diverses belles ystoires de la saincte Escripture, ou des fais des Romains ou moralités de philosophes et d'autres sciences jusques à heure de souper:" and also at dinner, in the great hall, "durant son mangier, par ancienne coustume des rois, bien ordonnée pour obvyer à vaines et vagues parolles et pensées, avoit un preudhomme en estant au bout de la table, qui sans cesser disoit gestes de meurs vertueux d'aucuns bons trespassez."[1]

In Provence, M. de Marchangy says that the Bible used to be read during the winter evenings to each family assembled round its ancestral hearth.[2] A French critic speaking of the Livre du Chevalier de la Tour, written in the 14th century, by a knight of an ancient and illustrious house in Anjou and Maine, says, "the few really historical examples in the book are taken from the Bible, which was perhaps the only book read by the Chevalier de la Tour Landry."[3]

Turn we also to the beautiful description of Madame Gabrielle de Bourbon, first wife of the Seigneur de la Tremouille, by Jean Bouchet, in his

[1] Conformable to this is the precept of the Council of Trent: "deinde cum in eo loco," (in mensa) "sæpe otiosi sermones oriri soleant, ut in ipsorum Episcoporum mensis divinarum Scripturarum lectio admisceatur." S. II. [2] Tristan, VI, p. 240.
[3] De la Lecture des Livres François, 1 Partie, p. 94.

Mémoires of the Chevalier sans Reproche :[1] "Ceste dame estoit devote et pleine de grant religion, sobre, chaste, grave sans fierté, magnanime sans orgueil, et non ignorant les lettres vulgaires." Regular in all the ordinary offices of religion, "elle se delectoit sur toutes choses à ouyr parler de la saincte escripture sans trop avant s'enquerir des secretz de theologie; plus aimoit le moral et les choses contemplatives que les argumens et subtilitez éscorchées de la lettre, par lesquelles le vray sens est souvent perverty."

Among the regulations made by Elzear, Count of Arian, in the 13th century, for the government of his castle of Pui-Michel, in Provence, we read as follows :—"Every evening all my family shall assemble to a pious conference, in which they shall hear something spoken of God, the salvation of souls, and the gaining of paradise. What a shame is it, that though we are in this world only to gain heaven, we seldom seriously think of it; and scarce ever speak of it but at random! O life, how is it employed! O labours, how ill are they bestowed! For what follies do we sweat and toil!—Discourses on heaven invite us to virtue, and inspire us with a disrelish of the dangerous pleasures of the world. By what means shall we learn to love God, if we never speak of him? Let none be absent from this conference upon pretence of attending my affairs. I have no business which so nearly toucheth my heart as the salvation of those that serve me."[2]

"If we would believe most of the moderns," says a late writer, "we should suppose that no one ever read the Bible before the Reformation. Let them read the Catholic writings of the dark ages, and blush for their own ignorance. Let them read the writings of the venerable Bede, in the 8th

[1] Chap. XX. [2] Lives of the Saints, Sept. 27.

century, and of St. Bernard in the 12th, and say whether these men had not read the Bible. So innumerable, so easy, and so apt, are their quotations from the Sacred Volumes, that, if the latter were lost, they might almost be recovered again from these writers of the dark ages."

In countries where few of the common people could read, there was little need of printing for them translations of the Bible. Authorized translations, however, were made in all Catholic countries. The Spaniards boast that theirs is the most elegant of all that have hitherto been made in any of the vulgar languages. The French have a version by Des Moulins in 1294, one by De Presle in 1380, a third by Le Fevre in 1528, a fourth by the Louvain Doctors in 1550, a fifth by Corbin in 1641, and a sixth by Sacy in 1672.[1] The Anglo-Saxons had a version procured at the desire of Athelstan; King Alfred and Bede having before that laboured in translating parts of the Sacred Volume. There is the Italian version by Nicolo Mallermi, printed in 1471. There is a Spanish version printed in 1553, at Ferrara. This professes to be translated from the original Hebrew to the glory and praise of our Lord, and has been approved by the Inquisition.[2]

A French writer relates that, "in her youth it was usual every day after dinner, for the young persons to read the Gospels, or the Imitation of Christ, or some other pious book, under the guidance of Father Antoine, a worthy Capuchin friar"; and Mr. Butler has shown that, at this present day,

[1] It is not quite correct to call the first two of these, translations of the Bible. Guyard des Moulins merely rendered the Bible History of Peter Comestor into French, with some additions; and the work attributed to Raoul de Presle is probably an emended edition of Des Moulins.

[2] Catalogue de Livres sur velin, tome I, p. 30, suite.

Roman Catholics in England are recommended, from the highest authority, "before they go to bed to read a chapter or two in the Scripture, or some spiritual book." [1]

In the preliminary discourse to a little book, "Philosophes des trois premiers Siècles de l'Eglise," by Nonnotte,[2] there is an exhortation to study the Holy Scriptures which would edify and perhaps astonish many of the moderns. Then, as to the charge that the ancient Church was an enemy to Biblical learning, "who published the Complutensian Polyglott?" asks a learned English priest,—"a Catholic cardinal; the Antwerpian Polyglott?—a Catholic king; the Parisian Polyglott?—a Catholic gentleman. All these were published before the English Polyglott; and are we to be told that the ancients were enemies to Biblical learning? The first editions of the Samaritan Pentateuch and of the Greek Testament were given by Catholics. The Greek, Syriac, Arabic, and Æthiopian versions of the Bible, and the Chaldaic paraphrases were first edited by Catholics: and are we still to be told that the ancients were enemies to Biblical learning?"

Most men of taste and candour, who have been present at the celebration of the ancient worship, have been struck with the ardent love and affecting reverence shown to the Sacred Volume by the Church. At the chanting of the Gospels we can fully understand what St. Anastasius the Anchoret says of himself, "that in his tenderest years he listened to the Gospel with no less respect than if he had heard Christ himself speak." This was according to the precept of St. Augustin. "Let us hear the Gospel, as if our Lord himself spoke. Let us not say: happy are those who have been able

[1] Book of the R. C. Church, p. 183, note.
[2] Besançon, 1819, p. 18.

to see him; for many who saw caused him to die, and many among ourselves who have not seen him have believed. Our Lord is on high, but our Lord is also here as truth.—Let us hear our Lord."

In the estimation of antiquity there was nothing more sublime, nothing that spoke more to the heart and understanding of men, than the ceremonies observed at the chanting of the Gospel, the incense, the burning lights, the preparation made by the priest, the tone of his voice while chanting, and in some places, the attitude of the other clergy, as they stood with closed hands lifted up to express their wonder and veneration, while the mystery of love was announced to sinners.

Again, with respect to another peculiar circumstance: Madame de Stael has pointed out the advantages of an ancient custom discontinued and even regarded with contempt by those who profess the religion of Calvin, who are ready to repeat with applause that profound sentence from Pierce Ploughman's Creed:

> For Christ made no Cathedralls
> Ne with him was no Cardinalls,

but which is as old as the first Church in Christendom, and which can never fail to interest and comfort persons susceptible of religious feelings, who love the beauty of the Lord's House, and the place where his glory dwelleth. Her remark is made on a visit to St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna. "It is a pious custom of the Catholics, and one," she continues to observe, "which we ought to imitate" (yet the imitation would be useless, and only a new instance of modern inconsistency), "to leave their churches always open; there are so many moments when we stand in need of this asylum, and we can never enter without experiencing a sensation which

benefits the mind, and which restores it to strength and purity as if by a holy ablution." And on another occasion the same writer has observed, in allusion to St. Peter's at Rome, "I frequently enter and walk there to restore my spirits to the serenity which they sometimes lose. The view of such a monument is like a continual music, ever ready to produce a happy effect upon your mind when you draw near to enjoy it."

The moderns cannot be expected to relish these concessions to antiquity. On their side of the question the infidels and new sophists will be found. A Frenchman of this class came up very officiously to my friend, who was entering a church in Germany, and observed that the custom of leaving the church always open was very good, "pour les gens sans lumière."

In the treaty which Musa made with Roderic, the Gothic king of Spain, A.D. 712, on the conquest of that kingdom by the Mahometans, one of the articles insisted on was, that the doors of the churches should be closed except at the time of worship. The Infidels knew the effect of having them always open. In England this custom was universal. We may remember that Archbishop of Canterbury who refused to suffer the church doors to be closed, though that measure might have saved his life; saying to those who recommended it, as they knew that his murderers were approaching, "You ought not to make a castle of the church."

Now in these days a church is barricaded like a castle to defend a few stone figures. I remember observing how the floor of St. Mark's Church at Venice, of St. Antony's at Padua, and of St. Stephen's at Vienna, were marked with deep indentures caused by the tread of the faithful for so many successive generations, and I pity the taste which can find no higher object of admiration in a Gothic

church than white marble and a spotless pavement. It reminds one of the spirit in Milton, of whom we read, that

> ——— E'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent, admiring more
> The richness of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
> In vision beatific.

A modern writer declares that his countrymen feel a national pride in their old cathedrals.[1] Alas! the holy humble men who built them little thought that they were preparing a source of national or any other pride for future generations. They built them to humble the pride of sinful man by reminding him continually of the Court and Throne of God, of that kingdom in which all the nations of the earth are one fold under one shepherd: and indeed it appears to me that a more natural as well as religious impression to be derived from the view of these sublime monuments of Christian piety is that expressed by the old monk, who, after describing his astonishment at the majestic grandeur, alludes to the temper of the men who raised them, saying, "Et mirum in tam humili corde potuisse inesse tam magnum animum."[2]

If the ancients were not sufficiently careful to preserve that exact correspondence between every part of the interior decorations, which the exceedingly susceptible imagination of some moderns requires, it arose from this, that when they had finished building they lost sight of vistas and harmonies as to shades of colour, in applying their churches to the purpose they were designed for.

"In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror," says the young soldier who wrote his Recollections

[1] Vide Quarterly Review, No. LXVIII, p. 1.
[2] Vita Hugonis Abbat. Marchianens. Martene, Thesaurus Anecdot. tome III, p. 1729.

of the Peninsula, and he might have added, of joy and thankfulness of heart, "hither they come, and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and solemnity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God, and invoke his mercy and forgiveness. How many a prostrate penitent, have I seen, too much absorbed in his devotions to cast one hasty glance of curiosity around him, disturbed, as he must have been, by my approach! Oh! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple and throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and a holy pleasure." These are the feelings of a young soldier; but, modern theologians think differently: and a gentleman who travels over Europe, on passing the frontier of a territory, need only observe the first church door to ascertain whether the people have embraced the modern opinions. No distinction is more universal than this, failing in but few instances: the circumstance is but the necessary consequence of the modern doctrines, which are not, in this instance, to be accused of inconsistency. But while the Catholic priest may exult at such an evidence in his favour, the sectarian zealot enjoy a gloomy triumph in this outward sign of his victory, the learned advocate of modern opinions reason upon the danger of wounding weak consciences by conforming with the practices of superstition, there is a class of men, distinct from these, who suffer injury and loss of happiness from this unnatural combat. It is not too much to affirm that many a wretch has been driven to despair and suicide in modern times, from being deprived of those means which the Church formerly afforded to heal a wounded spirit.

Formerly, the cases were exceedingly rare, where

a man endowed by nature with a gentle soul, warm with the love of all that is beautiful, and ready to obey the voice of truth when permitted to hear it, had nevertheless cause to break forth in the affecting words of one who seems to have been so formed:

> Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within, nor calm around;
> Nor that content surpassing wealth
> The Sage in meditation found.

Not to speak of the poor whom the unfeeling system of the moderns has cruelly deprived of a source of comfort and happiness beyond anything which they can now possess on earth; beyond anything which the rich and haughty can now throw to them, or which they can gain for themselves by violence and insubordination,—young men, soldiers, and humble sinners have wants which the polemical divine among the moderns may be able to ridicule and to deny, but without comprehending them.

> These have
> Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch
> Of sickness, and that awful power divine,
> Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
> Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
> Moves them with silent impulse.

Still, however, it is a consoling truth that the power of man in his wrath, or in his fanatical zeal, is limited by the mercy of God. And though persecutors and reformers may overthrow the altars and bar up the temples built with hands, they cannot defile or violate or shut up the still more awful sanctuary of the human heart, and there may be a church and an altar which the Spirit of the living God will not refuse to hallow:—Remarkable are the words of the Grecian orator:—*δίκης γε καὶ εὐνομίας καὶ αἰδοῦς εἰσὶ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις βωμοὶ κάλλιστοι καὶ ἁγιώτατοι ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ ψυχῇ ἑκάστου*

καὶ τῇ φύσει.[1] Nay, further still, there are thoughts to console the heroic and sensitive and devout part of mankind, when the world shall frown upon their piety; for if they can no longer approach with reverent feet the tomb of a Confessor, and kindle their flickering tapers at the lamp which burns over the mighty dead, they may still be reminded, as they are driven back from the barred threshold, or constrained to shrink from the chilling blasts of a forsaken sanctuary, that the most glorious monuments of the men we honour are not the few feet of marble under which their bones and ashes lie, but what are sunk deep in the bosoms of all who revere and would feebly imitate their greatness:—*ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἑκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδιαιτᾶται.*[2] There is something striking in what the gentleman, whom I have quoted, relates upon his entering Zarzo, in the middle of a scorching day, a town on the Spanish side of the river Elga, abandoned by the inhabitants on the approach of the French army. "The streets were deserted, and the houses barred; the Church alone stood open."

Nor did the ancients overlook the tone of kindness and brotherly affection which pervaded the lowest persons employed in every office connected with the church. In the church, at least, or at the monk's gate, a poor man was secure from insult. Nor was it wonderful that the servant should resemble his master: and the Church did not disdain to offer up public prayer for her readers, doorkeepers, widows, and for all the holy people of God.[3] She did not disdain to furnish them with minute

[1] Demosth. Orat. XXV, con. Aristag.
[2] Thucydid. II, 43.
[3] On Good Friday.

directions as to the manner they should adopt. The doorkeeper of a religious house was to exercise his office with humility. "Debet præterea advenientes quoque cum charitate suscipere," &c.[1] Strangers were to be received as Christ himself, who said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in": they were to be saluted with great humility, and to be entertained with all humanity and as much as possible to their edification."[2] The porter of a monastery should be an old man, and as soon as any one knocked, or a poor man cried out, he should reply, Deo Gratias, or Benedicat, and with all the gentleness of the fear of God he should return an answer quickly, with the zeal of charity.[3] Nay, the brother appointed to receive strangers was to be a man of polished manners. "Urbanus, qui Hospites tanquam Christum suscipiat."[4] And no servants were to be retained but such as were gracious and of inoffensive manners.[5]

All this will be thought trifling by some, though it argues no wisdom so to consider it in this light. "Ce n'est point élévation d'esprit," says Fénelon, "que de mépriser les petites choses; c'est au contraire par des vues trop bornées qu'on regarde comme petit ce qui a des conséquences si étendues." "Whatever ridicule to a philosophical mind," says an acute observer, "may be thrown on pious ceremonies, it must be confessed that, during a very religious age, no institution can be more advantageous to the rude multitude, and tend more to mollify that fierce and gloomy spirit of devotion, to which they are subject."—"It only remains to observe," says the author of the "Decline and Fall," in that passage where he eulogises the effects of the

[1] Chrodeg. Metens. Episcop. Regula Can. c. XII. Dach. Spicil. tome I.

[2] Regula S. Benedicti, cap. 53. [3] Ibid. cap. 66.

[4] Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri. cap. 15. See also Vetus Disciplina Monastica, pp. 114, 539.

[5] Hugonis V Statuta—Bibliothec. Cluniacens. p. 1467.

Reformation, "whether such sublime simplicity be consistent with popular devotion; whether the vulgar, in the absence of all visible objects, will not be inflamed by enthusiasm, or insensibly subside in languor and indifference." Prospective reasoning of this kind, combined with the facts which present themselves at the present day, will excite the curiosity at least of every philosophic inquirer. On the one hand, without referring to the late proceedings at Zürich, which are but a repetition of what occurred in the same canton at the commencement of the Reformation, he may have beheld the meetings of the Welsh Methodists, and he knows the character of their English brethren; on the other, he may have assisted at the service of the Church of England, in a modern London chapel, designed, on principles of economy, "for use and general accommodation."

Surely then, if he has really religion at heart, he will arrive at an alarming conclusion. It is true, the most sceptical philosopher could find no ordained ceremonies to ridicule in the former case, nor any vestige of superstition to despise in the latter, "where he might see the images of lions and unicorns, dragons and devils," as King James I described Queen Elizabeth's griffins, but no crucifix, no image of an Apostle. But there would be extravagances to excite horror,—an indifference not to be disguised. The sign of the Cross made, but no interest, no tears, at the preaching of the Cross; the Gospel read, but not a knee bowed at the name of Jesus.

Again, the wisdom of the Church was seen in her provision for the individual wants and peculiarities of her children. Much was tolerated and even recommended, besides what must belong to every person who wishes, with the least possible desire, to

be a Christian. Because certain observances would be inconvenient to men in great cities, engaged in the bustle of commerce or political affairs, they were not, therefore, withheld from the devout female sex, from the old and infirm, the contemplative and contrite, and from the simple followers of a pastoral life. A great latitude was allowed. In great cities, from the period when Christianity was first embraced by men who could protect it,[1] the Deity was adored in solemn temples, with all the magnificent expressions of gratitude and homage that man can offer; but for persons who love simplicity, or rather I ought to say the absence of magnificence, in their form of worship, provision was also made. There were men like St. Gurthiern, St. Mandé, St. Enflam, and St. Julian of Brittany, sons of kings, hermits and solitaries in the green isle, and on the poor rock; and even in cities there were holy monks ever offering the great sacrifice and the tribute of praise, with such an outward form as suited the total want of temporal riches. "In religion, as in all divine creations,"[2] says M. de Marchangy, "there is no need of anything foreign to shew its beauty. Thus it exists as well in the simplest as in the most magnificent temples; in the chapel of Semur as under the vaults of Notre Dame at Dijon; in the humble oratory of the wood of Valsuzon as in the imposing solitudes of Citeaux." Machiavel confesses that "the monks of St. Francis and St. Dominic were examples of the poverty and life of Christ." And it is a curious fact, that the Wycliff rioters in the reign of Richard II, while they made war against all who retained temporal possessions, had resolved to leave only the friars to officiate for them who observed the strict poverty they professed.[2]

[1] Le Brun, Explicat. de la Messe, tome I, 39.
[2] Walsing. Hist. Ang. 265.

In general, great latitude was allowed for the indulgence of individual feelings and affections, and some persons were permitted and encouraged to profess a greater zeal for the observances of religion than would perhaps be compatible with the condition of human life, if universally adopted: at least the Church did not push the democratical principle of equality against degrees and distinctions of holiness; knowing well that such a policy must fail: for men of the laity in no age will be satisfied with the assurance that they have reached the perfection of Christian wisdom and practice, and that all are superstitious and fools, who attempt to proceed further. They love to think that there are other men more devout and holy; men who have attained to something like a prophetic state: it soothes the imagination, and even lights a flame within their own breast, to behold the shining lamp of the saints burning day and night before the altar of God. They desire that some should be busied not always and solely about themselves, but should have leisure and piety to pray for other poor sinners; and the heart, in spite of its corruption, would abhor the policy that lowers the standard of religion to meet its weak efforts. Certes there was no ground for complaining that too much was done in the way of narrow party law, and a pedantic dull uniformity in matters which require it not; that when the day came for prayer all must go, and during the rest of the week no one must dare to approach, however he may be disposed; that "scarcely one symptom of religion ever appeared except on the Lord's day";[1] that, according to a monotonous system, framed indeed with the view of avoiding unnecessary trouble at precise moments, and by precise unvarying rules,

[1] Bishop of London's charge for 1790, p. 11. By "the Lord's day" Sunday was meant.

everything was to be done: that no care was displayed in attending to the peculiarities of temper, sex, age, situation, or fortune: that the cold and the enthusiastic, the gentle and the rough, the old and the young, the poor and the rich, the prosperous and the miserable were to conform to one exact discipline; that hence some were wearied and others checked in their devotion; some would want indulgence and others due restraint; some be abashed and discouraged, others pampered, flattered, sanctioned, and made more lordly in their worldly-mindedness, or else disgusted and humiliated in an improper way, contrary to edification; that some would be encouraged when already puffed up, and others broken when already bruised. With our fathers in the Church it was not so. With them, "il n'y étoit point de pédanterie," says the Count de Maistre. Religion then moved by prudent laws, and conceded somewhat to different tempers. Hence the variety in the lives of holy men:

> Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat,
> Oppida Franciscus, celebres Ignatius urbes.

It possessed the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove, and by different methods applied to different deviations, and to give the proper direction to different impulses, it promoted the one and the like conformity with Him who is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever.

Again, it may be remarked, with all reverence and scrupulous delicacy, on a subject which I am aware demands, in the highest degree, the exercise of both, that the old religion was admirably calculated to afford the relief which was to be expected from a divine revelation. It was not framed in the way of harshness and human wisdom and want of tenderness and ignorance of what our imperfect nature requires, which would produce, in a multi-

tude of instances, the very reverse of what is favourable to the increase of religion and virtue. It differed widely from that false and affected principle which the world calls honour, which a poet[1] has compared to a rocky island with inaccessible cliffs on all sides, so that when once we have been let down from it, by no efforts of our own can we return; it did not with the world's wisdom deny the efficacy of repentance, or that love and mercy can cover faults committed; but, if I may borrow such a term, it was in keeping with the character and preaching of the Messiah, quite accordant with those passages in his life, the woman taken in adultery, the eating with publicans and sinners; with those sentences in his discourses, "the publicans and the harlots," &c.—"this day is salvation come to thy house," &c., when Zacchæus stood forth and said, "Behold, if I have done wrong to any man I restore it fourfold." Moreover it was not in this respect obnoxious to the censure of human wisdom: for it decided a great question of eternal interest conformably to the lesson of experience and philosophy: *πεφύκασιν ἅπαντες καὶ ἰδίᾳ καὶ δημοσίᾳ ἁμαρτάνειν*, said Diodotus to the Athenians, when he opposed the measure of deadly vengeance advocated by Cleon; "and there is no law," he continued, "which can prevent this, although men should proceed to try every degree of punishment, increasing it step by step, so in order to accomplish their object; for it is probable that milder punishments were formerly in use against the greatest crimes; but, when they were found ineffectual, the greatest part had recourse to death; and this also was ineffectual: so that either some more awful terror is to be discovered, or this will not restrain men; for poverty furnishes some with

[1] Boileau, Sat X.

boldness because of their necessity, and power excites in others the wish to aggrandize themselves by reason of their insolence and pride; and the other conditions of life drive men on to perils, according to the dispositions of different men, as each is governed by some more violent passion. And hope and love in every condition, the one leading, the other following, the one meditating on the way of aggression, the other suggesting the smiling facility of fortune, are of the greatest injury, and, being unseen, have more power than the awful dangers which are exposed to view; and, after these have done their work, fortune herself no less conspires to push men on; for sometimes, unexpectedly standing near, she tempts one with too little means for the object to adventure himself. So that, in short, it is impossible, and the height of folly, for any one to suppose that there is any method of acting with human nature, when it is so strongly tempted in any direction, whether by the force of law, or by any system of intimidation." Therefore, he concluded they ought not to resolve on punishing the Mityleneans with death, nor to deprive those who might revolt of the hope that there would be place for penitence and pardon.[1]

Now in ancient times religion was this humane philosophy, embodied as it were and shadowed forth for the remedy of man's woes. After the example of its divine Founder, it cared little for the reproaches of the worldly-wise and righteous, of the formal hypocrites of the porch or temple, while occupied in the care of those who were perishing. It repeated the memorable words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." It chanted that solemn and affecting verse, "Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine; Domine, quis sustinebit?" In a

[1] Thucydid. III, 45.

word, the parable of the Prodigal Son was its guide, and the seventy times seven was regarded but as an expression for infinity. God himself had pity for man in his state of ruin, and should not his Church be likewise pitiful? She has pity and grace for all who are penitent, and even for those whom human laws neither can nor ought to pardon.

Never would she abandon her child as long as life afforded a chance of recovery; she watched over him in all his miserable distractions, she endured all the disgust and reproach and humiliation attending upon the care of his disease; she sat by him in tears while the storm of distemper raged, and when its fury was spent and passed away, then was she ready, in the first moment of calm, to set before him health and joy and heaven's blessedness. Now this is what the infirmity of human nature requires, a religion for sinners, not a moral system adapted to the fancy of philosophers and men who think themselves wise and righteous. Heaven guard men of honour, as well as saints, from the wickedness of justifying baseness, and of supporting a compromising, unholy system, which would destroy all religion and all honour; but there was no unholy compromise in the scheme we are considering. Far was the Church from lending her sanction to the wretched hypocrisy of those tyrants, who wanted to be masters of heaven as well as of the earth, who thought to serve her through their lusts, and to be pious before God while they did the works of the devil; but she did cherish a courteous, a delicate, and a loving spirit, to seek and to save that which was lost, those simple children who had been led away by their own lusts; she taught them, not by cold doctrines merely, but by a thousand means which led to practical conviction, that there was a hope of recovery even for them, a chance of salvation even for them, since the door was not for

ever closed, as long as there was a spirit that could be made contrite. It was an usual saying of that holy abbot, St. Pambo of Nitria, a great director of souls in the rules of Christian perfection, "If you have a heart, you may be saved." Now this was the spirit of religion, whenever the bad passions of human nature and the maxims and spirit of the age were not called forth against it by some open apostasy. Jeremy Taylor, though a modern, has pronounced in favour of its policy. "If we be arrested," he says, "yet let us not enter farther into our sin, like wild beasts intricating themselves by their impatience. For there are some who, being ashamed and impatient to have been engaged, take sanctuary in boldness, and a shameless abetting it, so running into the darkness of hell to hide their nakedness." The Church adopted a style and mode of expression which could gently and harmoniously move the benighted spirit during its occasional intervals of stillness, in the same manner (to borrow a simile from Schlegel) as the lightest breath of air can produce the sweet sounds of an Æolian harp; she spake to him in words like those addressed by Cowper to the sad sufferer under nameless miseries, which yield not to the touch of human skill:—

> Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
> All bliss beside a shadow or a sound.

And in the trying hour of parting agony she committed her charge to the merciful Creator, concluding her sublime and affecting prayer with these words: "Lætifica, Domine, animam ejus in conspectu tuo, et ne memineris iniquitatum ejus antiquarum et ebrietatum quas suscitavit furor sive fervor mali desiderii. Licet enim peccaverit, tamen Patrem, et Filium, et Spiritum sanctum non negavit, sed credidit; et zelum Dei in se habuit, et Deum qui fecit omnia fideliter adoravit." She knew that

as in distempers of the body it is requisite to mollify the afflicted part and keep it tender, so it is in the case of moral evil; and hence she learned to treat the sinful spirit of man with tenderness. The heart was kept soft, and the surface which covered the dry bones was still moistened with the dew of heaven. Indeed its wisdom may be discerned even where men would seek an example to condemn it. Nothing is more notorious than the unhappy life of Raphael; yet how ill should we judge in confounding him who could bring down those heavenly images to refresh and exalt our earthly vision, with any but such as are objects of respect and love? The truth is that Raphael, under the influence of this religion, was saved from the fate which would have awaited him in a later age. Under this influence he fell, it is true, a victim to his passions. (It is not easy to speak on this subject without giving the rash and malicious an opportunity for bringing forward dreadful charges, but I beg my reader to exercise his candour in my behalf; I must depend upon his humanity for putting the favourable instead of the dark construction upon my words.) The unhappy life of Raphael, I say, is well known; yet still, be it remembered, he escaped many of the evils which might have been supposed necessarily to follow from it. There is no intention in this remark to attempt to soften the misery, or to dilute the turpitude of vice. Still, be it remembered, he was a grateful scholar and a faithful friend, a generous rival, who never felt envy, and who thanked God for having brought him to live in the age of Michael Angelo; an enemy to himself, still he was the friend of every other man, and never refused a favour that could be granted; too often forgetful of his own eternal interests, still he was piteous and charitable to the poor, and liberal to men of merit. Of manners the most engaging, he made all about him mutual

friends. "Not men alone," says Vasari, "but even animals themselves loved him." Living with princes, he could cherish an honourable pride and feel that he conferred honour upon them and upon his country; abandoned to an irregular connection, "not proof enough some object to sustain"; "falling at the beauty of a woman, as a man dies at the blow of an angel, or gives up his breath at the sentence and decree of God," still it was to his reverence and love for the Blessed Virgin that he owed the purity of imagination which distinguished him from almost all other painters; for Raphael never painted an indecent figure: and it was this reverence which enabled him to produce those sublime Madonnas which are the joy and rapture of Christians. He founded a chapel in her honour in the church of Saint Mary of the Rotondo, and after a death of penitence, assuredly no mock display of woe and piety, in execution of his last will it was at the foot of this chapel that his body was buried.

Such was Raphael under the influence of this mild religion; and since, in the flower of his age, in the full career of his life and triumph, it pleased God that he should die suddenly, and receive the wages of that Master whom he had been for a time tempted to serve, we may be permitted to hope that some sanction was held out for the tenderness and hopes of that Church, which never gave up her poor unhappy son. Not alone "the good die first," but others too may God distinguish in his mercy by removing them suddenly, while

> They, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket.[1]

It is not for man, however, to indulge in such contemplations. Let it be granted that Raphael

[1] Wordsworth's Excursion.

under this influence was an inconsistent character; but what, we may ask, would Raphael have been under the influence of a system less careful of driving men to despair? What would he have been had he fallen upon times when all the religion of his heart would have been exchanged for indifference or mockery of goodness? We should have had a man not alone doing wickedness, but having pleasure in those who did it. We should have witnessed a degraded taste instead of sublime conceptions, the melancholy images which prompt the pen of a debauched infidel, instead of those revelations which have been embodied on the walls of the Vatican.

I know not whether these remarks will convey a distinct idea: I am sure they stand in need of my reader's humanity to interpret them: but they flow from a feeling not, I trust, opposed to the sanctity of religion, while it operates strongly in favour of what was deemed wisdom by our fathers.

Again, with respect to the clergy. Here too is a subject of admiration to those who defend the religious system of Europe in the heroic age of Christianity. If during this period of the Church the clergy could boast of men who resembled that model of a perfect priest proposed by St. Jerome,[1] possessing the essential virtues and even the highest qualities that can belong to the sacerdotal character (it may skill not repeating names of holy men forgotten by the moderns, which perhaps will excite only a smile, though their images are like those of Cassius and Brutus in the funeral of Junia, where these not being represented with those of twenty of the most illustrious families which were carried along, Tacitus saith, "eo ipso præfulgebant quod non visebantur."[2] Yet I will say), men who evinced the ability of a

[1] Hieron. in Ep. Nepot. [2] Annal. III, 76.

Bellarmin, the learning of a Mabillon, and a Thomassin, the theological research of a St. Gregory and a Bede, the philosophy of a Pascal, the disinterestedness of a Pole, the goodness of a Borromeo, the piety of a St. Bernard, if, to take a nearer view of their character, they were men of prayer and simplicity, not too proud to labour with their hands,[1] thoroughly versed in Holy Scripture, spending much time in the study of the Fathers, and taking a lively interest in the old records and the principles of the Church; if they neither thought it a waste of time to repeat their Breviary, nor spoke of it as their "*task book*"; but sure of their own faith, praying that "their eyes might not behold vanity"; if they were perfectly content to be "behind the age," and rather to know nothing about the speculations and theories and high conceits which might be the theme of sophists and the wonder of unstable men, than to be prevented from chanting seven times a day the lessons of that good old Homeric and religious wisdom,[2] that only true philosophy, that wisdom of nature on which man cannot improve, and that wisdom conferred by God, to which man, whether in the 12th or 19th century, can add nothing, such as breathes throughout the psalms and anthems of the Church; if they rejoiced in proclaiming with Lanfranc in his book against Berenger, "hanc Fidem quam nunc habemus, omnes Fideles qui nos præcesserunt à priscis temporibus habuerunt": and if to prove this, they could produce the genius and undaunted industry of a Baronius, aided

[1] Thomassini Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Disciplin. III, lib. III, c. 9–16.

[2] It appears from Diodorus that the author of the poems which have immortalized the name of Homer, had been in Egypt, from which and from various passages of the Iliad, it is maintained by St. Justin Martyr, that he derived his philosophy from Egypt, from the writings of Moses and the prophets.—Ad Græcos Cohortatio, p. 26.

by the same learning joined with critical acuteness in a Pagi; if they did not stigmatize and abandon as "indolent and useless" a life given to watching and contemplation, which Aristotle[1] reckons the third and most perfect life, and which under the Christian philosophy becomes truly divine and a source of infinite good to all engaged in the pursuit of good; if they kept themselves in their actions, conversation, and habit, distinct from the laity, and avoided practices offensive to that peculiar nice delicacy of feeling and sentiment which in these days arises from a taste for antiquity at least, if not from religion;[2] if they never closed the doors of their church, save against the stubborn sinner, and least of all allowed them to be converted into concert-rooms, when the purposes of charity might be attained by hiring town-halls, fearing, if they had done otherwise, that they might be obnoxious to the censure passed on him who would have sold the precious ointment in the alabaster box, that the price might be given to the poor (who in these days would not maintain that he advised well?), or that they might hear, in allusion to themselves, the invocation of such men as Dante, praying the sovereign mind

> ——— ——— that once more
> He may put forth his hand 'gainst such as drive
> Their traffic in that sanctuary, whose walls
> With miracles and martyrdoms were built;[3]

sanctuaries consecrated to the divine service, solemnly devoted to that exclusive object—

> The walls at whose foundation pious hands
> Of priests and monks and bishops meekly toiled!

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[1] Ethic. Nicomach. I, 5.

[2] Vid. Thomassini Vetus et Nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina, tom. II, III.

[3] Paradise, XVIII.

if they loved the simple chant of St. Gregory, and tuned not their discourse to the times [1] and to the people's call, opposing, as far as they were able, the spirit of the Epicurean philosophy, and nothing doubting whether the priest can draw a blessing upon the people by offering up the body of Christ; if they were patterns framed according to Holy Scripture and apostolical tradition, not looking up to public opinion as the great standard, and not ready to smile with the laity at the bare mention of St. Chrysostom's six books "de Sacerdotio," the Apologetic of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, the Pastoral of St. Gregory of Rome, the Eighth Epistle of St. Dionysius to Demophilus, St. Austin's Epistle to Bishop Valerius in St. Bernard's Life of St. Malachy, and St. Jerome's One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Epistle to Fabiola; but rather trembling when they read them: if there was found among them that mind which made St. Bernard refuse to be the bishop of three rich cities that severally called upon him, and the archbishop of two other,—St. Dominic to refuse four successively,—St. Thomas Aquinas to refuse the archbishopric of Naples, — and Vincent Ferrer to refuse the sees of Valentia and Lerida,—and St. Bernard of Sienna to refuse those of Sens, Urbino, and Ferrara,—and St. Peter of Alcantara to decline the office of confessor to Charles V,—and Adrian to prefer a cell in the monastery of St. Peter at Canterbury to the archiepiscopal throne of that city; and Gifford of Winchester to covet more the poverty and humility of the cowl, than the wealth and splendour of the mitre; and St. Eucher in the sixth age to refuse the bishopric of Lyons till his hermit's cell in a solitude of Provence was destroyed, and he himself led

[1] "Romana ecclesia semper gravitatem observavit, et nova non nisi cum difficultate et maturitate concedere consuevit."—*Rigordi Gesta Philip. Aug. Duchesne*, VI.

like a prisoner to the flock who demanded him for their guide;[1] and Bernardine to prefer his cowl of a Franciscan to the bishoprics which were thrice offered to him while confessor to the King of Naples;[2] if they had an ardent affection for the ancient practices of piety, conformable both to the letter and spirit of Holy Scripture, and if they rejoiced in living in an age which respected them; if they did not regard pure Christianity as confined to any one country or sect, but rather rejoiced in contemplating the Holy Church throughout all the world, its strength, its universality, and its triumph; if they never forged new words to ridicule old things, "ut verba etiam fingant, non solum crimina," and Doctors in Divinity never would call a king "a bigoted religionist," because he was firmly attached to the faith of his ancestors: if to the complaint of any lover of ancient simplicity, they never thought of the reply, "We laugh to think

ὅτι παιδάριον εἶ, καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαϊκά"

if they never disowned that authority which Christ left with his ministers, so as to declare themselves, even to the scandal of future Protestant Chillingworths, incapable of exerting it, suffering that commission to be a vain form of words without any sense under them; if they were enabled to promulgate their opinions from time to time upon the new vices which rose up among the people, and would never submit to be hindered by any human power from exercising this office; and moreover if they were enabled and willing always to act in union; if they were but little occupied in civil employments and the affairs of law, but spent much time in visiting and comforting afflicted spirits, after the

[1] Paradin, Hist. de Lyon, II, c. 43.
[2] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, tome II, p. 261.

injunctions of their blessed order; if they did not leave laymen at a loss to choose between contending opinions on religious subjects; if they did not appear in the capacity of individual ministers, each thinking that he alone, or with a few others, held the proper doctrine, but came forward as members of one body, all imbued with the same spirit, teaching the same doctrine, and governed by the same head, and therefore each affording the same religious assistance to all men;[1] and each prepared to utter, when about to die, with humble hope, some words like those with which St. Edmund closed his ministry: "Tu es, Domine, in quem credidi, quem prædicavi, quem veraciter docui, et ut mihi testis es quod aliud quam te in terra positus non quæsivi. Sicut tu scis quod nihil volo nisi hoc, quod tu vis, Domine; ita fiat voluntas tua, quia in tua sunt omnia voluntate."[2] If, I say, this be the character of the ancient clergy (and who that has studied antiquity with patience and candour will deny it?) then assuredly it is doing a great injury to religion to continue loading their memory with ungracious charges, and it is inconsistent with piety to regard as an adversary whoever attempts to defend them. At least, to be consistent, totally opposite views of religion in general and of the sacerdotal character in particular, must in that case be adopted; and then will arise another difficulty; for it is no groundless suggestion to predict that, if the spirit and views of antiquity be so completely given up, the institutions which grew out of them, affording security and advantage to individuals and to nations, and which only possess the vital principle as long as there remain some sparks of that spirit and some tendency to those views, may also be overthrown,

[1] Vid. S. Bernardi ad Guillel. Abbat. Apolog.
[2] Martene, Thesaurus Anecdot. III, p. 1815.

when it would be in vain to look for help from a few empty words; as Otho in his distress cried out "Senatus nobiscum est mea cum vestra salus, incolumitate senatus firmatur"; or from as empty a conclusion, saying of our glorious institutions, "Sicut a majoribus accepimus, sic posteris tradamus."[1]

> Confugit interdum Templi violator ad aram;
> Nec petere offensi numinis horret opem.[2]

The time would be gone by for these words to excite a generous and holy flame; it is no groundless suggestion to predict that the lower orders of society would relapse into the savage fierceness of their nature, from which nothing but the old spirit and views of religion preserved them; that the great lords of the earth would wax colder and colder in their devotions, for no book learning will avail with them if there be pedantry, and there would infallibly be a tone and an air, a phraseology and an expression belonging to the principles of that revived sophistry essentially pedantic: it is no groundless prediction that men of thought and of noble natures, trusting in a higher guidance, would determine differently from what has been established by solemn acts; and that in short there is a possibility of what that noble prelate, Berkeley, has shown, to wit, the juncture relative to "men of genius," which you will find stated in his Minute Philosopher (ii. p. 409), in a way that will be rather startling to the delicacy of modern ears, to the delighted self-applauding readers of "practical evidences" and Sunday newspapers.

To object against the celibacy of the clergy was a favourite theme with the lower classes of the early innovators; but until a later time the reasoning does

[1] Tacitus, Hist. I, 84.

[2] Ovid. ex Pont. II.

not seem to have had much weight with the more noble and learned of the moderns. Historical truth must not however be violated to please either the ignorant or the learned. It appears from the Council of Nice in 325, that bishops, priests, and deacons, if ordained unmarried, were obliged ever afterwards to remain single.[1] As Dr. Milner very justly observes, "the true policy of this original law of clerical celibacy, after all the sagacity of the modern writers, will be found in St. Paul, 1 Cor. VII, 32, 33."[2] The general mistake lay in taking the evidence of a relaxation and neglect of discipline for the authorized usage of the Church.

The followers of antiquity need not be told by the moderns that this relaxation existed. The monks of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, have shewn in their preface to the Vetus Disciplina Monastica, that in the tenth and eleventh centuries many priests having been excommunicated for this offence, and for simony, monks were forbidden on a journey to hear the mass of an unknown priest, or to celebrate mass where themselves unknown.[3]

With respect to the wisdom and importance of this law of discipline, the reader must not expect a discussion here. Had it not been enforced, the whole discipline and many of the institutions of the ancient Church must have been sacrificed. Those who argued from the example of any of the Apostles, should have been consistent in admitting the similar argument, which, by depriving the clergy of all temporal possessions, and rendering them in that manner perfectly disengaged from the world and beyond the influence of its interests, would probably

[1] Vide Thomassin, Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Dis. I, lib. II, 60–63; Stolberg, Geschichte, VI, 638; Theodull's Gastmahl, by the Baron de Starck.

[2] Hist. of Winchester, vol. I, p. 103. [3] LXVI.

have secured, though assuredly with less benefit to mankind, some of the results which the Church derived, when, after her clergy had been endowed, she enforced their celibacy. The following passage from the Catechism of Canisius was held to satisfy the understanding and to remove the doubts of a consistent believer in Christianity. The learned author quotes St. Augustin:[1] "Be ye not slothful to vow: for you shall not by your own strength fulfil the same; you shall fail if you presume of yourselves. But if you presume of Him to whom you do vow: spare not to vow: you shall perform it with security"; and then he saith of those who maintain that continency and single life can hardly be performed by Christian men, "These men understood not the plenty and abundance of the grace of the Gospel, which is such and so great, given by Christ to many ages, and daily given to those who believe, ask, seek, and knock, that those men find the yoke of our Lord sweet."

Again. The whole discipline and form of the Church in our heroic age, and I scruple not to say the monastic institutions, were very conducive to the delight of men of refined taste and feeling, by giving a religious character to society, and even to the very outward appearance of a country. A Christian Plato could not be induced to believe that the end of all things around him attracting the attention of mankind, was death. (Really, to be consistent, some new religion should be adopted that will not support passages such as this alluded to, if material prosperity is to be the sole criterion of a nation's happiness.) There are, indeed, a vast number of men in these days who cannot in any manner enter into this view of antiquity, or comprehend the excellence of those institutions; men like Ginguené,

[1] In Psalm LXXV.

who, in noticing the book of Petrarch, "De Otio Religiosorum," after relating that Petrarch had sent the book to the Carthusian monks of Montrieu, where his brother had taken the habit, and where Petrarch himself had experienced sweet impressions, expresses himself thus:—"That the monastic state should have advantages for those who profess it, when they have been able to conquer the most natural and sweet affections, has never been called in question. The true question was to know, *de quelle utilité il pouvait être pour la société civile,* that a numerous class of men should enjoy such advantages, consuming a considerable part of its produce without taking the least part in the works" (are there no works beyond a counting-house or manufactory?), "in the dangers and agitations which it imposes. But this question is decided" (Mark the assurance of the true sophist!); and who afterwards, in noticing the Confessions of Petrarch, where St. Augustin is made to point out the happiness of having the thought of death present, and of the soul being disengaged from the vanities of the world, concludes thus:—"Doctrine fausse, triste et nuisible," which, besides other evils, "tend toujours à rendre ceux qui la professent au moins inutiles à la société et au monde."[1]

Here, without showing how every second word displays the error and false principle of this sophist, no reader, methinks, of Plato or Cicero will be able to contain his indignation. There is but one sentence left for him. "O hominem amentem et miserum qui ne umbram quidem umquam τοῦ καλοῦ viderit!" Observe, this is the critic who took upon him to write a commentary upon Dante and Tasso. Assuredly the men who have such thoughts are not likely to be convinced that there is anything to

[1] Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, II, pp. 373 and 453.

lament in the destruction of the old institutions, that a monastery was more *useful* to a country than the mansion of a rich private gentleman, or that the people have gained nothing by having acquired so many additional barracks in exchange for the old religious houses (for between the system of the ancients and of the moderns there is no medium, however they may wish to fancy one), which would have ill supported their character as schools of wisdom had they not given mortal offence to the levellers of the sixteenth century, when the multitude took the power into their own hands, or yielded it to those who took pains to court their approbation. These are "incapable of loving wisdom," as Socrates saith, "and of necessity lovers of wisdom will be condemned and hated by them and by all who seek their favour."[1]

But let this be as it may, I will repeat a passage which, though perhaps the most familiar and abused by quotation, still continues one of the most affecting in our literature:—"We are now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends be such rigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of

[1] Plato, de Repub. VI, p. 292.

Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

But this refers to generations of the holy and the wise who are passed away, and whose mantles we keep in cabinets to divert the curious; "against whom to declaim with severity is now the ready passport," as Dr. Milner says, "to literary fame; but whether or no their life was real foolishness, and their end without honour, as the worldly-wise say, remains to be seen at the day of universal manifestation." Doubtless we may admit many of the charges brought against them by the modern sophists, the magnifiers of industry, and of unceasing toil for the glory of "civil society." True, "these men in their cells and cloisters were dead, and their life was hid with Christ in God," for they believed that when Christ, who was their life, should appear, then would they also appear with him in glory. But a great deal more may be conceded than what relates to monks; and while the subject is present, it may be well to make the whole concession. I am free to confess that the result of historical study alone will be the conviction that the wisdom of the ancients was not calculated to produce such changes and improvements in the material condition of states as those resulting from the modern wisdom. True, the ancients could boast of great men in every department of philosophy. Assuredly, the unpresuming cloister has produced great chemists, and great mechanics, and great architects: still, from the human mind being kept in expectation of another world, and in preparation for it, by a life not alone of activity in ordinary avocations, by a life of science or of learning, but chiefly and necessarily of Christian virtues with a view to this end, the consequence in a majority of instances was that the present world was rather neglected; or, as it is said in the Holy Scriptures, men were not as wise as they might

have been in their generation. Their towns were dark at night; their roads were wretched, their carriages—ἄγαλμα τῆς ὑπερπλούτου χλιδῆς—were little better than waggons, both men and women generally riding on horseback. When, like Odo, Count of Champagne, in 1034, they had built with stones a bridge of some thirty arches over the Loire, "to benefit men for the love of God,"[1] they thought they had done wonders; they could never dream of bridges of iron hanging in the air, nor had they any notion of those huge engines moved by steam which now perform the only miracles people are ready to believe. In short, looking back from the nineteenth to the twelfth century, they seem mere children. The contrast between antiquity and the moderns was therefore in most respects quite as great as many persons affirm. The improvements so conspicuous in some countries, in the arts of manufacture and in the whole system of commerce and trade, tending to the riches of so many, and to the poverty of so many more; and even the improvements and discoveries in the sciences extending our acquaintance with the physical structure of our globe, and with the material nature and laws of the heavenly bodies, may all be partly indebted to the modern system for their existence. Beyond a doubt those thriving towns, or those gay towns to which the sick and the dissipated resort at particular seasons, brilliantly illuminated with beautiful gas, the former crowded with laborious "spirited men," who hardly allow themselves or others one hour in the day for relaxation; those streets in which no equipage appears but such as seems to denote a prince; that line of magnificent shops, which spurn all wants but those of a prince; those dwellings, which admit of no con-

[1] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, tome I, 56.

trast or variety in the degrees of riches; those amazing provisions for the quenchless thirst after novelty; in short, all that vast and stupendous fabric of material prosperity would greatly astonish our fathers if they could behold it; and it may indeed be indebted in some measure to the abolition of their philosophy for its existence. I do not think they would ever have found out many of these things. Such remarks may confirm the moderns in the belief of their own superiority: they are certainly legitimate conclusions, and fully borne out by the testimony of history. At the same time, the historian is bound to protest against any inference from such facts unfavourable to the moral or intellectual character of the simple ancients. "We know," says Socrates, "that in whatever mind the desires are greatly impelled in one direction, they are so much more feebly moved in every other, as the stream has passed in the former."[1] This is the real explanation. It was the necessary result of their consistency in the profession of a religion which undoubtedly operated in some degree as a depressing power, being concerned with the present world only as far as is required by the interests of a future state, of a religion which certainly is not of necessity conducive to any such temporal results as those in which the moderns, perhaps with equal consistency, rejoice and triumph.

However, all our present purpose is a simple statement of facts. Ours assuredly is a different age and a new philosophy; the moderns seem to consider themselves interested in proving that the convents and monasteries were the abodes of licentiousness[2] and of every vice. The idle, useless,

[1] Plato, de Repub. VI.

[2] Thus in a modern publication entitled a "Theological Review," one article is superscribed "Licentiousness of the Italian Convents."

superstitious lives of the ancient recluses in the marshes of Croyland and the forests of Glastonbury, must be the theme of men who teach that there should be no persons "of whom the world is not worthy, wandering in solitudes, mountains, dens, and caves of the earth";[1] who at least cannot consistently refer to any period of the world when such persons ought to have been found. In deep sequestered valleys, shut up between rugged mountains and forests of sombre pine, where our ancestors would have built a monastery and a church, where might be daily offered the great sacrifices, and where the praise of God might be continually sung, there now rises up some elegant rival of the German spa, with its earthly paragons, theatres, and assembly-rooms: and to little peaceful embowered islands, where kings wished to abdicate their crowns, like that Isle Barbe in the river Saone, where stood that ancient abbey in which Charlemagne intended to retire from the world—to these the moderns retire to play at écarté and eat eel pies. Accordingly, at present in these kingdoms we travel but a short distance in any direction without meeting with monuments of the triumph of the new opinions.

> Who sees these dismal heaps but will demand
> What barbarous invader sacked the land?
> But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
> This desolation, but a Christian king,
> (While nothing but the name of zeal appears
> 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,)
> What must he think our sacrilege would spare,
> When such th' effects of our devotion are?[2]

"It is not only in Rassy," says Dr. Johnson, "that the chapel is unroofed and useless; through the few islands which we visited we neither saw nor heard of any house of prayer, except in Skye, that

[1] Ad Hebræos II.

[2] Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill.

was not in ruins. The malignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency together, and if the remembrance of papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewise effaced."—The fruitfulness of Iona is now its whole property. The inhabitants are remarkably gross and remarkably neglected: I know not if they are visited by any minister. The island, once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education nor temple for worship. It is described by a recent traveller as "a solitary place amid the wide waste of rocks and water, where no sound is ever heard but the roar of the winds and waves, and the melancholy voices of the sea-fowl."

In England or France a traveller like Dr. Johnson would experience in most places the same feelings of mournful interest. "Soon," says M. de Marchangy,[1] "the Gallic land, despoiled of the trophies of its glory, may become as void of memorial interest as are the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi." On every mountain stroll, and on his entrance into every city, amidst the wild solitudes of Snowdon or Cheviot, or the beautiful embowered banks of the Wye or of Loch Katrine, of the Avon or of Yarrow, how would he lament the want of the little chapel on the height of the pass or at the edge of the blue water, where perhaps some holy man would be offering up in silence the holy sacrifice as he entered; or of the convent in the dark forest, where the murmuring of brooks would alone interrupt the unceasing hymns of praise! How would afflicted spirits be comforted, and how would the hearts of feeling men be strengthened, by such objects and such scenes! How would the imagination be checked from error by the spectacle of the Cross! "Vide quam sim antiquorum hominum." These solitudes

[1] Tristan, ou la France au XIV^e^ Siècle.

might become again a retreat for the miserable, a nursery for wisdom, the habitation of saints, instead of being only interesting to the grouse-shooter or geologist; for even the painter, from a want of objects to contrast with the grandeur of nature, has no business here if other lands are open to him.

One great advantage of an intercourse between nations will not be felt in countries which have undergone this revolution; for no men will find it worth while to travel from far to visit them, unless perhaps a few merchants or master mechanics for professional objects, or some idle lovers of novelty in search of fresh impertinence, to enable them to scandalize their own country. The houses and parks belonging to the men whom the French call "riches Particuliers," may be very interesting to their owners, and vastly grand in the estimation of waiting-gentlewomen, but when, as nine times out of ten, everything Homeric and chivalrous has been excluded from the scenes of private life, where the hospitable hall and the holy chapel have been pulled down to make what in the language of the day is called "some very complete thing," a stranger of high education, or of any pretensions to learning and poetic feeling, would exchange them all, however complete and perfect, for one old humble monastery by the way-side, where, in the first place, he could refresh himself and his horse without having to fear either pride or knavery, then where he could make his orisons in a church which resounded with divine harmony, where he could behold the poor happy and edified, and strengthened with the thoughts of heaven; where he could then converse with learned and gentle and holy men, and finally, before he took his departure, could exalt and calm his spirits by hearing the evensong. Not that I would report such countries as utterly deficient in matter for those who are on

the quest of heavenly adventure. We have examples, not to refer to the print prefixed to this book, that will direct us how to profit by a visit to these forlorn monuments of great men, to Jumiéges, Glastonbury, Lindisfarne, or Iona.

"Thus as Ector and Gawayne rode more than eyght dayes," says Sir Thomas Malore, "and on a Saturday they found an old chappel whiche was wasted that there seemed no man thyder repayred, and there they alyghte and sette there speres att the dore, and as they entryd in to the chappel, and then made their orysons a grete whyle. And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chappel."

"It is worthy of observation," says Schlegel, in his Dramatic Literature, "that Shakespeare, an eye-witness of all the animosities of different religious sects, evinces a kind of predilection for the monastic order, and almost always paints its influence as beneficial. We never behold in his pieces those odious characters of monks, which cast rather a Protestant than a poetical tint over the works of many modern authors." But I must not recur to this subject.[1] It is not only our solitudes that have suffered loss. Our cities too claim the affections only of a part of mankind. Petrarch, when he lived at Milan, hired a house which had no other recommendation than being near the church of St. Ambrose, that he might walk and pray there at all hours. He dwells with pleasure on the recollection

[1] Consult Hæftenus, Disquisit. Monas.; S. Bernardi Epist. ad Fratres de Monte Dei, de Natura et Dignit. Amoris Divini; Muratori, Antiquit. Ital. tom. V, 361; Statuta antiq. Abbat. Corbeïensis à S. Adalardo Abbat. præscript. in Dacherii Spicil. tom. IV; Antiq. Consuetudines Cluniac. Monast. collect. S. Udalrico, ibid.; Martène, de Antiquis Monachorum Ritibus; Regula S. Benedicti; Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri; Vetus Disciplina Monastica, studio presbyteri et monachi Benedictini e congregatione S. Blasii in Silva Nigra; Thomassin, Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Discip. I, lib. III.

of his visits to the Chartreuse of Montrieu and that of Milan, in which latter monastery, while Linterno was his residence, he spent almost all the hours that were not devoted to study, when preparing his treatise "De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ."

A great prince of the middle age preferred one of his castles on the ground of its being situated "auprès de l'Eglise de ses bien aimés frères les Chartreux."[1] How many that we do not read of were influenced in their attachment by similar motives. The Colonna palace was adjoining the Franciscan convent of the Holy Apostles, the lords of that illustrious house having always honoured the monks with their peculiar regard and protection; and Count Raymondin and his celebrated wife Melusine, built close to their awful castle of Lusignan a monastery, in honour of the Trinity, where they were buried in solemn state."[2]

Dante is said to have composed many cantos of the Divine Vision in a monastery on the outskirts of Verona, that of Santa Croce di fonte Avellana, where strangers are still shown his apartment. And what son of chivalry can enter a religious house, and not exult in a blessed institution which administered relief and peace to the gentle and heroic Tasso? In our time poets are pleased to represent monasteries as the abode of everything wicked and base and contemptible; but how different were the views and the feelings of Tasso, the holy, the innocent, and the pure in heart, to whose prayers the inhabitants of Ferrara ascribed the preservation of their city when threatened in 1570 by the waters of the Po during an earthquake! Early in his life it was in the abbey of Chablis that he composed many passages of his Jerusalem. In the commencement

[1] Hist. de René d'Anjou, par Villeneuve, tome I, v. 160.
[2] Jean de la Haye, p. 30.

of his mysterious afflictions, it was to the monastery of St. Francis at Ferrara that he looked for peace. After deliverance from his barbarous captivity, it was in the beautiful monastery of Mount Olivet at Naples that he began the revision of his immortal poem; it was with the monks of the same order at S. Maria Nuova that he was lodged at Rome when he composed his first dialogue della Clemenza; it was with the same good monks that he resided at Florence. Afterwards he chose for his dwelling at Naples the monastery of Sanseverino. On his last visit to Rome, it was to the convent of St. Onofrio that he retired to prepare for death; it was from thence that he wrote that affecting letter to Constantini:—"What will my dear Constantini say when he shall hear of the death of his dear Tasso? I believe that it will not be long before he receives this intelligence, for I feel that I am at the end of my life, not having found a remedy for this miserable indisposition which is added to all my habitual infirmities, and which I can clearly perceive is hurrying me like a rapid torrent, to which I can oppose no obstacle. It is too late to talk of the obstinacy of my evil fortune, not to say the ingratitude of men, which has at last desired the triumph of conducting me in poverty to the tomb, in the moment when I was hoping that this glory, which, in spite of those who do not wish it, our age will derive from my writings, would not be entirely for me without recompense. I have caused myself to be led to this monastery of St. Onuphrius, not only because the physicians judge the air to be better than that of all other quarters in Rome, but that I might commence in a manner from this elevated spot, and by the conversation of these holy monks, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me, and be sure that, as I have always loved and honoured you in this life, I will do also for you in

the other, which is the true life, that which is agreeable to a true and sincere charity. I commend you to the divine grace, to which I also commend myself. Rome. St. Onuphrius."

It was here that he died and left his bones. But all the institutions and resources of ancient piety had been the delight of Tasso, whether at Rome in the Jubilee, visiting the different churches, or at Mantua and Loretto, fulfilling his vow, or amid the memorials of the Vatican, revising the Jerusalem Delivered, or in the horrid prison of St. Anne, cheered by a vision of the Virgin. But hear his own words, addressed to his friend Maurizio Cataneo; he is describing the terrible emotions which visited him during that mournful confinement:—"I was afraid that I should lose my sight; I was tormented with aches in my head, in my bowels, in my side, in my thighs, in my legs; I have been weakened by vomiting, by a flux of blood, by fever. In the midst of so many terrors and pains, the image of the glorious Virgin Mary appeared to me in the air holding her son in her arms, surrounded by a brilliant circle of the brightest colours. I ought not then to despair of grace. I know well that this might be only a pure imagination, for I am frantic, almost always troubled by phantoms, and filled with an excessive melancholy; nevertheless by the grace of God, I can refuse my assent to these illusions, which as Cicero remarks, is the operation of a discerning spirit. I ought rather then to believe that this is truly miraculous."

Modern poets perhaps will deem this the raving of a madman, while even the French critic cannot read it without the profoundest emotion, in observing amid such afflictions "so much good faith and simplicity." But whether madness or simplicity, where would have been the resources of such men in any of the cities or countries in which the spirit of

the French revolution or the modern philosophy had triumphed: in Lille or Dijon, where churches are turned into granaries; at Interlaken or Rolandswerth or Winchester, where convents are converted into wine-vaults and common inns and bridewells; in Manchester or Birmingham, where "you see buildings rising up as large as convents, without their antiquity, without their beauty, without their holiness; 'true Acherusian temples'; where you hear from within, as you pass along, the everlasting din of machinery, and where, when the bell rings, it is to call wretches to their work instead of their prayers"; — "where," continues the same animated writer, "they keep up a *laus perennis* of the devil before furnaces which are never suffered to cool"?

At least it may be affirmed of these towns and cities, that Apollo would not have taken delight in building them. For the site of such foundations economists, speculators,

> For charlatans can do no good
> Until they're mounted in a crowd,

fraudulent dealers, and rogues of wit mechanical, would have been consulted, not the sacred fanes of Delphi or Dodona.[1] Certes if the modern philosophy and taste had presided over the Grecian colonies of Æolia and Ionia, of Sicily and Italy, no such lines as these would have been ever sung:

> Φοίβῳ δ' ἐσπόμενοι πόλιας διεμετρήσαντο
> Ἄνθρωποι. Φοῖβος γὰρ ἀεὶ πολίεσσι φιλῆδεῖ
> Κτιζομέναις, αὐτὸς δὲ θεμείλια Φοῖβος ὑφαίνει.[2]

The writer who has so well described the horrible aspect of the English manufacturing towns, proceeds to observe: "Happily our religion presents one ob-

[1] Cicero, de Divin. I. [2] Callimachi Hym. in Apoll. 55.

stacle to introducing the system of English manufactories into Spain; that incessant labour which is required in these task-houses can never be exacted in a Catholic country, where the Church has wisely provided so many days of leisure for the purposes of religion and enjoyment." Plato says that the gods ordained festivals and days of repose out of pity for the laborious race of men;[1] and Pericles makes mention of them as among the glories of his country.[2] The Christian Church indeed proceeds on higher ground to recommend them, and yet, as this writer remarks, "against the frequency of these holy days much has been said; but heaven forbid," he continues, "that the clamour of philosophizing commercialists should prevail, and that the Spaniard should ever be brutalized by unremitting task-work, like the negroes in America and the labouring manufacturers in England."[3]

But again, there are considerations which peculiarly address themselves to the class of readers into whose hands this book is calculated to fall. For, as at this day it would be hard to persuade men of intelligence that the ancient religion of Europe was destructive of Christian faith, living, and dying; was contrary to a holy life, and to the death of the righteous; consequently, satisfied as the chivalry of England must be that the religion of its fathers, of this knightly land, was, in all essential respects, conformable to the divine instructions of our Saviour; it is really hard to sit in silent indifference while persons, in the spirit and language of unlettered churls, calumniate and ridicule these objects of gratitude and veneration. Lords and honourables from the manufactory or the sugar-cask, or even crestless yeomen, may hold it absurd that, in the 19th cen-

[1] De Legibus, II. [2] Thucydides, II, 39.
[3] Espriello's Letters.

tury, any man should feel concerned in the faith of the ancient heroes to whom England and Europe owe their glory. But to hope and believe that the faith of St. Edmund and St. Louis was pure and of the Cross, is associated with nothing ridiculous in the mind of him who has inherited not perhaps the lands and castles, but the spurs and the heart of his fathers.

True there may be a time when the great and mighty of the world, whom he may serve and honour, shall agree in condemning the memory of their heroic forefathers, and in charging with folly the simple youth who thinks that they should be held in eternal remembrance, and that he should defend them from an evil hearing; but he will remember that if these, his lords, should now condemn or scorn his poor tribute of fidelity, still it is for him to suffer with modesty, and yet not be ashamed, seeing, as the divine poet of antiquity[1] hinted, there are elsewhere too kings, and men who were heirs to kingly crowns, high princes and potent earls, and bold barons, and valiant knights, and holy prelates, and reverend priests, and sage chancellors, and learned judges, whom the grace of heaven and the consent of all people, whom power and dignity, and hosts of friends, and high birth and virtue, and justice and holiness, and learning, once made illustrious, whom he will have to please for a longer time than those who are now here, since with those that are removed he will have to remain for ever.

The Church of Christ has from the first been loved and defended by the sons of chivalry, by those too who bore its outward distinctions, by princes and men of generous birth, who have been enrolled in the number of her saints. How did the lives accord with the high birth of St. Hilary, St. Canute, Juven-

[1] Soph. Antigone, 74.

tinus and Maximus, St. Chrysostom, St. Benedict, St. Thomas of Aquino, grand-nephew to the Emperor Frederic I, and allied to many other sovereigns of Europe; St. Gregory the Great, King Edward the Confessor, St. Isidore, St. Leo the Great, St. Anselm, St. Antoninus of Florence, St. Comgall of Ireland, St. Ferdinand, St. Basil the Great, St. Antony of Padua, (son of Martin de Bullones, of the army of Affonso I, who, having defeated five kings of the Moors in the battle of Ourique, was crowned the first king of Portugal), whose mother, Mary of Tavora,[1] was one of the most accomplished of women; St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Peter of Luxemburg, of the two most illustrious houses of Luxemburg and St. Pol, who have given five sovereigns to the empire, several kings to Hungary and Bohemia, a queen to France, and innumerable renowned heroes, whose deeds are famous throughout Europe and the East; St. Bruno, of the noble family of the Lords of Asti in Piedmont; St. Henry II, emperor; S. Germain, St. Clare, St. Bernard, St. Ouen, St. Stephen, king of Hungary; St. Cloud, St. Omer, St. Cyprian, St. Wenceslaus, duke of Bohemia; St. Jerome, St. Ethelbert, the first English Christian king; St. Rémi, the great Apostle of France; St. Francis Borgia, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians; St. Ignatius, whose mother, Procopia, was daughter to the Emperor Nicephorus, and whose father Michael was himself raised to the imperial throne; St. Neot, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Martin, the light of the Western Church in the fourth age; St. Edmund, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Hugh of Lincoln, St. Francis Xavier, whose father, Don Juan de Jasso, was one of the chief counsellors of state to John III d'Albret, king of Navarre, and whose

[1] Her name is elsewhere given as Theresa de Taveira.

mother was heiress of the two illustrious houses of Azpilcueta and Xavier; St. Ambrose, St. Cyril. —I know indeed the bounds prescribed to the pride of man, by nature and grace; I know with regard to the first,

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν
Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει·

and I know how the latter has confirmed and extended these in the mystery of the Cross: [1] that, as Fénelon has well said, "in Jesus Christ there is no more distinction of slave or noble, bond or free; that in him all are noble by the gifts of faith"; that, as St. Hilary said before him, "we are all equal in Jesus Christ, and the highest degree of our nobility is to be of the number of the true servants of God." But this knowledge is far from condemning that feeling of respect and gratitude which every man of generous mind will experience when he repeats such names, when he remembers that they who were the theme of minstrelsy and the fountains of mundane honour, the champions of innocence, the kings and princes and heroes of the earth, are found among the worshippers of the Lamb in the assembly of the saints.

These and other considerations have often led me to the opinion, that it argues great hardness of heart and insensibility to the associations of genius, not to say an unfeeling soul and a dull fancy and bad manners, to employ the same coarse wit and blunt argument against the harmless superstitious tales of our ancestors, as in exposing the folly of the most disgusting modern fanatics, founded by

[1] Hence the practice of the Church, "honores ecclesiastici sanguinis non sunt, sed meriti."—Concil. XII, 1447, II, XIII, 658. Bened. Petroburg. de Vita Henrici II et Rich. 1. Innocentii III Epist. 18, lib. II. Odo de Vita Hugonis et Roberti Reg. Duchesne, IV, p. 115. Chron. Vet. ibid. p. 96.

some insane journeyman or self-willed mechanic. Socrates laughed at the man who gravely studied to reconcile the account of Centaurs, Chimæras, and Gorgons, with convenient sense, ἅτε ἀγροίκῳ τινὶ σοφίᾳ χρώμενος;[1] and many modern writers[2] have in this way made a needless display of sagacity, taking great pains to explain wonders which have long since ceased to create anything but a smile.

How admirable is the precept given by Pliny to his friend Maximus, who was appointed to the province of Achaia! "Revere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus factis, sit fabulis quoque. Nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate, nihil etiam ex jactatione decerpseris. Habe ante oculos Athenas esse quas adeas; Lacædemonem esse quam regas. Vides à medicis, quamquam in adversa valetudine nihil servi a liberis differant, mollius tamen liberos clementiusque tractari. Recordare quid quæque civitas fuerit; non ut despicias quod esse desierit."[3]

Lastly. A candid and intelligent observer, who had the interests of religion at heart, would hardly fail to acknowledge that he owes reverence to the religion of our ancestors, from a consideration that it afforded the greatest security under God for the maintenance of Christianity itself upon earth, for the continuance of the old simplicity, temperance, generosity, tenderness for the poor,[4] and spirit of

[1] Plat. Phædrus.

[2] Vide "Des Erreurs et des Préjugés," par Salgues, a work evincing singular bad taste. Some men would do well to keep afar from philosophy.

[3] Ep. lib. VIII, 24.

[4] In the same fortnight, early in January, 1826, the English newspapers announced the events of a lad in Manchester being starved to death; of a woman in Bishopsgate, London, perishing in like manner; and the arrest of a bookseller in a great pro-

rejecting selfish interests and selfish pleasures; for the continued substitution of the Christian in place of the Epicurean philosophy of the moderns, who hold that each man may engross to himself the enjoyments and advantages of every profession and mode of life, without suffering the privations or loss attending any; although Socrates would have taught them that here the maxim of Hesiod is applicable, *πλέον εἶναί πως ἥμισυ παντός*;[1] in short, for the continuance of the Christian spirit of sacrifice, and principle of sanctifying our sufferings in honour of the sorrowful passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The thoughtless zeal of the moderns may indeed be little disposed to admit the proposition; but nothing is more certain than what we have advanced, that the world is indebted to the government of the Catholic Church, not merely for the first introduction of Christianity amongst these nations, but for its subsequent preservation; for the deliverance of Europe from the Mohammedans, and for the existence

vincial town, in consequence of his sister having given threepence in alms to a boy at his door, and of his remonstrating with a constable who then proceeded to take the poor child into custody as "a vagrant." The magistrates were said to have "reprobated the practice of giving alms." Allusion is often made to Acts of Parliament which make it law that persons should not dispense them. The general opinion seems to be that, if a man has no money, he must be a thief. "The law of nature," says Blackstone, "being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times: no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid, derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original."—"And as the moral precepts of the revealed law" (among which that which commands to give alms and not to turn away from a poor man is included, unless we philosophize away what we receive as God's word) "are of the same original with those of the law of nature, so their intrinsic obligation is of equal strength and perpetuity."—*Comment.* Introd. vol. I, p. 40.

[1] Plato, de Repub. lib. V.

of the Christian religion at this day. Men may read history and not come to this conclusion; but short-sighted persons ought not to read history; they only lose their time. What has become of Christianity among the Lutherans and Calvinists of Germany, or among the reformed of France and Geneva?

If the reader be inclined to pursue this melancholy inquiry, he may consult Theoduls Gastmahl, by the Baron de Starck, or the ordinance of the King of Prussia, delivered the 28th of May, 1825; or the small work entitled "Zeichen der Zeit"; or Rose on the State of Protestantism in Germany (Cambridge, 1825). But perhaps the first book of Goethe's Memoirs may have already supplied the requisite information. As to the latter position, he will be satisfied with the Letters from the Mountains by Rousseau, and the *Revue Protestante*, tome II, IV^e^ livraison, where is a review of the work of M. Benjamin Constant, "De la Religion considérée dans sa Source, ses Formes, et ses Développements."

What has been the consequence of rejecting the authority of that bishop who was called by the Council of Chalcedon "Patriarcha Œcumenicus"—by St. Bernard, "Orbis Episcopus et summus Pontifex"—by Tertullian, "Pontifex et Episcopus Episcoporum"—by Hincmar, "Omnium Episcoporum pater et magister";—of whom St. Augustin said, "Apostolatus Principatum cuilibet Episcopatui præponendum"—of whom Sozomen said, "Curam omnium ad eum pertinere"—of whom a cardinal said, reminding Pope Paul III of the duties of his station, "Opera æternitatis in Pontifice sunt, lapsam Ecclesiæ disciplinam erigere, nihil suum credere quod Christi non sit"[1]—of whom St. Irenæus said, "that to his See all Churches were to submit"?

[1] Thomass. Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Dis. p. III, lib. II, 33.

The words of Bellarmin are indeed well worthy of attention:—"Etenim de qua re agitur, cum de Primatu Pontificis agitur? brevissime dicam de summa rei Christianæ. Id enim quæritur, debeatne Ecclesia diutius consistere, an vero dissolvi et concidere."[1] And men of thought and learning will do well to examine the justice of what the Count de Maistre says:—"The Churches at enmity with the universal Church subsist, notwithstanding, only by means of the latter, although they may little imagine it; like those parasite plants, those sterile excrescences, which live only on the substance of the tree which supports them and which they impoverish."[2]

Admirable indeed was the wisdom of the Church. As the advocate of modern opinions acknowledges, it conformed in different countries to the peculiar character and spirit of the people, to the city and the pastoral life, taking care of the souls of the poor and the rich, not suffering the different ranks of society to be marshalled out in opposition and hostility to each other, forming two states in one,—that of the poor and that of the rich, ἀεὶ ἐπιβουλεύοντας ἀλλήλοις, as Socrates said,[3] but keeping them in union, in perfect harmony, and in their proper places, preserving amongst all classes of men the spirit and the hopes, the faith and the practice of Christ's religion.

It was in these Churches that, while all distinctions of rank and fortune were forgotten, you could still discern those various shades which nature has bestowed on the ages and conditions of different men. Vogt beautifully alludes to this when speaking of Altenberg and Marburg, where the relics of the holy princesses, Gertrude and her mother Elizabeth, are still revered; he says, "Here on one side

[1] Præfatio in lib. de Summo Pontifice.
[2] Considérations sur la France, p. 33.
[3] Plato, de Repub. VIII.

you behold the tombs of heroes, with their banners and arms, and on the other those of devout women, with veils and chaplets of flowers, an imago of your old nobility,—the man illustrious by valour, the woman by modesty and works of love."[1] On one side you beheld the poor and the rich kneeling side by side, each distinguished by their peculiar manner of devotion, and on the other was an aged priest served by some modest Fridolin; as the sirens whom Eros the Armenian saw descending from the highest heaven, each uttering one voice and one tone, and, being eight in number, forming one harmony;[2] so here were manly valour and female tenderness, contented poverty and humble grandeur, aged contemplation and youthful warmth, learned wisdom and guileless simplicity, diversity of souls and one religion.

Somewhat has already been said respecting the end to which the principles of the moderns lead. Experience has verified the old prediction. "Gens Anglorum," says St. Gregory, "prave agere metuit, ac totis desideriis ad æternitatis gloriam pervenire concupiscit." Certainly not the proper allowance for a declamatory sentence, nor a consideration of the zeal natural to new converts, will account for the contrast which the world around us now presents to this description. Much might be said also respecting the security which the old religion afforded to society and government against those frightful results which England and France have successively endured. All the world knows what Mirabeau used to say, "Il faut commencer par décatholiser la France."

Some charges have been advanced against the wisdom of antiquity in relation to these great sub-

[1] Rheinische Geschichte, III, p. 149.
[2] Plato, de Repub. X.

jects, which no courage or charity could be equal to refuting; for it would have been to contend with invincible ignorance or hopeless imbecility. Such is the assertion that the ancient religion gave rise to the impiety and anarchy of the French revolution. They know bnt little of that revolution and of the human heart who entertain any doubt as to the real causes. As far as indicating the credulity of the accusers, there is nothing more than usual in this argument. The followers of antiquity were arraigned for the guilt of the two rebellions against Charles I. They were put to death for plotting against Charles II. They were accused of burning down their own houses and chapels in the riots of 1780, as the gentlemen of France were said by the Orators of that country to have burned down their own châteaux that they might have the pleasure of reviling the revolution. The old song expresses the spirit and essence of the whole modern system, from the days of Wickliffe to our times:—

> The name of Lord shall be abhorred,
> For every man's a brother;
> No reason why, in Church or State,
> One man should rule another.

Pride is the source of the system; pride disdaining to submit to civil as well as spiritual rulers. This spirit of resistance and insubordination, founded upon a principle essentially false, is the great characteristic of our age; as the Count of Stolberg remarks, expressly foretold by the holy Apostles. The whole subject is full of matter for political and religious meditation. No wise man can approach it without feeling deeply moved. Certes, for men who are living in an age following so hard upon that awful revolution, unparalleled in history, which has annihilated, as with the stroke of death, all the vain theories of man's philosophy, opposed to the irre-

sistible laws of nature as well as to the sentence of revelation; removing the veil which concealed the falsehood and horror and the real end of all these delusive systems, these proud and wild inventions concerning the sovereignty of the people in Church and State—for them, when they hear of persons returning to the ancient wisdom, to talk of having to renew the old controversial battles of the sixteenth century, when this frightful experiment was first made; to talk of "the difficulties" of union among the wise and good, and to find them in the spiritual authority of the Pope, essential to the government and existence of the Church; in the doctrine of transubstantiation, the belief of all the Christian world out of their society; in the usage of relics as old as the Apostles' time, or at least as St. Polycarp's age—for them to persist in teaching a science founded upon the principles of that revolution, in maintaining an hypothesis, when the contrary is proved by facts, is an event which leads the wise to look farther than the principles or disposition of any class or number of mankind, which assuredly prevents them from cherishing any angry or contemptuous feeling towards those who oppose them, but which at the same time seems to leave them no alternative, excepting to retire themselves, and to provide a means of retiring for those who come after them, from the approaching events which will dissolve this present order of human existence utterly and for ever. But I must hasten to conclude this book. Let it not be imagined that the design of the ancients was to suggest the compromise of truth, as a sacrifice to save the human race. The only ground of security is in obedience to the truth of God, as declared by nature, by the Bible, and by the ancient Church.

There is no occasion to have recourse with Socrates to circles of favourable generation, perfect and

geometrical numbers thereto conspiring; his position will be sufficient for our purpose, *γενομένῳ παντὶ φθορά ἐστιν.* Illiberal and unhappy youths will come into the world in defiance of gold and glory, who will neglect both music and gymnastics, *ὅθεν ἀμουσότεροι γενήσονται ὑμῖν οἱ νέοι.* The races of gold and silver, brass and iron, will be strangely intermixed into one. *Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς χρὴ φάναι εἶναι στάσιν, ὅπου ἂν γίγνηται ἀεί.* So the disjointed members will advance, in opposite directions, the iron and brass to making money and heaping up treasures in houses and lands, gold and silver; the gold and silver, as rich by nature, to virtue and the pristine state:[1] so the conclusion may be already drawn:

> Haud igitur leti præclusa est janua—
> Sed patet immani et vasto respectat hiatu.

Yet there is nothing in the contemplation of the great operations of nature, proceeding as they do by unchangeable and without doubt beneficent laws, to grieve or alarm the wise. Enough that there is a holy pile upon a rock which mortal feet may always scale, "whose high walls fear no assault or siege or ambush from the deep." Enough that whoso doeth the will of God, may enter there and abide for ever. An excursion made into this field of inquiry would be full of interest; bnt there is no want of men who have reason to be anxious to explore it, and I must hasten on. Without doubt, the whole matter rests upon the result of the question, "Are the charges against the religious doctrines of the heroic age true?" It is to such persons as are fully convinced that these charges are injurious and without foundation, that the preceding observations may be consistently addressed. Much indeed still

[1] Plato, de Repub. VIII.

remains to be pressed upon the attention of such persons. In an age of great excitement and infidelity, perhaps there are few who enjoy a perfect exemption from the distraction to which such things gave birth; but it is a certain truth that there is a sensibility and a proneness to scruple and doubt which argue nothing but the presence of infirmity in the mind. Wisely was it said by St. Augustin, "sunt innumerabiles quæstiones quæ non sunt finiendæ ante fidem, ne finiatur vita sine fide." There are many subtilties even connected with religion, about which it is needless to inquire. "Sufficit nobis contra malitiam hujus seculi, præsens habere certamen." This is what St. Jerome said.[1] We should follow the advice of the Père Ambroise de Lombez, and extend his rule to our view of all objects:—"A scrupulous person ought to judge of himself, as we judge of certain brilliant colours, in slightly directing our eyes towards them. If we look straight at them our view is troubled."[2] It is thus too, that painters and men of exercised taste regard works of art. It is only in this way, as "in a glass darkly," that the soul can, in its present restraint, approach towards truth. We should learn that there is often more wisdom in generosity than in calculation, in hope and confidence than in mistrust and anxiety. We should endeavour to verify in ourselves what the clergy sing at Nones: "Pax multa diligentibus legem tuam: et non est illis scandalum."

The great obscurity which is objected against in the ancient system, is the natural result from the immensity of the subject, which, as an eloquent modern observes of something similar, "touching human nature on every point, and surrounding it

[1] Vid. S. Bernardi Epist. CXC.
[2] Traité de la Paix intérieure.

on all sides, renders it difficult, or rather impossible, to trace it in all its relations, and view it in all its extent. Meanwhile the shades which envelop and will always envelop it, are not without their use, since they teach the two most important lessons we can learn,—the vanity of our reason and the grandeur of our destiny." [1]

At all times men are bound to take especial care not to identify a great question with the character of some who may profess to defend it. On the one hand, there may be the inflated nonsense of some weak and passionate advocate, who forgets not only the precept of his faith, but that of human wisdom, saying in the words of Seneca, "Si tantum irasci vis sapientem quantum scelerum indignitas exigit, non irascendum illi, sed insaniendum est." [2] Though assuredly there is something very unreasonable in the astonishment and indignation which his anger excites in some persons. Alas! the moderns do their opponents too much honour if they suppose that they are not men imperfect like themselves: there is no subject for wonder, because folly is received with contempt, bad taste with ridicule, injustice with indignation, cruelty with fierceness. There may be much to condemn, but the failings of my own nature require me to be slow in judging upon human principles:

> ——— ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ συγγνώμην ἔχω,
> κλύοντι φλαῦρα, συμβαλεῖν ἔπη κακά.[3]

saying with Electra:

> ἐν οὖν τοιούτοις οὔτε σωφρονεῖν, φίλαι,
> οὔτ' εὐσεβεῖν πάρεστιν· ἀλλ' ἔν τοι κακοῖς
> πολλή 'στ' ἀνάγκη κἀπιτηδεύειν κακά.[4]

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[1] Mr. Robert Hall.
[2] Soph. Ajax, 1301.
[3] De Ira, lib. II, 7.
[4] Id. Electra, 299.

As in everything else, there may be a pedantry and a kind of hypocrisy in delicacy and refinement of sentiment, which becomes offensive to ingenuous minds; as when men seem astonished that the lowest and basest persons have not the feelings of gentlemen; and as if they had just found out for the first time that among those who are opposed to them, as in every large body of men, there must be some ill-mannered fools and intriguing hypocrites.

On the other hand there may have been degenerate misgivings, and unworthy and treacherous counsels of concession. In all ages of the Church there will be persons prompt at urging these. Many of the arguments used by the Knight in disputing with the Clerk in the Songe du Vergier prove that in the reign of King Charles V of France there were men ready to give way.[1] The objections and reasonings of the moderns do not always belong to any particular sect or school, but very often proceed from principles as old as the fallen condition of mortal souls. Moreover, traitors or cowards there will always be, even within the Church of God. And besides these, how many, particularly in the middle or ambitious rank of life, must be incapable from natural deficiencies of discerning what is beautiful and sublime; and these will always be ready to concede to the modern objectors in matters of taste; for in truth the principles of the modern taste will be more on a level with their capacity. "The destruction of discipline," says Tertullian,[2] "they call simplicity, having fellowship with all parties, with whom there can be no such thing as

[1] It is needless to shew that no clerk of that age would have given a knight so many advantages and occasions for triumph. The book was composed partly without doubt to flatter the King of France.

[2] De Præscrip. adversus Hæret.

schism." This evil to a certain extent arises from the very constitution of our nature; as in the example proposed by Socrates, when the rising generation throws off the old discipline and affects a more excellent way; "the old," he says, "accommodating themselves to these, affect a certain facetious air and grace, imitating the moderns, that they may not be thought disagreeable and despotic." [1] But this he mentions as one of many evil signs; and assuredly in the case which we consider the form of such an union could only have produced the opposite reality, by weakening that religious sense which, while it is the only source of charity, is compatible with the observance of the Apostolic precept. The holy doctors of the Church are agreed on this point.[2] And indeed if antiquity was only to be defended by subscribing to the modern opinions, I for one would protest against contending for a shadow. A very able and learned French ecclesiastic of our day has addressed to such persons the manly language of good sense and honour: "If you follow antiquity, cease to offer violence to the Church, which receives laws only from herself; cease to desire that the episcopacy and her chief, the only judges of doctrine, should be subjected to your thoughts. If you follow antiquity only in name, throw off, throw off quickly a vain disguise; leave the Church. She will lament the loss of some of her children, but she will rejoice at having to combat only open enemies."

From all this it follows that in countries where the modern philosophy prevails, there are dangers from the contagion of example, which, without affecting the essentials of faith, would excite the alarm and bitter regret of at least those few who,

[1] Plato, de Repub. VIII, v. 412.
[2] See also Bellarmin de Membris Ecclesiæ militantis, lib. III, 19.

besides their attachment to religion, feel an interest in the cultivation of those qualities, and in the fate and continuance of those fine arts, which are capable of producing so much beauty and happiness, and of being made subservient to such important and admirable ends: This opens a field of wide and most interesting inquiry. There were many things besides the important truths of Christianity, which the followers of antiquity wished to preserve. There were multitudes of tastes, associations, usages, expressions, rules, harmonies, modes of living, &c. in the continuance of which not merely the followers of antiquity, but a vast number of moderns felt an equal interest. Accordingly this is a subject on which men may be permitted to give free vent to their private sentiments and to express themselves with warmth. The followers of antiquity ought to consider their own strength in these outworks as well as in their citadel; and if it had been only for charity towards the innocent who found themselves without their lines, and who still could only look to them for real protection, they ought never for an instant to have thought of abandoning one foot of ground to those who advanced with such clamour and empty boasting. They should have remembered what every man of honour, every man of learning, of taste, and genius, would at least have practically admitted, that they have nothing to learn from the moderns, as such, in what relates to the principles of honour, and of that perfect taste which can create and discern beauty and harmony. On the contrary, every admission on their part, in the smallest matter, though it were only erecting pens or pews in churches, would be so much lost of what is excellent. In every point where the calumniators have separated from them within this range of principles, they have miserably betrayed their own want of all those intellectual riches which constitute

the peculiar dignity and grace and happiness of superior or of unspoiled men; and they have deplorably imparted to everything around them,—to manners, to literature, to the arts, and almost, wherever it was possible, to the very face of their country,—that coldness and contracted gloom, that rough and barbarous insensibility, that discordance between the visible and what is recognized as eternal truth, that grasping and selfish spirit of appropriation, that poverty and nakedness where there should be beautiful and romantic objects to express and to provide for the desire of souls; that false glitter of ever-craving vanity, hating and shutting out the rays of the light and love of heaven; that earthly and mere material tone which characterizes their own unhappy and but half-fledged natures.

There may have been, and there are yet, other dangers arising from professed friends of a different class. There may be the boisterous heroics of some vapouring Menestheus, who will prefer the whisper of the silly peasant, "hic est ille Demosthenes,"[1] to the interest and peace of thousands. But what is there strange in this? Socrates will prove that there is no mystery here. "It happens," he says, "that a son is born to a virtuous father, who living in a state" which has been disarranged, "keeps at a distance from honours and power and judicial proceedings, and all such affairs, and wishes to hold an inferior rank, that he may not be engaged. When, therefore, this son hears his mother complaining that her husband is not in power, and that she holds in consequence an inferior rank among other women; afterwards seeing that he takes no thought about making money, neither contending for it, nor accusing persons, bringing private or public actions against them, but that he is quite

[1] Cicero, Tuscul. V.

indifferent as to all this, so that he lives as much as possible by himself, and neither seems greatly to honour nor yet to neglect her, from all this becoming very angry, and then saying to him, how he had an effeminate and good-for-nothing father, and many other things, *οἷα φιλοῦσιν αἱ γυναῖκες περὶ τῶν τοιούτων ὑμνεῖν*· and besides this, the servants too, as many as appear to be faithful, sometimes taking occasion to express the same to him, and when they see persons who owe money to their lord for which he does not prosecute them, or doing him any other injury, advising him, as a son, to take vengeance on such persons as soon as he becomes a man, that so he may be more a man than his father, *καὶ ἀνὴρ μᾶλλον ἔσται τοῦ πατρός*: and then when he goes out, hearing and seeing the same things; men who in the State are occupied only about their own real concerns being called fools and held in no reputation, but others being honoured and applauded; so the youth hearing and beholding all this, and hearing and beholding the reasonings and manners of his father contrary to those of other men, being drawn by both of these, by his father having his reasonable soul cherished and strengthened, by the others his passions of desire and of anger, not being of an evil breed though accustomed to evil communications, being impelled in these two directions, he descends by the middle line, and becomes a man to a certain extent fond of contention and passionate and ambitious."[1] It sometimes happens too, "that those who are peculiarly formed by nature for loving wisdom are prevented from pursuing truth by a thousand causes; and so philosophy is left desolate and imperfect, while these men lead a wretched and not a true life. Wisdom meanwhile, *ὥς περ ὀρφανὴ ξυγγενῶν*"

[1] Plato, de Repub. VIII, p. 387.

(mark that, you who are the natural allies of what we so unworthily and weakly defend), "wisdom, as if deprived of its relations, is abandoned to those who are not worthy to approach it; and so these men seeing the place deserted, but yet full of majesty and of illustrious names, καλῶν δὲ ὀνομάτων καὶ προσχημάτων μεστήν, like those, who having escaped from the chains of a prison take refuge in a temple, with ease and gaiety jump from their workshops to philosophy,—or like some worker in brass, diminutive and bald-headed, who, having procured money, is freed from bonds, goes to the bath, washes, makes himself fine with the habit of a bridegroom, and then marries the daughter of his master, who happens to be without fortune and desolate."[1] This is again what Socrates said: and so it is to be remembered in our age, that the lovers of truth have nothing to do with the purpose to which some men may think proper to apply truth: "ἀσώτους ex Aristippi, acerbos ex Zenonis schola exire," said a philosopher;[2] and besides the inability of the vulgar to receive it, there may be external causes to make its utterance the note of death. All this its friends know well; they are prepared for everything; they expect everything, and under every possible evil they will love with the same affection, and reverence with the same constancy, that truth which is as sacred and immutable as God himself.

The words of St. Augustin are repeated by the followers of antiquity in every age, "Nos fatemur in ecclesia Catholica et bonos et malos esse."[3] They are likewise for ever anxious that men should remembr what the Holy Scripture saith: "Væ mundo a scandalis. Necesse est enim ut veniant

[1] Plato, de Repub. VI, p. 295.
[2] Cic. de Natura Deorum, III, 31.
[3] Tract. VI, de Cas. I, in Evang. Joan.

scandala: verumtamen væ homini illi, per quem scandalum venit": by whom the scandal cometh, by whom the occasion, the facility, the temptation cometh! So let not the moderns indulge the conceit, that these evils are to be identified with the cause of antiquity, or that they will weaken the just reliance of its followers, or supplant in their memories the evidence of an Irenæus, the arguments of a St. Augustin, the expositions of a Bossuet, or the example of a Sir Thomas More. Although it may be granted that there is no age of the world[1] when those who are on the side of justice can be sure that something like the experience of Cicero may not fall to their lot, almost justifying them if, in a moment of despondency, they repeat his mournful confession, "Quid quæris? nihil boni, præter causam";[2] in which event they would only have to follow his example, "et si minus in curia atque in foro, at in literis et libris ut doctissimi veteres fecerunt, navare rempublicam, et de moribus ac legibus quærere."[3] Above all, while obliged to be on their guard even against professed friends, let them not be deceived by confidence and common opinion, so as to think more favourably or highly of their enemies than they ought. Let them not wonder that, after all their explanations and entreaties, the majority of their opponents will permit no cessation of hostilities, will hear of no entreaties, no invitation to unity. "The present generation," says the Count de Maistre, "is witness to one of the greatest spectacles ever presented to the human eye: c'est le combat à outrance du Christianisme et du philosophisme. The lists are opened, the two enemies are engaged, and the universe looks on."[4]

It would have been uncharitable in the ancients

[1] See S. Bernard, de Consideratione, lib. II, c. 1, Epist. 189.
[2] Epist. CCCCLII, Schütz.
[3] Epist. CCCCXL.
[4] Considérations sur la France, p. 79.

to conceal their conviction that the difficulties which some men professed to feel, and the kind of objections they brought forward, proved that they had not unity and peace at heart. Probably indeed they did not perceive the necessity for union and peace. It was not enough for them to know what the Council of Trent had pronounced; they still recurred to some words of vastly ancient records, upon which they insisted on putting the most unfavourable sense, and declaring that against them they must continue to protest for ever. This subject might be illustrated by the common instance of two families long at enmity with each other. One explained the ancient subject of dispute, and entreated peace. The other refused to receive the explanation, declared that its opponent had no power to make it, and that it must fight its old battle over again with its old arms. Who could doubt which side was in the right?

Others there are, indeed, though in comparison but few in number, who seem to stand opposed to the wisdom of antiquity more by chance and mistake than by choice and absolute disagreement, more by necessity than by desire and disposition of heart. Of such men may be said what Socrates affirmed of those who did not believe that injustice was better than justice and virtue;[1] that they have "altogether experienced a divine fortune." For, where the literature of a whole nation is devoted to the accusers of antiquity, where the virtues and graces of the ancient system are concealed or misrepresented, and its failings magnified and brought unceasingly forward in every possible shape that can be presented to the imagination of youth,[2] that

[1] De Repub. II.

[2] An English translation of Plutarch's Lives contains a note in almost every second page full of the most extravagant charges against the Catholic Church.

any men should be found who do not believe the system of philosophy with the moderns to be better than what preceded it, is an event perfectly inexplicable, according to the views of antiquity, without recourse to those great doctrines of religion which relate to what is carried on by divine agency in the heart and mind of man.

With respect to these men, let conscientious views, generous spirit, a love of truth and of the heavenly life, learning and genius and gentle affections, have their due meed of honour; but let the common base herd of the enemy, who are less bitter only from dulness, and each of their readers "cui sit publica vena," and of whom is true, notwithstanding all their vapouring, what Livy says of the tribunes,[1] "fere semper reguntur a multitudine magis quam regunt," be viewed aright. Let us take counsel, though but from human wisdom, being assured with Menander and Pindar,[2] that what is plausible has greater weight among such than what is true; with Plato, that they are incapable of loving or discerning or receiving truth;[3] with the Roman poets, that they follow fortune, hating what is oppressed, and ready to worship the prosperous,[4] and that the knowledge of their baseness is one of the blessings due to fate;[5] with Aristotle, that they have no understanding for truth, and are guided more by necessity than by reason, by fear than by honour;[6] with Seneca, that they are the worst judges of truth,[7] that their honours and injuries are to be received with the same indifference, "nec his dolendum nec illis gaudendum";[8] with

[1] Lib. III, 71.
[2] Olymp. I, 45.
[3] De Repub. III; Hippias major; Axioch. de Legibus, II; but the whole philosophy of Plato proceeds on this principle.
[4] Juvenal, X.
[5] Horat. Car. II, 16.
[6] Ethic. IV, IX, X.
[7] De Vita Beata.
[8] De Constantia Sapientis.

Milton, that "they praise and they admire they know not what and know not whom, but as one leads the other";[1] with Cicero, that their consent and agreement might only lead us from the truth:[2] with Demosthenes, that they love accusation and hate apologies:[3] the very character which the first Christians ascribed to their adversaries, who they truly said were not philosophers but Φιλόκομποι;[4] with Socrates, that their calumnies ought not to afflict us, for they are ignorant of truth and judge only by appearance;[5] and let the words of Antisthenes be ever remembered, Βασιλικὸν καλῶς ποιοῦντα κακῶς ἀκούειν; a dignity which the followers of antiquity must expect to acquire in every age; for of them may be always said what St. Justin Martyr affirmed of the Christians in his time, ἀγνοοῦνται, καὶ κατακρίνονται.[6]

Assuredly no man of honour—may I not add, no Christian?—is bound to heed such judgment or to defend himself from it by an apology. The rule of temporal chivalry admits of no doubt. Silence is the only reply to the suspicious intimations or accusations of the multitude or of their leaders. The wish to explain, to apologize, to trumpet forth our own innocence, is quite incompatible with the first principles of virtue and honour. The blessed Apostle St. Paul has given us the same rule: "Mihi autem pro minimo est ut à vobis judicer, aut ab humano die; sed neque meipsum judico."[7]

Small however will have been their advance in wisdom, and little will they have profited by lessons and examples, if the experience of their antagonists lead the followers of antiquity to no other reflection

[1] Par. Regained, III. [2] De Legibus.
[3] De Corona. [4] S. Just. Mart. Apologist. I, v. 46.
[5] Ad Demon.
[6] Ad Diognetum Epist., but a still higher antiquity is ascribed to the Epistle. [7] Ad Corinth. I, iv.

but that there is folly and great injustice in men. Far be from them the greater than human folly, that heartless inflation which would induce them to jest at any extravagance incident to our common nature. The greatest poet of antiquity represents Ajax mad and smeared with the blood of innocent herds which he has slaughtered in mistake for his enemies, chaining to a pillar a great ram which he takes for Ulysses, and exulting in his imaginary triumph, yet exciting the mirth or contempt of none but the thoughtless and the base. To render men more humble and religious, to exemplify what Pindar said, that a countless multitude of delusions fly without ceasing round the human mind, is the object of his sublime and mournful muse. For what mortal man can deem himself without concern in the fate of such as Ajax? What mortal man can behold him, and be high-minded and proud of his own wisdom and confident of its security? Assuredly there is but one confession for the beholder, though he possess all knowledge and all utterance. In sooth I pity him, though he be my enemy, beholding in his great calamity nothing more than what is incident to myself.

Ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο πλὴν
Εἰδωλ', ὑσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν·[1]

Still, such considerations prevent no man from saying that, if there be a religion which requires its followers to entertain a disbelief in virtue, generating a spirit of suspicion and scorn, to maintain that three-fourths of the inhabitants of civilized Europe are not to be believed upon oath, which teaches one gentleman to ask another whether he means to keep faith with him, whether his words express his real opinions, whether he makes use of

[1] Soph. Ajax, 121.

mental reservation, whether he condemns the doctrines of equivocation, whether there is any authority that can induce him to be disloyal to his king or a traitor to his country or to injure the meanest and weakest of the human race, assuredly, and in defiance of all the doctors and preachers in the world, that is not a religion for a gentleman. It is not my intention to sully these pages by quoting any "vilain" words from the writings which have lately issued from the English press. I understand some persons have thought proper to set down in print that the followers of antiquity falsify history, and that their word is not to be believed. It must be confessed such expressions, particularly on a cloudy day in a certain capital which I could name, are enough to make gentlemen a little angry; but they will not suffer the sun to go down upon their anger. There is a kind of good humour which will soon silence the most audacious pedant: even the heathens could laugh at these common slanderers. Plutarch tells us that a man of this sort loaded Pericles a whole day with reproaches and abuse, which he bore in silence, and continued in public for the despatch of some urgent affairs. In the evening he walked home, the impudent knave following and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language; as it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home. "Light the man home" was as much as could be expected from a heathen; but something more will be required from the faithful son of Christian chivalry. In him there must be nothing left of the malevolent, gloomy, revengeful spirit; nothing to cloud the sweet serenity of an honest conscience. He must be ready to entertain his enemy, and that too in the same hall with knights and ladies and esquires of honour; which will be even more chivalrous than

engaging in the wretched, degrading, unmanly strife of words or pens; rendering evil for evil, and railing for railing; the very thought of which should make men adopt Sir Lancelot's way on other occasions, "qui crachoit en despit du diable." At the same time no man is bound to seek occasions of hearing himself reviled. Telemachus was constrained to hear the disdainful laughter, and to witness the bitter scorn of the high-fed suitors and their silly affectation of superiority, and so, we read "his eyes were filled with tears, and his soul was full of heaviness"; but in the present instance there is no such necessity, and gentlemen will do well not to take heed of all this, but to banish it from their thoughts, and leave it to work by itself the end for which it is permitted.

For as to the madness of our age, is it not evident that all these poisoned shafts of calumny, sent forth with such eagerness by base ignoble hands, and hailed with such transports by so large a portion of the nobler class, who ought to be the first to interpose a shield, are accomplishing some gracious end in the vast designs of Providence? Assuredly they have already in some instances not been spent upon the desert air, but have been guided by an invisible arm to their proper object. To make generous men suffer, is to lead them to those fresh scenes where they may walk

> In the bright visions of empyreal light
> By the green pastures, and the fragrant meads,
> Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow;
> By crystal streams and by the living waters
> Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree
> Whose leaves shall heal the nations; underneath
> Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
> From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
> On mortal life, from sin and death for ever.[1]

[1] Lamb.

For after describing one, the colours of whose mind seemed yet unworn, the wild langnage of whose grief was high,

> Such as in measure were called poetry,

a poet of our time proceeds:

> —— I remember one remark, which then
> Maddalo made: he said—"Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song." [1]

Protagoras of Abdera, and Prodicus the Chian, and many others, had riches, and crowds of admiring disciples at their feet, who supposed that no city or even house could be governed unless they modelled its constitution; and these crowds had such respect for them, that, as Socrates said, they did everything but carry them on their heads; while Hesiod and Homer were allowed to wander on the face of the earth, and to such as would listen might chant their heroic rhapsody;

> They learn in suffering, what they teach in song;

they learn to estimate the real condition and to meditate on the destiny of their nature, to believe with the prince of philosophers, that "we see the soul as men see the Glaucus, without being able to discern easily what was its ancient nature, from the members of its original body having been partly broken and partly worn down and altogether disordered by the violence of the waves, and from other things having adhered to it,—shells, and weeds, and pebbles, so that it more resembles some strange monster than what it once was by nature; to believe with him, that even so do we look upon the soul, deformed by innumerable evils; and to argue from

[1] Shelley's Posthumous Poems.

beholding its love of wisdom and its tendency to associate with what is divine and immortal, that when it shall have been drawn out of the sea in which it now is, and when it shall be freed from the pebbles and shells and deformities which now adhere to it, arising from the particular sustenance which by most men is thought so excellent, then we shall be able to discern its true nature." [1]

O Alcyone! bird which along the rocky cliffs of the sea utterest a sorrowful song, a cry intelligible to the intelligent, for thou art lamenting him in whom was thy rest and solace, how many human mourners may I compare to thee, not such as that daughter of Agamemnon exiled on the inhospitable Scythian shore, who amid the labours of a horrid servitude thought upon the assemblies of the Greeks, and the palm-tree with luxuriant foliage, and the laurel with rich boughs, and the branch of the green olive, and the lake which rolls the water frequented by swans, where the swan with its melody woos the muses,[2] but rather those whose soul in the world's wilderness longs after the sweetness of its native clime, those who have loved the beauty of its holy temples, where stood the altar of God—of God, the joy of their youth. Yet their sighs will lead to wisdom. "Tibi laus," exclaims St. Augustin, "tibi laus, tibi gloria, fons misericordiarum. Ego flebam miserior et tu propinquior." [3]

So let the arrows fly abroad; let them be collected and multiplied and sent forth by societies professing to be "for the promotion of the religion of love": only let those against whose hearts they are aimed, remember what St. Jerome said, "apud Christianos non qui patitur, sed qui facit contumeliam, miser est"; and that every detractor, as St. Augustin

[1] Plato, de Repub. X. [2] Eurip. Iph. in Taur. 1058.
[3] Confess. VI.

says of every evil person, "aut ideo vivit, ut corrigatur; aut ideo vivit, ut per illum boni exercerentur." No person need wonder at the hostile and contemptuous feeling evinced in our time against the wisdom of antiquity, if he examines the popular literature in England and France, in which it will be hard to trace any of the characters denoting impartial inquiry and the serious desire after truth. The evil resulting from such a literature is incalculable. Care must be taken also lest the continuance of these evils should generate a habit of condemning others, leading men to indulge a censorious spirit, ἥκιστα φιλοσοφίᾳ πρέπον ποιοῦντας, as Socrates says. Indeed to omit the higher considerations of the Christian rule, we may learn from this prince of philosophers not only the evil, but even the impossibility of such a temper being joined with the love of wisdom; since, as he justly says, "a man really occupied in the contemplation of truth has no leisure to look down upon the deeds of men, and by fighting with them to fill himself with envy and hatred; for, beholding those things which are always the same, which neither inflict nor suffer injustice, but move in order and according to reason, he imitates them, and as far as possible becomes similar to them."[1] As long as the knightly heart can cherish the images of Jerusalem Delivered or the Minstrel's Lay,—as long as the page of Plato can remind the sage of the source and the importance and the majesty of truth,—as long as the discourses of the venerable fathers and the blessed book of the everlasting Gospel can be the food and light and rest of holy men, so long the followers of the ancient wisdom will have no leisure to attend to these miserable evils, and perhaps, though living surrounded by them, they will not be aware of their

[1] Plato, de Repub. VI.

existence. Nevertheless we must not disguise our fear that some will fall short of this felicity, and will succumb to long infection. Leontius, the son of Aglaion, as he was going up to Athens, under the north wall of the Piræus perceived that there were some dead bodies exposed; and in the same instant he felt an ardent desire to look, and he shuddered at the thought and turned himself away, and covered his face, contending with his passion, till at length overcome, he ran to the dead bodies, and fixing his eyes full upon them, "Behold then, O ye miserable," he exclaimed, "and be satiated with the beautiful spectacle." The story is told by Socrates.[1] To the followers of antiquity in our age, I mean to the young and unguarded, it should be an affecting emblem, surrounded as they are by the images of a dead, corrupt, pestilential, and yet in some respects fascinating literature.

"Barbarism," says Mr. Coleridge, "is, I own, a wilful, headstrong thing; but, with all its blind obstinacy, it has less power of doing harm than this self-sufficient, self-satisfied *plain good common sense* sort of writing, this prudent, saleable, popular style of composition, if it be deserted by reason and scientific insight; pitiably decoying the minds of men by an imposing shew of amiableness and practical wisdom. So that the delighted reader knowing nothing, knows *all about* almost everything": of which I will give as an instance what Bishop Hurd says in his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance"; where, after accounting for the religious character which distinguished knights, by saying it was an age of superstition, and the knights had to fight the Saracens—after proving that a knight used to love a woman only for her lands and from other motives "than the mere charms and graces of

[1] Plato, de Repub. lib. IV.

her person" (reasoning thus, women possessed the privilege of feudal succession, "and the connection between these two things, feudal gallantry and feudal succession, is so close and so natural, that we cannot be much mistaken in deducing the one from the other"); after this he concludes, "not that I shall make a merit with you in having perused these barbarous volumes myself; much less would I impose the ungrateful task upon you: it is sufficient to refer you to a learned and very elaborate memoir of a French writer, who has put together *all that is requisite to be known on this subject.*" O that it were lawful for once in our life to swear by a saint like a bad Christian, or by a dog like a sage, or by all the great or lesser gods like a foul heathen! If ever a knight could be guilty of such a sin, it would be after reading Bishop Hurd! Why in the name of common sense does the bishop or his admiring reader think it requisite that they should know all or anything about chivalry? Gentle reader, pardon this indecorous warmth; let us proceed with Coleridge (ἄφοβοι γὰρ ἐγίγνοντο ὡς εἰδότες, says Plato,[1] or as Tertullian saith, "omnes tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur"). "There will succeed, therefore, in my opinion, and that too within no long time, to the rudeness and rusticity of our age, that ensnaring meretricious *popularness* in literature, with all the tricksy humilities of the ambitious candidates for the favourable suffrages of the judicious public, which, if we do not take good care, will break up and scatter before it all robustness and manly vigour of intellect, all masculine fortitude of virtue." This is the spirit which breathes through our modern literature, besides animating all the "brief refutations" (but brief as they are, as Socrates said to Protagoras of himself, I am troubled with a short

[1] De Legibus, III.

memory and cannot follow their reasoning, so if they would convince me, they must be much briefer, and composed in a way of shorter and more precise answers to what I would propose), "practical evidences," "dissuasions," "preservatives," "omnianas," and the thousand other less euphonious treatises, of which Bellarmin saith, "non jam ut cancer serpunt, sed velut agmina locustarum volitant," so darkening the intellectual atmosphere that men cannot apprehend the wisdom of antiquity, nor behold the star which guided their fathers; books greatly prized and kept in store by the vulgar, to justify their harsh insinuations and their high opinion of their own wisdom, while they adopt the style and often almost the words of Oliver, when speaking of his innocent brother: "I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder";[1] while "they catch up certain swelling phrases which hang together like those of a man that once told Sir Philip Sydney the wind was at N.W. and by S., because he would be sure to name winds enough."[2] "I must not omit the description of their conversation," says Tertullian, "quam futilis, quam terrena, quam humana sit, sine gravitate, sine auctoritate, sine disciplina, ut fidei suæ congruens." Fellowship they have with all, "nihil enim interest illis, licet diversa tractantibus, dum ad unius veritatis expugnationem conspirent." What concerns them is not the conversion of the heathen, but our overthrow. "This is their glory, if they can work the ruin of those who stand, not the elevation of the prostrate."[3]

[1] Shakspeare: "As You Like It." [2] Defence of Poesy.
[3] De Præscrip. adversus Hæret.

I must repeat my caution, also, against being deceived by the modern compilers of history: for perfectly applicable to ourselves is what Thucydides said respecting history among the Greeks, "*οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἕτοιμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.*" [1] As also what Demosthenes lamented in the case of the Athenians, saying to them "*πολύ τι σκότος, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐστὶ παρ' ὑμῖν πρὸ τῆς ἀληθείας.*"

Still the ancient counsels of wisdom must not be forgotten by those who defend antiquity. Mercy and charity, with especial reference to those evils, have been always among the prime and essential duties of chivalrous men. They remember the prayer of the Church on Good Friday, and that which is daily offered up for the whole world. They have been taught to pray for those who have withdrawn themselves. "Orate pro dispersis ovibus," says St. Augustin, "veniant et ipsi, agnoscant et ipsi, ament et ipsi; ut sit unus grex et unus Pastor." [2]—"You who are within the Church," says again the same great saint, "nolite insultare eis qui non sunt intus; sed orate potius ut et ipsi intus sint." [3] These were the duties of men in the heroic age as well as in the present; and in the faithful observance of them the followers of antiquity may proceed to defend their cause.

If, in the theology of the monks and clergy, "to patronize the order was esteemed the first of virtues," if they taught that "the foundation of a monastery was the sure road to heaven, and that a bountiful donation would, without repentance, efface the guilt of the most deadly sins, they were undoubtedly," says Dr. Lingard, "the corrupters of morality and the enemies of mankind"; the enemies of natural religion; for, as Socrates says in the

[1] Lib. I. [2] Serm. 138. [3] In Psalm. C, 5, n. 5.

Platonic dialogue,[1] *καὶ γὰρ ἂν δεινὸν εἴη, εἰ πρὸς τὰ δῶρα καὶ τὰς θυσίας ἀποβλέπουσιν ἡμῶν οἱ θεοὶ, ἀλλὰ μὴ πρὸς τὴν ψυχὴν, ἄν τις ὅσιος καὶ δίκαιος ὢν τυγχάνῃ.* But that these were the doctrines which they taught, there is no evidence in their writings. Although, were the fact otherwise, even on the supposition that it might be proved from the writings of many of the clergy in particular ages that such errors did prevail, we could not therefore justify the moderns, without adopting an argument that would overthrow everything and every man, and leave us no object in the world for which we could ever argue. The warmest friends of the reformed Church of England will admit that there was a period in her history, and that removed at no great distance from our time, when the principles of Socinus had insinuated themselves into the writings of several, and not the least eminent, of her divines; but would it be reasonable or at all consistent with justice and honour to conclude from such a fact that the Church of England was Socinian in every age, or that separation from her communion was at that period the only measure left for those who believed in the divinity of Jesus? Unless indeed we could show that those errors followed of necessity from the ancient system, and that the spirit of the reformed Church was essentially Socinian; but that both these positions would be totally untenable, the writings of the middle ages and those of the reformed Church, both previous and subsequent to that period of which we speak, and those of our own time, supported as they are by the spirit and character of their authors, furnish a satisfactory and undeniable proof. As for those whom we advocate, Dr. Lingard might fearlessly appeal to the writings of antiquity for a refutation of the charges brought against them.

[1] Alcibiades, II, 21.

Little do they know of the spirit of those great and holy saints, who now so unrelentingly revile them. Hear the venerable Peter, ninth Abbot of Cluny, "non quæro quæ vestra sunt sed vos. Vos, inquam, quæro, de vobis non de pecunia peritura in sempiternum gaudere concupisco, gaudio illo quod, juxta Domini sententiam, nemo tollat à nobis."[1] If their modern adversaries had consulted the venerable Bede, he would have taught them that "no offering, though made to a monastery, could be pleasing to the Almighty if it proceeded from an impure conscience." From the Council of Calcaith they might have learnt that "repentance was then only of avail when it impelled the sinner to lament his past offences, and restrained him from committing them again." And in the acts of the Synod of Cloveshoe they might have found the declaration of the prelates of the Saxon Church, "the man who indulges his passions in the confidence that his charities will procure his salvation, instead of making an acceptable offering to God, throws himself into the arms of Satan." And if they had consulted the statutes of the monks of Cluny, they would have found it thus laid down, "Seeing that the Church forbids everything that is reprehensible, and especially 'the love of gifts and retributions,' that we may consult our salvation, we decree, and we ordain to be inviolably observed, that no one for spiritual things shall give, or receive, or promise anything. If any one shall presume to act against this interdict, without mercy let him be cut off from the communion of all until he shall make worthy satisfaction."[2] Therefore we must not make it a charge against them, that they found occasions for saying, as in the passage quoted by

[1] S. Pet. ven. Abb. Epist. lib. I, 6. Bibliotheca Cluniacensis.
[2] Hugonis V, Abb. Clun. Statuta in Bibliotheca Cluniacens. p. 1459.

Mr. Turner, "he that hath ability may raise a church to the praise of God; and if he has wherewithal, let him give land to it, and allow ten young men so that they may serve in it and minister the daily service. He may repair churches when he can, and make folk-ways, with bridges over deep waters and over miry places; and let him assist poor men's widows, and step-children, and foreigners. He may free his own slaves and redeem the liberty of those of other masters, and especially the poor captives of war, and let him find the needy and house them, clothe and warm them, and give them bathing and beds." True, the older canons were more severe. But beyond a doubt, as a learned theologian observes in determining the degrees of penance, attention was to be paid not only to the gravity of the crime, but also to the number of the guilty. These arts of compensating for canonical pains were not invented to flatter penitents, but to give them some reasonable ground for hoping that they might complete their penance before they fulfilled the term of their lives. Many councils—that of Exeter for instance, in 1287, and that of Tours in 1294—confined their application to minor cases. The language of these councils is most clear and firm in providing against the abuse of this discipline: similar examples will be found in the 14th and 15th centuries, succeeding each other at short intervals till the Council of Trent.[1] A discretionary power lay in the priest, "quid salubrius et utilius animæ pœnitentis esse discernat." If some substitutions for canonical penance appear objectionable, let the moderns make use of that charity which will never permit them to believe that such wise and holy and spiritual men as many of these ancient clergy in authority incontestably were,

[1] Vide Thomass. Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Dis. III, lib. I, c. 74.

would have sanctioned or allowed a practice so prejudicial to religion as they suppose. Different ages, different manners, habits, degrees of knowledge, require, in small matters, different treatment. When these can be changed without affecting higher points if circumstances demand it, they are altered. This is all that wisdom can desire. But that, in every age, the clergy never lost sight of the moral good in these institutions, there is the most satisfactory evidence.[1] As for the gross conceits of modern objectors, the Church by its discipline would not receive, even for the benefit of the poor, the offerings of public sinners, or money acquired by wicked means.[2] St. Augustin would not even accept what fathers offered to the Church when they were angry with their sons and intended to disinherit them,[3] saying, that he did not wish the Church to grow rich at the expense of children; nor would St. Ambrose accept the offerings of children who neglected their parents; and so Fulgentius, when he retired into a monastery, gave all his possessions to his mother. But mark still further how falsely the clergy were accused of avariciously grasping after riches. It often happened that certain persons, being struck by disease and terror of conscience, were ready to make donations of all their property to the Church; but what

[1] See Petri Lombardi Sentent. lib. IV, distinct. 16; S. Thomæ Summa, III, Q. 84; Alcuini Epist. ad Pueros; S. Martini de Confessione Peccatorum, apud Canis. II, p. 454; Innoc. Epist. XV, 113; S. Bernard. de interiori Domo; de Modo bene vivendi, Ser. XXVII; and what Bede has collected out of the holy Fathers on the subject of Penance, Opera, vol. III, p. 534; and the Canons of the Council of Trent, s. VI, c. 14, in which the definition used by the ancient Fathers is repeated "secundam post naufragium tabulam"; Canisius's Catechism, p. 201, on Contrition and Penance; see also Dr. Lingard's Tracts, pp. 16 to 24; Milner's End of Religious Controversy, letter 43.

[2] Constit. Apostol. l. IV, c. 56.

[3] Thomass. III, lib. I, c. 17.

said the clergy to them on such occasions? "You do this with hasty and foolish thoughts; you would have done better if you had given this to the poor and to strangers, and had then come to the priests of the Church to be anointed with oil." These are the words of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons.[1] "What signifies golden vessels," said St. Chrysostom, "if your soul be of inferior value?—These are the golden and precious vases, such as are not defiled by avarice."[2] Still be it remembered, the whole property of the Church was the patrimony of the poor, of which the clergy were but the dispensers; so that Thomassin concludes thus, "Ea est conditio, ea lex rerum Ecclesiæ, ad quoscumque devenerint, res sunt pauperum."[3] And therefore it does seem to me that men who profess the religion of Christ in our age, might find other subjects for contemplation besides the superstition of their fathers in endowing the Church.

Such were the opinions too that prevailed in all parts of Christendom. William the Fifth, Duke of Aquitaine, after beginning life with piety and honour, had given way to avaricious and violent passions and conducted himself like a luxurious and cruel prince. St. Bernard often went in hopes of converting him, but in vain. At length the duke, struck with remorse, resolved to leave the world, and travelled to Clairvaux to become a monk under St. Bernard. But the wise saint rejected him, and advised him to return to his subjects; and by a good and exemplary life to restore what he had corrupted.[4] His call to heaven was however doubtless from God; and he obeyed the divine will. In like manner the cruel Agnes, Queen of Hungary, after her barbarous vengeance for the murder of her father,

[1] Thomass. III, lib. III, c. 31; see also III, lib. I, c. 16–23.
[2] In Matt. Hom. 41. [3] C. 40.
[4] Jean de la Haye, l'Origine des Poictevins, p. 33.

the Emperor Albert, founded the rich convent of Königsfelden, and retired into its walls to lead a life of devotion; but the Church supplied her not alone with doctrine but with a living monitor. Brother Berthold Strebel, of Ostringen, said to her in accents of horror, "Madam, it is an evil devotion to shed innocent blood, and to found convents with the wealth that has been unjustly seized."

With equal wisdom, and certainly in conformity with what was taught by the Church and its ministers, sang the poet whose ode is quoted by Warton from the Digby MSS. in the Bodleian library, written, he thinks, before the Norman conquest:

> Sende sum god biforen him
> Men that wile to hevene,
> For betere is on elmesse bifore
> Thanne ben after sevene.[1]

Similar to the verses of the old French poet Marot:

> Après la mort n'est seurté de querir
> Remede aucun, pour l'ame secourir;
> Dont faire fault telles œuvres, &c. &c. &c.

And again, in the following beautiful rondeau to princesses and noble dames:

> Au cœur gist tout, et non pas aux parolles;
> Tel presche et dit saincts motz et parabolles,
> Qui a le cœur de tout vice ampesché
> Dame d'honneur, hélas, fuy ce peché
> D'ypocrisie, autrement, tu t'affolles.

Thibaud VII, Count of Champagne, was a magnificent benefactor to the Franciscan monks of Provins.[2] St. Louis, it appears, had reasons to fear lest he might be relying too much on this liberality; for he sent the Sire de Joinville to advise him "to take great care what he was about; and not to over-

[1] Hist. of English Poetry, vol. I, p. 9. Warton was in error. This composition belongs to the thirteenth century, not the eleventh. His faulty quotation is corrected above.

[2] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, tome II, p. 121.

load his soul, fancying that he might be discharged in consequence of his charity to these brethren; for the wise man, while he is alive, ought to act like the good executor of a will, who first of all, and before every other deed, ought to make restitution and amends for the wrongs and evils caused by the deceased. And after that, with the residue, he ought to give alms to the poor of God."[1] This is what the King St. Louis said.

Perhaps our conclusion would be correct respecting the character of the clergy in the darkest age, that which closed the Merovingian dynasty in France, if we drew it from the circular which Charlemagne sent to the Abbot Baugulf. "In the writings," he said, "which have of late been frequently addressed to us by convents, we have remarked that the sense of the religious men was right, but their language uncultivated; that what a pious devotion dictated to them faithfully within, they were unable to express outwardly without reproach by their negligence and their ignorance of the language"; and then, after advising them to be careful in their elections, he concludes thus: "for we wish that you should be all, as becomes the soldiers of the Church, devout within, learned without, chaste to live well, learned to speak wisely." This relates to the most unfavourable moment of history, and gives the dark side of the picture; yet how unlike is even this to the character which the moderns have ascribed to the ancient clergy! supporting their charges by referring to the writings of licentious wits, profligate troubadours, professed jesters, satirists, and men of infamous lives. In general, however, the view is far more cheering. Read the proclamation of Pope Gregory VIII upon the fall of Jerusalem in the 12th century, where he exposes the vices of the

[1] Joinville, Vie de St. Louis, p. 7.

age;[1] read the homilies of the Anglo-Saxon clergy, urging the emancipation of slaves and the abandonment of Pagan superstitions; or the decree of the Council of London in 1102, abolishing "the infamous custom of selling men like beasts."[2] While in Poland the serfs had to watch the nests of hawks, and were cruelly punished if the young birds flew away, and were suffering such general oppression that many fled their country and took refuge in pagan Prussia and Russia,[3] mark the decree which Pope Gregory IX was announcing; "animas fidelium, quas Jesus Christus redemit sanguine, avium intuitu, vel ferarum, Sathanæ prædam effici, detestabile decernimus et iniquum":[4] read the bull of Pope Alexander III in 1167, which is directed against slavery, and has extorted the admiration of Voltaire;[5] or that of Clement VI, the protector of the unfortunate, who published two bulls defending the Jews from the persecutions raised against them; or read the epistles of Gregory the Great, ordering the synagogues in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, which had been forcibly taken from the Jews, to be restored to them, concluding "that they are not to be compelled, but to be converted by meekness and charity."[6] View the bishops of Spain in the 10th century, protecting the Jews from the fury of the people; St. Bernard defending them in his time from the Crusaders; Pope Nicholas II restraining the violence of the inquisition; Pope Sixtus V condemning the gross superstition of astrology; St. Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons, in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire, defending the unfortunate people accused of sorcery, and exposing the absurdity of such fears and accusations. A history of

[1] Raumer, II, p. 408. [2] Concil. XII, 1100, No. 27.
[3] Raumer, Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, V, 16; see also p. 117.
[4] Reg. Greg. IX, year 11. [5] De Maistre, Du Pape, II, p. 29.
[6] Lib. I, 35; lib. VII, 5; lib. XII, 30.

superstitions might be collected out of the acts of the Church condemning its different forms. "In general," says Raumer, "the popes shewed themselves more judicious, more generous, and more impartial than the lay princes, and they opposed as well the usurpations and cheatings of the Jews, as the tyranny and avarice of the Christians." [1] He calls to witness the decrees of Innocent III, Clement III, Honorius III, and Gregory IX; and he quotes the saying of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, "We may pray for the conversion of the Jews, but not persecute them." [2] View the clergy at the court of emperors and princes,[3] or residing in their diocese during wars and pestilence,[4] or preaching the word of God,[5] or taking care of orphans and widows, and all the miserable,[6] or in the discharge of their episcopal jurisdiction, appeasing animosities, and preventing lawsuits and feuds; [7] or in their distribution of the goods of the Church in support of the poor and in hospitality,[8] or in their ordinary conversations,[9] or, in their gentleness when

[1] Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, V, 313. [2] Epist. 365.

[3] See Thomassini Vetus et Nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina, tom. II, lib. III, c. 58–65; Guillel. de Nang. Gesta S. Ludov. IX, Duchesne, V, p. 366.

[4] Thomass. c. 66–70.

[5] Ibid. c. 83–86; Nicolai de Clameng. lib. de Studio Theolog. Dacherii Spicil. VII.

[6] Thomass. c. 87–94. Murat. Antiq. Ital. tom. III, diss. 37.

[7] Thomass. c. 101–107.

[8] Ibid. tom. III, lib. II, c. 12–37; lib. III, c. 1–69. Regul. S. Bened. c. LIII. Will. Malm. De Pontif. I, II. Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri, cap. 20. Ibid. sect. III, cap. 4. Statuta Antiq. Monast. S. Andoeni 37, apud Martene, Vet. Scriptor. Collectio nova.

[9] S. Bernard de Consideratione, lib. II, 13, in Obitu Humberti Mónachi, a very curious tract, if it were only to contrast a monk described by St. Bernard with a monk painted by our modern poets and *historians* of the Church. Consult also the admirable epistle of Alcuin to Eambaldus, Archbishop of York, apud Caniss. Lect. Antiq. vol. II, p. 450; Chrodegangi Metens. Episcop. Regula Canonicorum, Dacherii Spicil. I.

they would persuade, exhibiting the most amiable condescension to the young,[1] and the greatest wisdom and charity in their counsels, as may be seen in the reply of Pope Gregory II to St. Boniface, who had inquired how he should act towards certain unworthy persons. The Pope's answer concluded thus: "Plerumque contigit, ut quos correctio disciplinæ tardos facit ad percipiendam veritatis normam, conviviorum sedulitas et admonitio blanda ad viam perducat justitiæ."[2] And when you have consulted and beheld these, you will blush for those ignorant and ungrateful writers who have calumniated the See and the discipline of Rome. Look to the pastoral care of Gregory the Great, as exhibiting the duties performed by the clergy in the middle ages, thus briefly enumerated by another writer, "Offerre, benedicere, præesse, prædicare";[3] or consult that collection entitled "Scintillæ," made by the venerable Bede[4] from the writings of St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Isidorus, St. Basil, St. Cæsarius, St. Ephraim, on charity, on patience, on the love of God, on humility, on indulgence, compunction, prayer, confession, penance, abstinence, renouncing the world, on fear, on justice, on silence, on pride, on wisdom, on anger, on vain glory, on perseverance, on security, on folly, on faith, on hope, grace, discord, on the heart, on monks, on detraction, on mercy, on pity, on the life of man, on alms, on tribulation, on sadness, on the rich and poor, on accepting of persons, on the senses, on the dead, on old age and youth, on con-

[1] See a beautiful little history, "De Conversione Duorum Adolescentium," in the account, "De Vita B. Ottomis Pommeran. Apost." lib. II. See also Muratori, Antiq. Ital. tom. III, diss. 43; Concil. XIV, 89; Raumer, Geschichte, VI, 444.

[2] Thomassin. tom. III, lib. III, c. 67. See also Innocent. III, Epist. 80.

[3] Espen. Jus Ecclesiast. Univer. pars I, tit. I, c. 3.

[4] Opera, vol. VIII, p. 515.

tention, on curiosity, on gentleness, on simplicity, on temptation, on idle words, on the shortness of life, on study; and then say what end of moral and religious and even profound philosophical instruction was not aimed at from time to time, and made the great object of their influence?—aimed at, for be it remembered how that influence was confined, what the nations were which they had to teach, and how many unbridled passions opposed their labours. "What mortal could reconcile the English with the French, Genoa with Arragon, the Germans with the natives of Hungary and Bohemia?" These are the words of Æneas Sylvius when he lamented the impossibility of recovering Constantinople from the Turks. What human grounds of hope could the preachers of peace have had with such nations as the Emperor Frederic II describes as composing the armament in 1242, which was to oppose the torrent of Tartars from the North? "Furens ac fervens ad arma Germania, strenuæ militiæ genitrix et alumna Francia, bellicosa et audax Hispania, pacis ignara Burgundia, inquieta Apulia, cruenta Hybernia." What success could human wisdom have predicted to the preachers of a pure morality, when the civilized part of society was polluted with the mean vices of wealth and slavery, so that every pleasure that was innocent was deemed insipid, and when the untutored tribes, "glowing," as is said, "with the warm virtues of nature," were exhibiting in the cold northern regions the manners ascribed to the English and Swedes by Archbishop Anselm and William of Nangis, and the ecclesiastical councils, and in the penitential books? "O quam contempta res est homo, nisi supra humana se erexerit!" I need not remark how easily the learned reader will proceed with this statement; but let me stay his hand:

In pity from the search forbear.

I add not

> • Smile on—nor venture to unmask man's heart:

but rather, sith enough is exposed, I repeat the invitation of the great French preacher, when he chose for his text the words, "Veni et vide," and then compared the corruption of the natural mind with that of the corrupted body, saying, "Come then and see; run to this tomb, which the voice of Jesus Christ is about to open this day before your eyes: and come and see in this spectacle of infection, the natural image of your soul: veni et vide."[1] Come and see in these melancholy and in these polluted pages what was the condition of these proud ungrateful nations when the poor monks of St. Gregory came to visit them. "Veni et vide." Then if you have a spark of honour in your nature, or the smallest love of truth and justice remaining, you will assuredly withdraw your accusations, or rather you will admire the persevering wisdom by which, as Mr. Gibbon observes,[2] the clergy of Rome succeeded in cementing such discordant elements into the union of the Christian republic, and creating "those similar manners and that common jurisprudence which have distinguished from the rest of mankind the independent and even hostile nations of modern Europe";[3] you will reverence that great law of Heaven, "from which it follows," as De Maistre says, "that some lay-brother of the kitchen will be able to produce effects, which all the sovereigns of Europe united could not accomplish";[4]

[1] Massillon, Homélie sur Lazare.

[2] Hist. of the Decline and Fall, vol. VI.

[3] See the Concessions of Müller, Geschichte Schweizerischer Eidgen. book I, c. XIII, vol. I, p. 312; Ancillon, Tableau des Révolutions du Système Politique de l'Europe, tome I, pp. 135 and 157; Leibnitzii Opera, vol. V, pp. 65 and 476.

[4] Considérations sur la France, p. 74.

you will grieve for your own indifference and timidity at the remembrance of their generous and unconquerable courage, and every high thought of your own virtue will be cast down in confusion and self-reproach before the majestic grandeur of their sanctity. And think not that they were satisfied with their own salvation. History records the difficulties they had to endure; yet what vice did they not labour to eradicate, what virtue to recommend? Open any of their writings, and observe always with what zeal and often with what eloquence they delivered their lessons. Hear St. Ambrose teaching the duties of the young, that their peculiar office is to cherish the fear of God, to honour their parents, to pay reverence to old age, to maintain purity, not to despise humility, to love gentleness and modesty, which are the ornaments of youth; for as gravity in age, and alacrity in first youth, so in young men modesty and gentleness are given by nature as a certain treasure.[1] To the young indeed, to children and to youth, the clergy of Rome will be always most dear.

Can the moderns, with all their philosophy and professions of a more spiritual view of religion, prescribe any line of conduct more suitable to a clergyman than that which a Saxon author ascribes to St. Neot, saying, "he was in his youth addicted to book-like learning and to religious practices, and diligently inquired about the eternal life, and how he might most firmly live for God"?[2] What a picture have we of St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in a few words: "Nescires quid in eo magis laudares, sanctitatis studium, an doctrinæ exercitium, in prædicatione instantiam, in ædificiis industriam."[3] Read the Epistles of Peter, the

[1] Officiorum, lib. I, 17.
[2] Turner's History of Angl. Saxons, II, p. 141.
[3] Will. Malm. de Pont.

venerable Abbot of Cluny, and say whether he had not the spirit of the blessed Apostles.[1] Yet this was the general character of the prelates, abbots, and simple monks, whose lives have been recorded. "We have lost you, father, most loving father," cries the disciple who has written the life of the Abbot Hugo. "You have lived as for God and your soul; and yet not for your soul only in this life, but for many, that they might be saved. For your life was to all an example of holy living, a mirror of sanctity, a model of religion, a rule of justice."[2] There is a certain tact which enables men of the same school or rank of life to distinguish each other easily. In like manner the faithful disciples of Christ are seldom at a loss to recognize one another, and methinks it is by attending to minute shades that they have this power; an example of which appears to me in the following expression of Alcuin, when he says, after lamenting the vast distance that separated him from his friend, who lived beyond the Alps: "Simus in Christo semper præsentes, qui sumus in seculo absentes."[3]

One lovely summer evening I was straying through the groves of willow entwined with eglantine which cover the island of Nonnenwerth, in the Rhine. I remember I had swum that morning from the left bank at the foot of Roland's Castle to the other shore, where I landed under Drachenfels. Most travellers in that part of the world have visited the convent on this island, which is connected with the history of Roland by an interesting tradition. It was once a house of religion and peace and prayer. It is now a gast-haus or inn, the King of Prussia having lately sold it to the highest bidder. I was lodged there for some days. The proprietor, very

[1] Apud Biblioth. Cluniacens.
[2] Martene, Thesaurus Anecdotorum, tom. III, p. 1710.
[3] Epist. XXXIV, apud Canis. Lect. Antiq. vol. II, p. 424.

unlike the generality of men who had gained possession of these houses, had preserved the church from profanation. I strayed into it one evening. On the pavement before the high altar was a slab, bearing the arms of the house surmounted with a coronet, and below an inscription purporting that there lay buried the reverend and most noble Lady Conradin, Abbess, who died in the eighty-fourth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her having governed that house. But the stillness of those solemn vaults was interrupted by the loud laugh of pleasure from the menials of the guests who were carousing in an adjacent garden. To return however to the groves. As I listened to the sweet-toned nightingale, warbling beneath the green thicket, inhabiting the darksome ivy and the pathless foliage, as I passed over the meadow where blooms without ceasing under the heavenly dew the beautifully-clustering narcissus, and gazed upon the sleepless wandering current of the Rhine, whose mighty force I still felt in my wearied arm, my foot struck against a book which lay beneath the long bending grass. Upon examination it proved to be a holy book of prayers in the German tongue, which probably had once belonged to some devout sister who might have dropped it in her walk of private devotion. What a treasure would this have been to Roland, if the tale be true of which we spoke! I found in it a German translation of a prayer composed by the Venerable Bede on the seven words which our Saviour spoke upon the Cross. I do not know to what page of the works of Bede I can refer my reader for the original, but I exhort him to discover and read it before he allows himself to be prejudiced against the religion of the middle ages.[1]

[1] De Septem Verbis Christi in Cruce Oratio, Opera, vol. VIII, p. 1119, edit. Basil. 1563. Of equal interest is De Meditatione Passionis Christi per septem diei horas libellus, ibid.

Is it credible, I said to myself, is it reconcilable with the promises of Christ, with our belief in Christianity, that such men approved of a corrupt system of religion, and that what they loved and reverenced, for the possession of which they offered up incessant thanks to God, praying that it might flourish to His glory and the salvation of all men that should come after them, was contrary to His truth, and injurious to the piety of His worshippers? Only reflect what men they were! Men whose very dreams were holy and full of grace;[1] spirits so high above the world, dead to every selfish and sinful thought; possessed of such perfect devotion of mind and heart to the eternal world, so occupied with learned and holy study, that, as an old writer says, "the Sacred Scriptures, excepting when at table and when they rode by the way, never left their hands or eyes by day or by night";[2] and yet who could, at the same time, display that humanity and those gentle affections, which inspired St. Neot with the resolution to copy the predominant virtue of every person in his cloister that had any—the continence of one man, the pleasantness of another, the suavity of a third, the seriousness, gentleness, good nature, and love of singing and of study in others; so that he became "humble to all, affable in conversation, mild in transactions of business, venerable in aspect, serene in countenance, moderate even in his walk, sincere, upright, calm, temperate, and charitable."

"Who," says Martene, "can attentively consider the diligence of our predecessors in celebrating the divine offices—their reverence, their piety in solemnizing the mysteries of Christ, their devotion

[1] Vita B. Edmundi Cantuariens. Archiepisc. apud Martene, Thesaur. Anecdot. III, 1790. Gesta Tancredi, cvi. Holinshed, VI, p. 446.

[2] Vita B. Eberhardi Episcop. Salisburgensis.

in observing the festivals of the saints, without being excited and impelled to emulate them? Who, by observing their continual psalmody, even amidst manual labour, their constant meditation on holy lessons, their deep silence, their assiduous observation of prayer, must not be withdrawn from vain and earthly desires? Who can read of their attention to the sick, of their solicitude for the dying, of their prayers and suffrages for the dead, without wishing to be dissolved, that he may more speedily be with Christ?" [1]

Again I say, read any of the letters or sermons of Alcuin, or of Peter, the venerable abbot of Cluny,[2] breathing the warmest and most scriptural piety, the most innocent, benevolent, holy heart, the most spiritual wisdom. "Read," says Bishop Milner, "the works of the most celebrated ascetical writers —those of a Bernard, a Bonaventure, an Antoninus, a Vincent Ferrer, a Taulerus, a Gerson, a Thomas à Kempis. Peruse the accounts which have been left us of their lives, with those of their contemporaries who have been equally celebrated for their sanctity, such as an Edmund Rich, a Thomas Cantelupe, a Richard de Wyche, a Francis of Assisi,—and tell me whether the practice of all the Christian virtues inculcated by our Saviour Christ in his divine sermon on the mountain could be more strongly recommended, both by precept and example, than they were by the writers and personages whom I have mentioned." "What book of the holy Catholic fathers," says St. Benedict, in the rules of his order, "does not re-echo with this— that in a right course we should arrive at our Creator"? The moderns are continually speaking of Fénelon and Massillon as if they stood alone.

[1] Martene, De Antiquis Monachorum Ritibus, Præfat. ad Lector.
[2] Bibliotheca Cluniacensis, p. 590.

When they are next lodged at a monastery, let them examine the shelves of the library, and they will find books written by men who are some of them unknown, and many of them forgotten, who will evince views as sublime, reasoning as profound, conceptions as spiritual, sensibility as delicate, as were ever vouchsafed to our nature. The Spirit of God in every age and country dictates alike to every humble heart in communion with his Church. In other respects that great work by the learned Benedictines, "L'Histoire Littéraire de la France," will alone convince any impartial reader that the debt of gratitude and admiration has never been discharged to the ecclesiastical scholars of the middle age.[1] True, their style is imperfect. How could it have been otherwise:—in their language there is some barbarism, in their narratives there is repetition, in their eloquence some excess of ornament. True, they are a little credulous, a little too like the father of historians; but this is, after all, an amiable weakness; and then how often do they display the most heroic zeal for religion! how often do they astonish us by their intrepidity in censuring and correcting the vices of men in the highest station! When do they ever record the death of a great warrior or ambitious monarch without pressing upon men, with the eloquence of truth, the great lesson needful to humanity? Read the account which Ordericus Vitalis has left of the death of William the Conqueror, and remain unmoved if you can at his sublime conclusion:[2] remain without anger if you can at those modern sophists who have dared to present his conclusions as their own, and as brought forth by their philosophy. But every-

[1] It will certainly justify the following testimony: "Ecclesia Gallicana, post apostolicam sedem, est quoddam totius Christianitatis speculum et immotum fidei firmamentum."—*Regesta Gregor.* IX, year 1, 303.

[2] Lib. VII.

where what simplicity and singleness of views! what an ardour for the glory of God, what a tenderness for the condition of men! to their friends how generous, to their enemies how forgiving! for all the churches how full of pastoral solicitude![1] Is this the corruption of Christianity? Is this no merit? In their philosophy too what harmony and what profoundness! Their language may not have been that of Cicero or Demosthenes, but it was not that of political economists and plebeian sophists. The words with them were not always self-interest and expediency, the balance of trade, and profit and loss; they made men familiar with higher sounds. "Officium, æquitatem, dignitatem, fidem, recta, honesta, digna imperio, digna populo Romano, omnia pericula pro republica, mori pro patria."[2]

It was the principle of their philosophy to give thanks to God for every beautiful or grand conception to which the mind of man had given birth. They had the promise of even a temporal inheritance, and they could prove that they were the rightful heirs to all the riches and the glory of the intellectual world: ὅσα οὖν παρὰ πᾶσι καλῶς εἴρηται, ἡμῶν τῶν Χριστιανῶν ἐστι.[3] This is what St. Justin said.

You charge them with having prevented men from attaining to that industry which distinguishes the moderns. True, the influence of the Church would operate so as to place limits to the cultivation of the commercial spirit—so as to prevent all that is sacred and holy from being sacrificed at the shrine of national wealth.[4] It is the remark of St.

[1] Sugerii Abbat. lib. de Rebus in administ. sua gestis. Duchesne, IV, 340. Epist. Histor. ibid. Muratori, de Religione Christ. per Ital. antiq. IV.

[2] De Finibus, lib. II, p. 23.

[3] Apolog. I, 51.

[4] Vide Thomassin, tom. III, lib. III, c. 17–21.

Gregory, that those apostles who left their boats and nets to follow Christ, were sometimes afterwards found in the same employment of fishing from which they were called; but St. Matthew never returned to the custom-house, because it was a dangerous profession, and an occasion of avarice and oppression and extortion. In conformity with these views, Castiglione maintains that a good prince should desire "the greater part of his people to be neither very rich nor very poor: for the very rich," he says, "are subject to pride and insolence, the very poor to baseness and deceit." This may sound strange doctrine on the Exchange, but I marvel if it should be displeasing to kings or legislators, who are not themselves mere merchants. However, the Church has had an abundant share of censure for the obstacles it has thrown in the way of heaping up riches; and harsh things have been advanced by political economists, at least by the writers of Adam Smith's school, who seem always, as an acute observer remarks, "to regard the people as so many cattle, working for an indescribable something which they call the public." Mr. Forsyth, the oracle of modern travellers in Italy, had adopted these views, and declared on one occasion the joy he experienced upon returning from dark woods and stately castle courts and vast gloomy convents, to "a neat thriving town where he found a manufactory and a dinner." No doubt the music of cotton-wheels has more charms for some ears than that which is to be heard in convents: music by itself, this writer says, "is but a sensual art, to be classed with cookery and perfumery, capable of exciting sensations, but not ideas." Once for all, I must declare my conviction that all parties are consistent, the moderns as well as the followers of antiquity. By the way, it is wonderful that Dr. Middleton did not avail himself of this feature in

the character of the Church, and confirm his comparison by quoting the classic authors. Plutarch would have furnished him with excellent parallels. Thus speaking of the Spartans, he says, "their discourse seldom turned upon money or business or trade, but upon the praises of the excellent, or the contempt of the worthless": and in his comparison of Numa with Lycurgus, he censures "such as place the happiness of a state in riches, luxury, and an extent of dominion, rather than in security, equity, temperance, and content." But, with our men of sense, placing the happiness of a state in "security, equity, temperance, and content," is being several centuries behind in light and civilization,—a practical evidence of the baneful depressing spirit of Popery, which certainly has been evinced in every age according to this rule, "sint mores sine avaritia, contenti præsentibus."[1] However, as I before acknowledged, the followers of the ancient religion of Europe, "that monstrous structure of deceit and wickedness," as an English writer of our time calls it, hold many opinions in common with these poor blind pagans. Sir John Chandos would have been more in his element on the banks of the Scamander or the Eurotas, than in many places of Christendom that I could name.

But further, you condemn the clergy on the ground of arrogance? Is that the term which their firmness merits? Was it arrogance in Peter, Bishop of Poitiers, to excommunicate Duke William for having carried off, with brutal violence, the beautiful Viscountess de Chatelhérault, whom he kept concealed in his palace at Poitiers? The duke, in a fury of rage, entered the cathedral, seized the prelate at the foot of the altar, and commanded him to take off the interdict on pain of death. Peter

[1] Ad Hebræos XIII.

refused; and the duke returned his shining blade into the scabbard, saying, "Je ne t'aime pas assez pour t'envoyer en paradis."

You approve of the men who ardently desired, and who endeavoured to effect, their utter destruction; and yet with perfect truth might the persecuted followers of the ancient faith have affirmed of themselves what Arnobius testified of the Christians in his time in his dispute against the Heathens, "You burn our books, you pull down our churches, in which we used to assemble, where we were taught nothing but what inspired gentleness, the love of purity, of decency, of charity, of generosity; where fervent prayers were made to God for princes and magistrates and armies, for our friends, and for our enemies." [1]

I have said that their philosophy was harmonious and profound. It may be curious to give the definition of philosophy as taught in the middle ages: "Philosophia est naturarum inquisitio, rerum humanarum divinarumque cognitio; quantum homini possibile est æstimare. Est quoque Philosophia honestas vitæ, studium benè vivendi, meditatio mortis, contemptus sæculi, quod magis convenit Christianis, qui sæculi ambitione calcata disciplinabili similitudine futuræ patriæ vivunt." [2]

It is remarkable that Melanchthon, the most moderate of the reformers, was a Platonist. M. de Bonald observes, "Judging of the general direction towards a merely philosophical instruction which the reformation would insensibly take, it was natural that a religious or theological doctrine which confined itself to the senses, and saw nothing beyond them in explaining points of the Christian religion, should make philosophy incline to Peripateticism,

[1] Lib. IV.

[2] Dialectica Alcuini, interlocutoribus Karolo Magno et Alcuino, cap. I, apud Canis. II, p. 1, p. 488.

which admits of ideas only through the senses, and that was the result; while, by the contrary union, the Catholic and even the Lutheran schools tended more towards the ideas of Plato." I need hardly observe that in the Catholic schools the doctrine of refined selfishness was never entertained. I must confess I am quite as much afraid of the moderns on account of their Paley, as they profess to be of the ancients on the score of their *half-allegiance;* and while our annals testify the virtue of our ancestors, who abhorred this philosophy, we may use the words of Cicero to the modern Epicureans, when they boast of their loyalty, or humanity, or love of mankind, "in vestris disputationibus historia muta est."[1]

I omit to speak of their spiritual directions, for what limit should we find to the faithful exercise of their office? Woe and alas! to think how many wise and good men opposed to antiquity, continue to deny that it possessed a spiritual religion! One page, I do not say of St. Bernard or of the "De Imitatione Christi"; but of a Ludolphus,[2] a Carthusian monk, of a Ubertinus de Casali,[3] a Franciscan Friar, or of a Peter, an Abbot of Cluny,[4] would be enough to disprove the slander.[5] Every fresh examination would disclose some one of whom we should be constrained to say, like William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, when he first saw St. Edmund of Canterbury, "Credo proculdubio quod iste veraciter sit sanctus homo."[6] And as for those

[1] De Finibus.

[2] De Vita Christi.

[3] Arbor Vitæ Crucifixæ Jesu, a work which the moderns will never study, and therefore I refer them to its last page.

[4] Apud Biblioth. Cluniacen.

[5] See Ionæ Aurelian. Episcop. de Institut. Laica, Dacherii Spicil. I; also Opuscul. de Institut. Regia, ibid. V, 57; Smaragdi Abbat. Via Regia, ibid.

[6] Vita B. Edmundi Cantuariens. Arch. ap. Martene, Thesaur. Anecdot. III, 1791.

precepts which required a grand and severe style of delivery, we may, indeed demand, in the words of Cicero, "Quam magnifice sunt dicta ab illis! quam splendide de justitia, de fortitudine, de amicitia, de ætate degenda, de philosophia, de capessenda republica, de temperantia!" and conclude with him,—"Ad eos igitur converte te, quæso.—Ab his oratores ab his imperatores ac rerum publicarum principes exstiterunt."

So now I have done: and after all I know well that some men will think it a sufficient answer to say to me—

ὦ μῶρε σὺ, καὶ Κρονίων ὄζων καὶ βεκκεσίληνε·

I expect all this, far from thinking that, by any pleading of mine, I can reverse the judgment either of Æsop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn before the gem; or of Agrippina, "occidat matrem, modo imperet"; or of the politicians, "who," as Lord Bacon says, "never look abroad into universality, but do refer all things to themselves, and thrust themselves into the centre of the world, as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes, never caring in all tempests what becomes of the ship of state, so they may save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortune"; or of the incredulous, like Philip, Chancellor of the University of Paris in the time of Louis IX, who obstinately retained his two benefices notwithstanding the decision of the faculty of theology, and on his deathbed, being visited by a bishop and exhorted to give up a burden which would sink his soul to destruction, "Eh bien," said the dying man calmly, "je veux essayer si cela est vrai." "For these things continue as they have been; but so will that also continue whereupon learning hath ever relied, and which faileth not: justificata est sapientia a filiis suis."

And now, since I am about to put an end to these remarks, let us dismiss the subject with a happy, consoling reflection, which may be supposed particularly to suggest itself to one who has been engaged in justifying the religion of the heroic age of Christianity. The thought that men of the same country and language and manners, united in friendship, united perhaps from first youth in the same pursuits and studies, united in the same fellowship, the same tastes and dispositions, united in the enjoyment of the same generosity, whom the God of nature and grace intended to be of one mind and of one soul, that these should be divided in religion, which is designed to affect every movement of their lives, to be the source and centre and essential principle of their harmony, that they should be debarred from visiting together the house of peace, the courts of God, from revering with innocence the same forms of a diviner world, and from hearing side by side year after year those anthems, long remembered, which would bring all heaven before their eyes, and revive the scenes of sinless youth again,—will no doubt be an intolerable weight, more than enough to depress the most buoyant spirits, and cast a cloud over the brightest hours, and dash the fairest hopes, and chill the warmest heart for ever. I know there have been, and are still, sophists who hold that a variety of religions is agreeable to the Divinity, as the varied tints of nature are pleasing in our eyes: but theirs is a cold, heartless, and baseless theory, and no man who has retained the common feelings of nature in his bosom can, for an instant, be of any other opinion than that a difference of religion among friends, brethren in arms, and fellow-countrymen, is a monstrous evil, an evil quite sufficient to make men, if religion did not furnish other views, look with bitter disgust at

a system, even if it were otherwise admirable, at its principles and its actors, its records and its triumphs, to which we should be indebted for such a calamity, at this day. Concerning this truth, however, I say the less, because it speaks for itself, and all that human wisdom can propound on the matter will be found expressed in the shortest compass by Lord Bacon in his essay on "Unity in Religion."

But is it only to this reflection that the preceding observations will conduct us? and are men to be thus divided? Let us hope far otherwise. The historian of the Crusades thus describes the assembled host: "Franci, Flandri, Frisi, Galli, Britones, Allobroges, Lotharingi, Allemani, Baiovarii, Normanni, Scoti, Anglici, Aquitani, Itali, Apulii, Yberi, Daci, Græci, Armeni,—sed qui tot linguis divisi eramus tanquam fratres sub dilectione Dei et proximi unanimes esse videbamur."[1] Alcuin proves the existence of the same unity in his time.[2] So that in regard to religion and all the relations of mind and heart,[3] we may receive as strictly true what is said by Rutilius, "that Rome filled the world with her legislative triumphs, and caused all to live under one common pact; that she blended discordant nations into one country; and by imparting to those she conquered a companionship in her rights and laws, made the earth one great united city."[4] The classical declamations from the literature of Greece and Rome upon patriotism, national glory, and national interests, were laid aside for the holy sentences of Scripture on brotherly

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 389.

[2] Apud Canis. Lect. Antiq. vol. II, p. 448.

[3] I grieve that the very learned and excellent Bishop of Bristol, in his late Ecclesiastical History, should have spoken of "the pretended freedom from dissensions" among the followers of antiquity (p. 580). How different are their dissensions in the object, limits, and result, from those of the moderns!

[4] Itin.

love and on that one bond of affection, which was to unite all who were disciples of Christ, whether Greeks or barbarians. What St. Justin Martyr said of the Christians will be true of the followers of antiquity in every age. *πᾶσα ξένη πατρίς ἐστιν αὐτῶν· καὶ πᾶσα πατρὶς ξένη.*[1]

Now let the lover of peace and charity and truth reflect and say what has occurred in the world by the providence of God, or has been discovered by the learning of man, which renders a participation in this happy compact, nay, I will say, in this unity of religion, no longer attainable by him? Fatal to humanity has been the modern system in its separation of nations, leading to a most complete and insurmountable division. In this respect, a great French ecclesiastic affirms that the philosophy of the moderns, by dividing the nations of the world, and establishing national churches out of the one universal Church, is so far a return to the Pagan state. It has "dissolved Christianity, and made the nations of Europe strangers to each other." As far as individuals are concerned, the blessedness of the ancient state of men who love religion is self-evident. The evil, the danger of all kinds, consequent upon abandoning it, seem to grow and to attain a frightful increase with the years of the race of men. It is in vain that we would turn away our eyes. The wild and naked shores of life are already piled with heaps of dead, wretched shipwrecked bodies, victims of that fatal boldness which had presumed to adventure without a chart and without a pilot on the perilous ocean-stream. These poor bones, abandoned to devouring dogs and hungry vultures, do indeed, as Æschylus says, "utter speechless lessons":

[1] Ad Diognetum Epist.

Ὡς οὐχ ὑπέρφευ θνητὸν ὄντα χρὴ φρονεῖν.
Ὑβρις γὰρ ἐξανθοῦσ' ἐκάρπωσε στάχυν
Ἄτης, ὅθεν πάγκλαυτον ἐξαμᾶ θέρος.[1]

With these sad objects around us, shall we suffer a few anile prejudices, a few subtle, or perhaps sophistical, arguments, framed by men whose heads are too weak to bear the weight of learning which they have collected, a few hard names and abusive charges unsupported by evidence, mere spectres, airy phantasms, conjured up by some dark magician in hatred of the race of mortals, to drive back our shattered, perhaps sinking barks from this haven of rest and quietness, through which we might enter the islands of the happy, where our feet might once more tread the blue mountains, breathing peace and joy, this beautiful earth of the meek, where angels and ministers of grace walk and abide with men? Be the sad conclusion far from us. On the contrary, without doubt private men, whatever may be their connections in life, are not called upon to rise against this great cause. They may rest content and safe under the old bonds of relation, maugre bigotry, superstition, wars, political interests, the folly and the vice of nations, for

Αἰεί γε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος, ἠέπερ ἀνδρῶν,

the wisdom and the love of Him who governs the earth are stronger than all.

Οὔποτε τὴν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν
Θνητῶν παρεξίασι βουλαί.[2]

Still it may be possible to obey and exemplify the apostolic precept, "Solliciti servare unitatem spiritus in vinculo pacis. Unum corpus, et unus spiritus, sicut vocati estis in una spe vocationis vestræ. Unus Dominus, una fides, unum baptisma."[3]

[1] Persæ, 806.
[2] Æschylus, Prometh. vinct. 550.
[3] Ad Ephes. IV.

Observe this conclusion is not drawn from the school of those sophists, who, under the mask of liberality and superior wisdom, perhaps, as some Germans, of superior insight into the designs of Christianity, would dilute and neutralize and explain away all particular doctrines, till at length they would initiate us in mysteries like those of the Gnostic heretics of old, where we should be taught "nihil credere et omnia facere licere"; but from the writings of the holy Fathers of the Church, who held, in all their integrity, up to all their uncompromising and eternal limits, the truths of God committed to them, and who with noble zeal laboured continually to guard and to extend that saving knowledge, repeating with their last breath the divine sentence of St. Augustin, "Pereant errores, vivant homines."

We have only to bear this in mind, that God is all-wise and merciful, and that what is impossible with men is possible with Him; that He governs the moral as well as the physical world by a system of compensation and wonderful contrivance to meet all the possible derangements to which both are subject. The doctrine may be heretical, but it does not follow of necessity that he who does not protest against it is a heretic. The man may be living without the Church, but it does not necessarily follow that he is without its communion; he may have been taught to repeat a different profession of faith, but it does not follow that he lives consistently with its spirit, that he has followed all its steps, and drawn the logical inferences, and resisted the voice of nature and old traditionary pious feelings, and that God has not infused into his heart a higher wisdom, and has not drawn him into union and fellowship with his Church. The union may exist, although without doubt that persecution which awaits those who love and bear "Christianum et

Catholicum nomen," of which St. Augustin speaks, must still press heavy upon the hearts of the faithful; because, as in the age of St. Augustin, "Ipsi quoque hæretici, cum cogitantur habere nomen et sacramenta Christiana, et Scripturas, et professionem, magnum dolorem faciunt in cordibus piorum, quia et multi volentes esse Christiani propter eorum dissensiones hæsitare coguntur, et multi maledici etiam in his inveniunt materiam blasphemandi Christianum nomen, quia et ipsi quoquo modo Christiani appellantur."[1] Nor can they wonder that in this age the followers of antiquity should be pressed with the objection common even in the time of St. Justin Martyr, grounded upon the multitude of those who are separated from the orthodox believers.[2]

Yet even with respect to the persons who fell under the censures of the Church, hear what was said by those who are on the side that is thought most intolerant. Fénelon speaks to one born and educated in the communion separated from his own, and says, "So far (down to the age of maturity), everything in you was Catholic";—everything, even to that simple submission which you evinced towards your pastors. "Your baptism, although administered out of the pale of unity by rebellious hands, was nevertheless the only baptism which universally, wherever it is found, belongs to the one only Church, and which possesses its virtue not from the disposition of the minister but from the immutable promise of Jesus Christ." You see, then, all are born and baptized in one religion, and no division takes place unless men come forward and wilfully separate themselves. "You even performed in unity," continues Fénelon, "whatever you performed, without desiring to break it; you only

[1] De Civitate Dei, XVIII, 51.
[2] S. Just. Mart. Quæst. et Respons. ad Orthodox. I.

began to be truly a protestant in the fatal moment when you said in your heart freely, 'Yes, I confirm the separation of my fathers; and from reading the Scriptures I judge that the Church from which we came out did not understand them.'—At that word, so hard and so haughty, it is all over; the Holy Ghost, which reposes only upon the gentle and humble of heart, withdraws; the fraternal bond is burst; charity is extinguished; night comes on from all sides."[1] And on this ground M. de Haller argues, in his celebrated letter, that he cannot be justly accused of changing his religion.

Now that this has always been the doctrine of the Church, is certain. Hear St. Augustin: "The apostle has told us *to reject a man that is a heretic;* but those who defend a false opinion without pertinacious obstinacy, especially if they have not themselves invented it, but have derived it from their parents, and who seek the truth with anxious solicitude, being sincerely disposed to renounce their error as soon as they discover it, such persons are not to be deemed heretics."[2] Of them, he says, "hos coronat in occulto Pater in occulto videns."[3] And again, in his Forty-fifth tract on St. John, "Secundum præscientiam et prædestinationem, quam multæ oves foris, tam multi lupi intus."[4] And though in this he chiefly contemplates men like St. Paul, who enter the Church on earth, yet both St. Augustin and Bellarmin admit the case, "talem esse in Ecclesia animo, sive desiderio, quod sufficit illi ad salutem, non tamen esse corpore sive externa communicatione, quæ proprie facit hominem

[1] Pour la Profession d'une Religieuse, tom. XVII.
[2] Epist. ad Episc. Donat.
[3] De vera Religione, c. VI.
[4] Bellarmin refers also to lib. IV, de Baptismo, cap. III, et de Dono Persever. cap. VIII, et de Corrept. et Gratia, cap. IX.

esse de Ecclesia ista visibili, quæ est in terris."[1] And indeed elsewhere Bellarmin affirms that such Christians, "in virtue of the disposition of their hearts, belong to the Catholic Church,"[2] though this is said with a view to a different end from that of inspiring with confidence the living, who may indeed be ignorant, but then, as Aristotle shews, are the cause of their own ignorance; who may never have carefully studied the subject, but are the cause of their never having so done; ζῶντες ἀνειμένως:[3] who may not be able to resist the judgment or opinion which influences them, but who had the power at the beginning of not creating that judgment, and of not blindly admitting the evidence which led them to that opinion; who may be following what seems to them truth and happiness, but who are the cause of their own mistake, in following for truth and happiness, error and misery: whose conscience may not condemn them, but who are the cause of that conscience not condemning their evil; whose habits and general frame of mind may be too strong and too intimately associated with their nature to be overcome, but who were the cause of their having formed those habits, and of that frame of mind having become congenial with their nature: with whom every facility may be present but the will, and who were the cause of their not possessing that will. Still, however, much is true on the other side. We have not been recording an abstract theory. When the intelligence of the death of Grotius arrived at Paris, his friend Petau, who knew his secret sentiments, said a mass for his soul.[4]

[1] De Eccles. Milit. lib. III, c. 6.

[2] Controv. tom. II, lib. III, c. 6. See also Stolberg, Geschichte, VI, 105. Of Stolberg, Hamner says, "illustrissimus Scriptor, ac in sæculo nostro Pater ecclesiæ Catholicæ in Germania, Comes Stolbergius."

[3] Aristot. Ethic. Nicomach. lib. III, 5.

[4] Vie de Grotius, par Burigny, II, p. 224.

Papebrochius said, in allusion to the Russians of the Greek Church, that even when the Archbishops were most turbulent schismatics, no one will say that the people were involved in their guilt. "Ignorance," says Alban Butler, "might excuse many, as Baronius answered with regard to monks who lived under a schismatical abbot." Similar to this was the evidence of Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, before Parliament: "The Catholic Church holds that man owes to God the homage of his understanding as well as that of his will, and that therefore we are as much bound to believe the things He has revealed as to do the things He has ordered; and therefore any one who, through his own fault, does not submit to the faith which God has revealed, and ordered to be believed, we consider as a sinner, like any other sinner, and of course to be treated as such.—We wish all mankind to be saved, but we are not to make a religion according to our own wishes; we must submit to the decrees of Providence that has arranged it otherwise; and since the Gospel of Christ requires faith as an essential requisite for salvation, we must bow with reverence to that decree: we cannot make a Gospel through a mistaken liberality, and lead people into error, by telling them they are safe in choosing a religion for themselves, such as may appear best to them, except they employ the usual means to arrive at a knowledge of that faith which God requires of them. With respect to Protestants, however, I must say this: we do not hold that all who are not united externally to the Catholic Church are to be lost; we even hope that many who are attached to other bodies of Christians, may (not having a sufficient opportunity of becoming acquainted with the true faith) be treated with mercy before the Supreme judge."

And who now were the persons so dear and venerated that men almost feared to trust themselves with whispering their names to their bosom friend, with whom they were content to risk the fate of their souls, and for whose sweet sake they were willing to die, yea to be anathema from Christ? Were they among those who wilfully reject the faith which God has revealed, who neglect to use their best endeavours to arrive at a knowledge of that faith, who come forward to the world and say, "Yes, I confirm the separation, and, after reading the Scriptures, I pronounce that the Church out of which we came did not understand them"? Did they invent the doctrines of Wickliff, the injuries of a Ziska or a Knox? "Quæ sunt sacrilegia, si illa sunt sacra? aut quæ inquinatio, si illa lavatio?" And do we ascribe to them the bold obtrusive spirit which is obstinately deaf to the meek expostulations of holy men? On the contrary, might they not have truly said with St. Thomas-à-Kempis, "Opto magis sentire compunctionem, quam scire ejus definitionem"? might we not say in reference to them, "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Catholicæ"? Was not everything within, as far as regards men, generous and modest and gentle, and in what relates to God, humble and holy, full of love and joy and peace in believing; and were not the points of difference external, often undefined and unperceived, and always the result of circumstances independent of the heart and will? Then where is disunion? It is abolished,

Nec Trojam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit.

But by what means? By perpetuating and magnifying and transmitting down to posterity, as far as men have power, these lines of difference and separation, making it a point of honour, according as their own circumstances in life may change, to

lead or to fall into contending ranks under the banner of religion, and caring not for the peace of God, provided the field be open for the exercise of their individual talent, and provided their learning or their wit or their powers of argument at last may shine beyond the walls of their college, and be displayed in the eyes of a nation? Nay, far otherwise; by forgetting themselves and putting on bowels of compassion and tenderness, and humbleness of mind, loving and honouring their neighbour, and thinking that it is by love—love which worketh no ill to a neighbour, love which thinketh no evil and which endureth all things—that they can fulfil the law. So then, amidst a world of sin and misery, where follies and crimes, pedantry and narrow wisdom, evil selfish passions and stupid bigotry, opposed the blessed influence of light and love, it is not in the power of man to break this union of God, if we but wish to preserve it. Have we not heard what is written: "We know that to them who love God all things work together unto good"?—What shall we then say to these things? "If God be for us, who is against us"? Who can divide us? "He that spared not even his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how hath he not also with him given us all things"? How will he not unite us in his own love? "Who will accuse against the elect of God?" Who shall marshal them into opposite contending ranks? "God that justifieth. Who is he that shall condemn? Christ Jesus that died, yea that is risen also again, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things we overcome because of him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death,

nor life, nor Angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

At the same time the wisdom of antiquity taught men to believe, whatever might be their rank and estate and profession, that the search of truth was the duty of mortal man. It said not of mathematical which is curious, nor of physical which is evasive, but of moral and divine truth which is the life of souls,—that which relates to the knowledge of God, of his Spirit, and of his Church. It warned them that the Heathen philosophers of old might rise up in judgment with men of Christian times and condemn them! It reminded them what ardent desires were theirs! what incessant studies! what perilous journeys! painful vigils! It placed before them St. Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Tertullian, Arnobius, Aristides, Minutius Felix, Origen, St. Cyprian, Lactantius, born Heathens, but who earnestly sought after the knowledge of the wisdom and goodness of God; it taught how they had learning and philosophy and virtue, such as would confound many who were then the subjects of all praise; and how they were not content; how the name of Christ's Holy Catholic Church having reached them, they consulted its teachers, they examined their pretensions, despising all the riches and glory of the world in comparison with the treasure of that truth which they sought after with longing desire and prayer and solitary meditation and subduing of their fleshly natures, and that they were therefore "added to the Church." Assuredly, it was far from intimating that all difficulties had been removed for the lovers of truth; that there was no occasion for inquiry; that it was a matter of little importance whether men found themselves on the side of the moderns or on that of

antiquity; that they were trifles which divide the Christian world. Indeed even the learned men on the side of "the Reformation," taught them to remember the infinite consequences attached to the inquiry itself, whether they belonged to the Church or not. Men might have rights belonging to this world; but assuredly they had no right to a Saviour, to Grace; therefore it was not for them to reason upon what is natural, but to obey what is prescribed. It was not for man to deal damnation; but they knew this to be an infallible truth, that Christ hath appointed the Holy Catholic Church as the only way unto eternal life; that at the first the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved; and what was then daily done hath been done since continually. It is Bishop Pearson who thus discourseth: "Christ never appointed two ways to heaven; nor did he build a church to save some, and make another institution for other men's salvation. As none were saved from the deluge but such as were within the ark of Noah; as none of the first-born of Egypt lived but such as were within those habitations whose door-posts were sprinkled with blood; as none of the inhabitants of Jericho could escape the fire or sword but such as were within the house of Rahab:—so none" (he considers not the case of those who are without the light of the Gospel) "shall ever escape the eternal wrath of God, which belong not to the Church of God." "Take heed," says Jeremy Taylor, "in the world there is not a greater misery can happen to any man than to be an enemy to God's Church." "Extra ejus gremium," says Calvin of the visible Church, "nulla est speranda peccatorum remissio, nulla salus."[1] Nor would it be Christian or honest, from a fear of offending, to disguise the views which the men of old enter-

[1] Lib. IV, c. 1, § 4.

tained of these divisions and setting up of opposite churches,—to conceal their position that the clergy were not respected in their final arrangement, and their conclusion thereupon. They observed that the clergy who petitioned that "at least the affairs of religion should not be regulated until their advice had been received and their reason heard,"[1]—("those to be only heard," cried Bossuet, "of whom Jesus Christ declared, 'whoso heareth you, heareth me!'") were not respected; Burnet himself attesting "that the king's council appointed the visitors, and regulated and authorized the articles." And though it is true, the question would not be affected had it been otherwise; for the early church had to oppose a regularly ordained and consenting clergy for three hundred years, in these latter ages there appeared to be no occasion for referring to this authority, since it was evident that these changes took place in opposition to all the bishops except Cranmer in Henry's reign, and in opposition to the protest of every bishop in the kingdom except Kitchen in that of Elizabeth. Can we be surprised at the conclusion, however alarming, which they proceeded to draw from such facts as these?

Did the moderns press their opponents with the authority of a tribunal composed of Luther and Melanchthon, Whitaker and Jewell, Chillingworth, Wake, and Stillingfleet? The followers of antiquity were not satisfied with the decision of a few men: but they confidently appealed to the consent of the great body of Christians, not only to the Western Church, but also to the Oriental Churches, which for more than ten centuries had been separated from her; and with such a mass of authority in their favour, they were certainly not intimidated by the names of Luther and Melanchthon, of Whitaker

[1] Burnet, I, 73.

and Jewell, of Chillingworth, Wake, and Stillingfleet.

If any proceeded to complain, like the unbelievers spoken of by Paley, that the truths defended by the ancients are not written in the skies so that all men might be constrained to embrace them, the best reply would have been found in the argument, used by Paley, in defending Christianity from the same objection. The reader should consult the whole chapter of his Evidences where he considers this very difficulty, for it is strictly applicable to the present question. The following passage must be sufficient for this place. "What would be the real effect of that overpowering evidence which our adversaries require in a revelation, it is difficult to foretell: at least we must speak of it as of a dispensation of which we have no experience. Some consequences however would, it is probable, attend this economy, which do not seem to befit a revelation that proceeded from God. One is, that irresistible proof would restrain the voluntary powers too much; would not answer the purpose of trial and probation; would call for no exercise of candour, seriousness, humility, inquiry; no submission of passion, interest, and prejudices, to moral evidence and to probable truth; no habits of reflection; none of that previous desire to learn and to obey the will of God, which forms perhaps the test of the virtuous principle, and which induces men to attend, with care and reverence, to every creditable intimation of that will; and to resign present advantages and present pleasures to every reasonable expectation of propitiating his favours."—"I think it by no means unreasonable to suppose," says Dr. Paley, "that the heathen public, especially that part which is made up of men of rank and education, were divided into two classes; those who despised Christianity beforehand, and those who received

it." The advocate of antiquity was tempted, with certain limitations, to adopt the same hypothesis respecting those whom the ancient Church invited into her bosom. He was, at least, anxious to remind his separated brother, of a lesson which seemed each day to be less inculcated "initium sapientiæ timor Domini."

> But let us, Sir, for love of heaven forego
> Of anger and of death the noisome lore;
> And be it deemed that I have said enow;

enough, assuredly, to prove the justice of the concern and anguish with which I commenced this book, condoling with my reader that we should see men of whom it would be wisdom to say

> ——— mercy and justice scorn them both;
> Speak not of them, but look and pass them by: [1]

and that we should have to explore dark and melancholy regions which extort a tearful confession: I am led

> ——— from that air serene
> Into a climate ever vexed with clouds,
> And to a part I come where no light shines.

Still the lovers of peace, while they shrink from visiting these profoundest depths, may be permitted to bring before men's view such objects as we have now proposed; and to remind them that there were at least some grounds to justify the judgment of their ancestors.

Assuredly there was then, as in every age, a wisdom more advanced than that of the generality of reasoners. Those men who resisted the progress of the new opinions, foresaw that all who in a subsequent age would study the question honestly and

[1] Dante, III.

patiently, would be obliged to give up as indefensible the doctrine which denied the necessity of a visible Church.[1] "The spirit of independence in religion," they would say, "will make a kingdom divided against itself. It is our conviction that the system which may approach the nearest to that of antiquity will, by its constitution or by the circumstances of time, possess the least security for its own continuance, the least power of discharging its functions: the subjection of religion to civil powers in matters of faith, the establishment of a temporal religion, must produce sooner or later the effects which have always followed from such a measure in all countries and under all circumstances: of the other schemes and measures of policy, some will tend directly to the propagation of a vague philosophy in place of the severe tenets of the Christian faith; others will be the theories of avowed infidelity, opposed to even all the dictates of natural religion and to the peace and good order of the world." These predictions have been fulfilled, will their modern advocate observe. "Est enim inter magnos homines summa dissensio."

Wickliff held doctrines incompatible with civil order, Carlstadius with piety; Luther held in many points with the Church; and where he differed, it was either concerning a question of words, for I will not suppose that he ever really imagined that good works would exclude men from heaven, or he declaimed against some abuse which in preceding ages Catholic bishops, abbots, and councils had exposed and lamented with quite as much penetration and zeal as he displayed; of which fact you will meet repeated proofs in the great works of Thomassinus on the ancient and modern discipline of the Church. Calvin, by far the most acute and manly

[1] See Bellarmin de Conciliis et Ecclesia, lib. III, 12, 15.

reasoner among the innovators, differed from him on the grounds of the first separation; Œcolampadius was given up by his own party; Melanchthon was doubtful and alarmed at their mutual dissensions; Cranmer was ready to support a system which admitted of ceremonies and many of the old external forms, and which would hold the same things to be mysterious and intelligible; Beza and the French Calvinists required one that was more abstract and substantial, and that would avowedly deliver itself from mysteries, though at the expense of being encumbered with difficulties without number or bounds; Ochin and Socinus denied the foundation of the Christian faith; the followers of the German masters (for I would rather propose them as examples than others less remote) were not anxious to agree on any points, after they had permission to depart from the authority to which they originally submitted; and on the Continent a general indifference to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, in fact, Deism and Socinianism, have been the final result of these disputations. So that even where truths were seen and admitted, like the statues of Dædalus of which we read in Plato, not being bound with chains, they did not choose to remain long, but fled away, like deserters, from the souls of men; or, as Jeremy Taylor says "of the spirit of man, which is weaker than the habits and superinduced nature of the flesh," truths are admitted and holy practices enjoined, and the form of ancient solemnities retained, but by little and little they fall off; "like the finest thread twisted upon the traces of a chariot, it cannot hold long."

Among those who profess their acquiescence in other systems nearer to the ancient, some hold points to be essential, relative both to doctrine and to discipline, which are viewed with indifference by others, though they may be inseparably connected

with what is still held sacred by the latter; so that in fact as far as principles and philosophy are concerned, the different schools of the moderns, separated from the centre of unity, overthrow and destroy each other; and though it be true, from an indifference to principles, they appear to exist in concord, the fact is no less certain, beyond admitting a doubt, that each must, in obedience to the principle of its own existence, conclude that every other is erring in the essentials of the faith of Christ.

Some, with St. Clement and the other apostolic Fathers, lay stress upon the validity of ordination as proved by apostolical succession, saying with Hooker, "it is a wretched blindness not to admire so great a power as that which the clergy are endowed with, or to suppose that any but God can bestow it; that it consists in a power over the mystical body of Christ by the remission of sins, and over his natural body in the Sacrament, which antiquity doth call the making of Christ's body."[1] But that others look upon these things in a totally different light, we have Jeremy Taylor's word for it, if we fear to utter our own thoughts, when he says, speaking of the Holy Sacrament, "It hath fared with this as with other actions of religion, which have descended from flames to still fires, from fires to sparks, from sparks to embers, from embers to smoke, from smoke to nothing." Some are anxious to ascertain the limits of the Church, saying, with St. Ignatius, "*μηδεὶς πλανάσθω· ἐὰν μή τις ᾖ ἐντὸς τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου, ὑστερεῖται τοῦ ἄρτου τοῦ θεοῦ.*[2] Others adopt, as their position, what the same Father assumes to illustrate the very doctrine which they deny, omitting the previous part of the sentence, "let the multitude be wherever the Bishop

[1] Eccles. Polit. V, 77. [2] Epist. ad Ephes. V.

appears," and only quoting the magnificent words which follow—*ὥσπερ ὅπου ἂν ᾖ Χριστὸς Ἰησοῦς, ἐκεῖ ἡ καθολικὴ ἐκκλησία.*" [1] Some deem the episcopal government of the Church to be an essential part of Christianity, and reverencing bishops and priests, conclude, with St. Ignatius, "*χωρὶς τούτων ἐκκλησία οὐ καλεῖται·*" [2] and "*ὅσοι θεοῦ εἰσὶν καὶ Ἰησοῦ οὗτοι μετὰ τοῦ ἐπισκόπου εἰσίν·*" [3] and with St. Clement.[4] Others lightly esteeming the labours of Morinus,[5] deem these matters to be human inventions, measures of expediency, variable as circumstances may demand; and will perhaps agree with the ministers of Scotland that the office of bishops "hath been brought in by the folly and corruption of men's inventions, to the great overthrow of the kirk of God." [6] Some hold to the authority of their pastors, others to the right of private judgment. Concerning the first principle, the word of God, they are divided; some understand it as only internal, others as external, but written; others as partly written, and virtually as partly handed down by tradition; some hold the sense of Scripture to be clear by itself, others to be obscure in certain places; some with Luther, that the sense is revealed to each reader by the internal spirit; others, as Taylor and Grabe,[7] hold with Bellarmin,[8] though not with his consistency, that it is to be received as the Church teacheth. This indeed has a venerable and learned sound; "tamen inconstantiâ levatur auctoritas." The sacred volume of the Scriptures is itself the occasion of much diversity; by some[9] its sense is

[1] Epist. ad Smyr. VIII.
[2] Ad Trallianos, III.
[3] Ad Philadelphenos, III.
[4] Epist. I, ad Corinth. XLII.
[5] Commentarius de Sacris Ecclesiæ Ordinationibus.
[6] Acts of Gen. Assembly at Dundee, 1580, Sess. IV, 2.
[7] Grabe, Epist. ad Regem Boruss. ante opera Irenæi.
[8] De Verbo Dei scripto et non scripto.
[9] The English Unitarians.

distorted in a new translation; by others,[1] whole passages are cancelled as unworthy of credit; by others[2] again, whole books are rejected as neither genuine nor authentic. One class is disposed to pay little attention to the doctrines which distinguish the Christian from all other religions; another, with greater temerity, totally to deny them; a third, to follow without inquiring whatever it has first imbibed; so that to whatever discipline these men have been carried, as if by a tempest (and they imply that laws should restrain men from looking farther), "ad eam tanquam ad saxum adhærescunt."[3] Some are willing to respect the ancient learning; but they defend their own by saying that society is continually on the change, and that it is folly and madness to think of compelling it to stand still; others are willing to admit this and anything else which is sounded forth in unintelligible phraseology; but then they say, "Where have you discovered, for we have yet to learn, that the Christian philosophy should be continually on the change? and that the Christian Family, the Holy Church, should move and change, not in the way of agitation from meeting the force of opposite waves, but in that of calm and perfect agreement with the world's stream? Where have you learned that this select number, of whom their great Master declared, that the world, the civilized as well as the barbarous, the sophists as well as those who possess human wisdom, will

[1] This refers to a remarkable attempt made in France, in 1826, to disperse a mutilated copy of the Holy Scriptures, when a distinguished advocate of the Reformed party came forward to defend the publishers, as having only followed the rule of the reformers, in the exercise of the right of private judgment.

[2] See the remarkable complaint of the celebrated Müller, the Swiss historian, in the Abhandlung des Herrn Jarry von der Ueberlieferung at the end of Stolberg's eighth volume. Luther and Calvin were the first of later times to touch upon this ground.

[3] Cicero, Lucullus, III.

for ever hate them, "quia non sunt de mundo," should follow "the march of civilization and of the human mind, that is to say the teaching of successive sophists?" A third class are prepared to admit that this cannot be shewn, and therefore they conclude with the author of the "Producteur," in language the most hostile to the feelings of antiquity, that the first human teachers of the ancient system (for I dare not repeat the whole of the assertion) were in fact ignorant of the first principles of human society. This question gives rise to a multitude of dissensions, appearing as it were in the background, and closing the prospect in endless diversity. For in many points there is not one class of moderns which adheres to the practice or even to the opinions of its first founders; and therefore the new disciples, who are continually referred, with strange inconsistency, to what are termed the adamantine and imperishable writings" of these men, find themselves grievously at a loss whether they should really conform to these, and so become most singular and rustic characters in their generation, tacitly condemning the teachers, whom another principle teaches them to reverence, or else fall in with the practice and opinions of their contemporary teachers, for which course a less knowledge of their own system, at least as to its original principles, would have been a better preparation. Upon the whole, as Stesichorus said of the Trojans, that they, through ignorance of the real Helen, were but fighting for an image, so, as an admirable writer on the side of the moderns permits us to conclude, while infinite efforts have been made to overthrow the adversaries of their system, few have been exerted in comparison to shew what it really contains. For still to proceed, some with more urbanity than learning defend the maxim that all men are left at liberty to choose for themselves in matters

of religious philosophy, as between things indifferent. With these, as with the followers of the New Academy "de omnibus quæritur, nihil certi dicitur."[1] Others, while they choose what they think conformable to Scripture and to sound judgment, will nevertheless argue that the principle is to be rejected utterly, and will assent that the very boast ὅτι αὕτη κρατίστη αἵρεσις is sufficient by itself to convict those who make it, of apostasy from the faith of Christians.

As to secondary points, some with greater eloquence and harmony of mind, are pleased with the ancient system, its forms and regularity; others smile at the idea of attaching any importance to these, which they look upon as the relics of a dark age, and, while willing to tolerate them in condescension to others, imply that if Christianity were to begin again in their age, it ought not to be encumbered with such external appendages. Quid hoc levius? Yet what opinion more common? Finally, some regard the fact of this variety and dissension as a deplorable evil, indicating the absence of the Christian spirit, holding with St. Clement,[2] and with St. Ignatius,[3] that Christians ought "ἐν ἀμώμῳ ἑνότητι εἶναι" Others affect a more philosophic view, and maintain that the very fact of this variety and dissension is to be hailed with satisfaction, as the result of a glorious struggle against a system of intellectual tyranny, injurious to the improvement of the human mind, and to the cause of religion itself (for in such words they are accustomed to speak of that system, which is believed by those who adopt it to deliver the soul from the tyranny of the passions, enabling it to escape from the slavery of obeying its own will, to yield

[1] Cicero, Academic. lib. I, 12.
[2] Epist. ad Corinth.
[3] Epist. ad Ephes. IV.

a voluntary and entire allegiance to Him alone, whose service is perfect freedom, who first created and then more wonderfully restored it,[1] that its life might be hidden in the fulness of divine existence); and this they hold because, though perhaps variety of doctrine and dissensions are evils in themselves, though, as Cicero said, "cum plus uno verum esse non possit, jacere necesse sit tot tam nobiles disciplinas,"[2] still this diversity and consequent error are attended with advantages which more than counterbalance the evil; so that if the general name which includes all the moderns must be said to designate a united body, it is only one like that of the Centaurs, Chimeras, Scyllas, and Cerberi of the heathen poets, in which various forms were fantastically joined together into one, without any correspondence or harmony between the parts and the whole. Opposed indeed they all may be to one discipline, but as far as respects positive belief, they are not agreed on any question to which religion or philosophy can give rise. So that they may be said to differ on all subjects, even to differ as to whether they ought to differ.

CATHOLICI RESTANT. These support a system which maintains peace and order, and at the same time the freedom and the dignity of nations, "one that is better than all others for kings against the people, because it has more authority; and better for the people against kings, because it has more independence." Better for the young, because in that sweet but quickly-passing hour of life it preserves innocency of heart, and prevents the rise of that false sagacity and of that contempt for authority, which even among men of unspoiled minds creates loathing and aversion! better for the

[1] DEUS QUI HUMANÆ SUBSTANTIÆ DIGNITATEM MIRABILITER CONDIDISTI, ET MIRABILIUS REFORMASTI.

[2] Lucullus (Academ.), 48.

aged, because it imparts a kind of present fruition to the prospects of a bright and happy state of existence nearer to the throne of God; better for the poor, because it teaches them perfect content; better for the rich, because it inspires humility and mercy, and prevents them from trusting in uncertain riches; better for the learned and wise, because it teaches them the beginning and the end of all wisdom; better for the simple and ignorant, because it gives them a fellowship with the wise, and a guide to conduct them with safety through all the chances of good or evil fortune. These are disciples of that Church to which, indeed, the pride of human philosophy will never submit, for it can comprehend neither its language,—that of spirits, nor its wisdom, founded in the heart and in the harmony of nature. "Pudet videlicet doctos homines," as St. Augustin says,[1] "ex discipulis Platonis fieri discipulos Christi, qui piscatorem suo spiritu docuit sapere ac dicere, in principio erat verbum." "That philosophy," as the Count of Stolberg remarks, "though in the garb of religion, may knock at a castle and open for itself a gate, but it will be only a gate of error, which has a hundred gates, like Babylon. The gate of this wisdom no proud eye can discern, and no false key can unlock." "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."[2] "Hæc est religio," as St. Augustin says, "quæ universalem continet viam animæ liberandæ, quoniam nullâ nisi hâc liberari potest.—Præter hanc viam nemo liberatus est, nemo liberatur, nemo liberabitur."[3] These are brethren of that holy fellowship, out of which, as Pascal

[1] De Civitate Dei, X, 29. [2] Job XXVIII, 7, 8.
[3] De Civ. Dei, X, 32.

affirms with affecting solemnity, "there is no salvation." These follow the teaching of those confessors and martyrs who first imparted the light of Christianity to Europe, members of that church to which every people that has learned to bow the knee to the divinity of Jesus, is indebted for the knowledge of that sacred name; of that religion which inspired men in the heroic age of our history; of that philosophy which comprises all wisdom and all goodness, of which the beginning and the end is God. "Ecce sine Platonicis meditationibus," cries Peter the Venerable, "sine Academicorum disputationibus, sine Aristotelicis loquelis, sine philosophorum doctrinis, inventus est locus et via beatitudinis." [1]

From God it derives its origin, its knowledge, and its happiness. "Nam si quæratur unde sit, Deus eam condidit: si unde sit sapiens, à Deo illuminatur: si unde sit felix, Deo fruitur: subsistens modificatur, contemplans illustratur, inhærens jocundatur; est, videt, amat; in æternitate Dei viget, in veritate Dei lucet, in bonitate Dei gaudet." [2] Others change and retract, or the spark of divine flame, which at first gave a degree of life to their system, gradually becomes faint, and is at length extinguished more completely than the sun of Heraclitus, inasmuch as it is never again kindled, or their own breath goeth forth, and then in that day all their beautiful thoughts perish; these remain constant, united, and, as was lately said before the assembled peers of England, "unchanging and unchangeable": they are embarked in a vessel against which all the waves of this troublous world will beat in vain. "Agitari potest," says St. Augustin, "mergi non potest"; and their wisdom and their spirit pass not away with the days of their pilgrimage, but, like

[1] S. Pet. Ven. Abb. Clun. apud Bibliothec. Cluniacens.
[2] De Civ. Dei, XI, 24.

their Author, "is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "ITA RELINQUITUR SOLA HÆC DISCIPLINA, DIGNA STUDIOSIS INGENUARUM ARTIUM, DIGNA ERUDITIS, DIGNA CLARIS VIRIS, DIGNA PRINCIPIBUS, DIGNA REGIBUS."[1]

Under such impressions, with such facts presenting themselves to our ancestors, it was not to be made an accusation against them, feeling profoundly as many of them did the importance attached to a right judgment on such subjects, praying to God in the words of St. Augustin that He would bestow "that spirit of peace which feels no other sentiment than charity, no other interest than that of Jesus Christ, no other wish but for the salvation of men," that they endeavoured to correct the harshness and blindness of that party spirit which was opposed to what is lovely and amiable and true. They may be pardoned for having taught men that the spirit and principles congenial to the poetry, are also favourable to the sanctification of the heart; for having asserted, like a great French writer[2] in a subsequent age (and they even extended his theory to religious truth), "in opposition to an opinion more general than well-founded, that the faculty of clothing a system of metaphysics or morals with the most brilliant colours of poetry and eloquence is, in the eyes of exercised reason, a proof not that the entire system is true, but that it must contain great truths"; that it is in conformity with the original constitution of the whole nature of man, with those affections and passions which are, no less than his understanding, the gift of God; it was allowable for them to conclude, in opposition to the deistical school and to the numerous communities which tend more or less towards that centre, that men need not have one

[1] Cic. de Finibus, V, 25. [2] Bonald.

religion for their imagination and taste, and another for the severity of their understanding, to guide their faith and practice, but that to the faith of a Christian and to the ancient spirit which, in despite of controversy, is pre-eminently the meek and humble, that is, the Christian spirit, belongs everything that can command the affections, refine the taste, ennoble the imagination, and purify and sanctify the heart. Nay, still further, Cato we know could not forbear exclaiming to his friend, "Quam vellem te ad Stoicos inclinavisses"; [1] and doubtless there was no ground for surprise or anger when the ministers of Christ applied to the unauthorized teachers of religion and their followers the very words of St. Augustin: "What is it you are trusting to, poor weak soul, and blinded with the mists of the flesh, what is it you are trusting to?" Cuthbert, the pupil of Bede, in the affecting account which he has left us of the death of his master, relates that, after repeating certain passages of Holy Scripture, and sometimes putting his thoughts into English verse, the venerable man sung the "Antiphonæ" of the day according to custom, of which one is, "O Rex gloriæ, Domine virtutum, qui triumphator hodie super omnes cœlos adscendisti, ne derelinquas nos orphanos, sed mitte promissum Patris in nos Spiritum veritatis. Alleluia." And when he had come to these words he burst into tears and wept much:—"The spirit of truth,"—"Leave us not comfortless."—O that from the men of our age the words might extort a tear!

What are all the reasonings and apologies of men! Men can answer their own reasonings; they can hate and despise their own apologies; how can they suppose that others will find in them a source of truth and love? They exasperate; they only excite new prejudices and new errors. Their works and

[1] Cicero, de Finibus, III, 3.

their thoughts are vain: they can weary, they can wound, they can embitter, they can provoke. O when can they give to the restless and impatient spirit of man rest and peace! they have the might of a resistless eloquence, the secret of a direful charm, which can make men in an instant suspicious, angry, jealous, scornful, pale with envy, blind with pride, desperate from despair, wild with vengeance; but where can they learn to utter that still small voice which is able to make them believe and love? Felix, quem veritas per se docet, non per figuras et voces transeuntes, sed sicuti se habet.[1]

Certainly, to a man of thought and information, familiar with antiquity, it must be a source of wonder and self-abasement, as he contemplates the lot of our poor human nature, to hear grave and learned persons professing godliness, arrogate to themselves a more spiritual religion than that which prevailed in Europe during the early ages and down to the 16th century. Really, in my desire to prove the preceding propositions in some detail, I have been wanting in respect to the followers of antiquity, and I have been paying too much honour to the moderns who think proper to dispute with them; but charity will excuse what a high sense of honour would disdain. Only let men reflect once more upon the lives of any of the princes or noble dames whose virtues are alike commemorated by the Church and the theme of mundane honour; let them be reminded again of Queen Mathilda, wife of Henry the Fourth, of Queen Margaret of Scotland, or Count Elzear and his wife Delphina, of the ancient and illustrious family of Sabran in Provence, or Count Gerald, whose life has been written by St. Odo, the second Abbot of Cluny,[2] or of any of the characters exhibited in our

[1] De Imitatione Christi, I.

[2] Bibliotheca Cluniacensis, 66. I refer my reader to this work, trusting to his judgment. The learned Father Pagi has justly

former disputation, though it is difficult to choose from among the heroes and dames of Christendom whose deeds and graces are still famous throughout Europe and the East; let them but take a general view of the "laws and spirit of chivalry"; let them read again the oath taken by William of Holland when knighted before the Pope's Legate.[1] Let them review also the description of an accomplished knight among our Anglo-Saxon Catholic ancestors given by the monk of Ramsay.[2] Let them consult again Büsching's Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen; Ste. Palaye's Memoirs; Raumer, Geschichte der Hohenstaufen,[3] vom Ritterwesen; l'Ordaine de Chevalerie; La Colombière, Théâtre d'Honneur; the Weiss Kunig; Histoire des Templiers,[4] a most valuable work; Joinville, Vie de St. Louis; Bibliothèque des Romans, for November, 1782; Devoirs des Grands, par M. le Prince de Conti;[5] de l'Institution du Prince, faict par maistre Guillaume Budé,[6] reveu par hault et puissant seigneur Missire Jean de Luxembourg; le Mirouer du Regime et Gouvernement des Roys, Princes et grands Seigneurs, &c. par Gilles de Rome, who was of the Colonna family;[7] "l'Horloge des Princes, par Don Antoine de Guevare, Evesque de Guadix, traduit de Castillan par N. d'Herberay, seigneur des Essars";[8] l'Arbre des Batailles, a volume sufficient by itself to exculpate antiquity; almost all the discourses of the hermits in the great romances of the Round Table; various chronicles also, and lives of particular knights, such as are to be found in any of the great collections of Muratori, Duchesne, Martene (in whose

said, "Priores scriptores Christiani, fidei nostræ promovendæ toti addicti, et summo animi candore præditi, sese sæpe nimis faciles, in iis quæ religioni favebant, præbuerunt, ut innumera exempla demonstrant."—Critica in univers. Annales Baronii.

[1] Belgic. Chron. Magn. Pistorii Script. Rer. German. III, p. 266.
[2] Gale, Script. III, 395. [3] VI, 594.
[4] Paris, 1789. [5] Paris, 1667. [6] Paris, 1547.
[7] Paris, 1517. [8] Paris, 1555.

Thesaurus will be found the Gesta Tancredi), Bollandus, Canisius, Gale, the Gesta Dei per Francos, Buchon, &c. &c., omitting the modern English works on this subject; for in these which are more Protestant than strictly historical, the religious character of the order, where a violent ex-parte statement of it is not made, is kept completely in the background to make room for gay descriptions of the tournament, the festive hall, and also for softened pictures of licentious profligacy, brought forward in greater numbers than the keeping of historic truth will justify. Let them turn over the pages of Baldassar Castiglione, who was an accomplished knight and well versed in both the Latin and Greek languages, whose work on the art of living at court [1] will convey

[1] Il libro del Cortegiano del conte Baldassar Castiglione, in Venezia, 1518, fol. Of this celebrated book there is a bad English translation, "The Courtier," London, 1707; but an elegant Latin version, "De Curiali sive Aulico," Cantabrig. 1713. Assuredly, however, Il Cortegiano is not to be adduced to prove the religious feeling which prevailed in Italy, but only its morality and refinement of manners. The style and the sentiments indicate that the illustrious author was infected with the classical mania which followed the first publication of the great heathen writers; and indeed this, together with his evident fear of falling into the style of the *dark* ages, renders him in some instances obnoxious to the charge of servile imitation, of decided pedantry, and of indulging in a philosophical jargon which forms a striking contrast to the simple, Christian, and far more sublime language of the earlier and less polished chivalry. Something, however, of this charge must be abated in consideration of his plan, the avowed imitation of the Platonic dialogue; but the objection still remains, why a plan requiring such imitation was selected, when the subject necessarily involved matter beyond the wisdom and even the language of heathen philosophy; an objection, to which the incomparable dialogues of our Berkeley are certainly not exposed. It is to be kept in mind also that the Count was to a certain degree a man of the world, and besides, that the witty passages in the second book were intended for the meridian of Italy, where a certain degree of levity on all subjects appears not to be inconsistent with the profoundest qualities, and with views of the most opposite character; moreover, what a universal truth, that the occasional jests or passing censure of men, directed against what they actually possess, are no proof that

an idea of the great refinement and of the high tone of morals, which even at the close of the 15th century was deemed essential to the Italian chivalry; on which book, holding the rank of a Tuscan classic, Tasso, in his last dialogue on nobility, passes that high eulogium, saying, "As long as courts, as long as princes shall endure,—as long as there shall be assemblies of dames and knights, as long as valour and courtesy shall dwell in our bosoms, so long will the name of Castiglione be had in honour." Let men but thus hear and behold antiquity, and they

the same men are insensible to the advantages belonging to it, or that they would consent to the general condemnation passed upon it by others who view it from a distance. At all events, the faults of this book are of the very opposite nature to those charged upon the religion of Italy. With respect to Julian's censures in the third book, I have already shewn, p. 181, the value of such evidence: indeed in this instance the passing reproof is accompanied by what may seem to deprive it of all importance. "Let the friars alone," cried Emilia, the noble pattern of illustrious women (and I cannot suppose that Castiglione would have thought it a praise of women to ascribe to them a groundless and immoral predilection), "for I think it a great sin to hear you; and rather than listen to you I will leave the room." The most eloquent passage of the whole, the peroration of the fourth book, besides rendering a testimony to the divine character of St. Francis, borrows its sentiments and even its language from the poetic effusions of this illustrious saint. We must also bear in mind how the Count was beloved and honoured at the court of Rome, and generally by the clergy of different countries. His biographer, relating that his funeral was attended by the Archbishop of Toledo, who celebrated his obsequies in the chapel of S. Ildefonso in his cathedral; by the Archbishop of Santiago with the whole train of Bishops and Counsellors, who are accustomed to attend the funerals only of princes of the blood, says that "this was done, not only in respect to his Imperial Majesty's command, but in regard also to the great love and reverence which they had for the Count whilst living."—Finally, it was the very friars whom he censured, who had the honour of receiving his bones; for after sixteen months, Aluigia, his mother, caused the body to be removed to Mantua, having built there a very magnificent chapel in the Church of the Minor Friars, called La Madonna delle Grazie, five miles without the city, with a sumptuous monument, where the reliques of his dear wife had been also placed.

must love it. They must feel ashamed of their accusations, unless they are more Protestants than Englishmen and men of honour. If, like Stesichorus, their souls are framed to harmony, they must in time perceive the cause of all their evils, and, like him, will sing their παλινῳδία.[1] True, the lives of these great worthies were chequered by the weakness and follies attached to everything human; but they were follies which we should rather cover with the mantle of charity, than take delight in exposing to the profane; for surely

> ——— men so noble,
> However faulty, yet should find respect
> For what they have been;

follies which it would be well for many of you, wise moderns, if you displayed, for "in love the will is infinite and the execution confined":

> ——— But you are wise,
> Or else you loved not, for to be wise and love
> Exceeds man's might; that dwells with God above.[2]

You are ready to blame the zeal with which secular men and holy women offered treasures in honour of the martyrs, though St. Jerome would remind you of the censure passed upon some even of the Apostles who lamented the waste of the ointment. "Christ indeed," says the great doctor, "did not want the ointment; and yet that woman did this in honour of Christ, and her devotion was accepted."[3] And though you are incredulous and scornful, think not that the memory of the just shall fail on that account, that you can reverse the decree of Heaven which says

> In memoria æterna erit justus:
> Ab auditione mala non timebit.

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[1] Plato, Phædrus. [2] Troilus and Cressida, III, 2.
[3] Advers. Vigilan.

—— You—that are polluted with your lusts,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders.

Yet say, after all the objections you can bring against your fathers, is it possible that they were not the very disciples and followers of Christ? Can you endure the thought of never being admitted where they will be found in the eternal world? I say it with sorrow, but indeed you who exhibit such delight upon discovering some instance of failing or of error in those generous and holy men, seem to me to envy not alone the living, but also the dead. There was once with them goodness to move your gratitude, and sanctity to command respect. Were you found friendless and young? they would have protected you: hungry and naked? they would have fed and clothed you: sick or in prison? they would have visited you. You have now met with a record of their credulity or of their weakness. Vex not their ghosts: O let them rest! Let not death, which used to screen even the wicked from insult, be now the signal for ridiculing the just. It is not credible that the religion which they professed was obnoxious to the dreadful charges brought against it. Do you not perceive that the moment when men begin to condemn it, their language sinks, and they utter words swelling indeed, ἀλλ' οὐκέτι διθυράμβους. But if they are ever constrained to bear testimony to its excellence, what then becomes of their coldness, of their narrow criticism and pedantry, of their churlish rustic diction? Do you not perceive that it is no longer they who speak, but that evidently some inspiration prompts them to burst forth in divine eloquence. Epicurus wrote books on sanctity. But how did he speak in these books? So that you might suppose you heard Coruncanius or

Scævola.[1] Such is the force and majesty of truth. You cannot think that, as a Christian, you should adopt a system of theology which the advocates of modern opinions declare is so "different from that of the ancient, that they are two antipodean worlds to each other, having nothing in common except the name"! You cannot really believe that the men in these latter ages have discovered any new source which produces greater love and holiness; greater humility, meekness, and peace; a higher and more noble sense of the dignity of man, though in his fallen state; a more living principle of honour, generosity, and heroism in the cause of virtue, more abstinence from evil, and desire of doing good to others! Certes, if we could but picture to ourselves the church in some castle, let it be in what is considered the darkest period of that middle time, and view the midnight mass of Christmas, or the solemnity of a Good Fridry, when princes and knights and noble dames met to celebrate the passion and death of their Saviour; the very thought would be precious and full of grace; as Fuller says in his quaint language, "it would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate upon their meditations." Behold their reverence. "Who could describe," says Odo, Abbot of Cluny, "the profound devotion of Count Gerald when he appeared at the celebration of the divine mysteries? You might imagine that his contemplation was divine, and that he was saying, like the prophet, with an astonished countenance, 'vivit Dominus, in cujus conspectu sto.'"[2] Behold their charity for men and their love for God! Here were hearts moulded by that new commandment which had given an office and a

[1] Cicero, de Natura Deorum, I, 41.
[2] Bibliotheca Cluniacensis, p. 91.

name [1] to the preceding day! Behold St. Thomas of Valentia, preaching as on the preceding day, at Valladolid, before the Emperor Charles V, when only Prior of the Austin Friars, and explaining the words of St. Peter to our Lord at the washing of the feet, repeating, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet! Thou Lord of all creatures! Thou Creator of the angels! Thou God of infinite majesty, washest my feet! the Sovereign Monarch those of a vile creature! the master his servant's! the innocent a sinner's feet!" and here, falling into a rapture, breaking off his sermon, and remaining for some time in tears, while the emperor is so affected that from that hour he receives his advice as from heaven, and is ever afterwards constrained to obey his suggestions of mercy at times when he could neither be moved by his own son Philip, nor by all the nobility of Spain. Behold St. Thomas of Aquino preaching, as on this day, on the love of God for man and our ingratitude to Him, his whole auditory melting into tears to such a degree, that he is obliged to stop several times that they may recover themselves. Observe how the most awful passions of human nature, softened by the influence of religion, are allowed for once to show themselves in a generous and holy light! When all have knelt down to pray for heretics and schismatics, the next invitation, calling upon the assistants to pray for the perfidious Jews, who, as upon that day, crucified the Lord of Life, is heard in silence, and no amen follows it, and the priest seems to concede somewhat to nature and omits the summons, "flectamus genua," and all remain standing while he repeats the prayer and is satisfied with their mentally join-

[1] Maundy-Thursday, so called from the Gospel, which was read, beginning with "Mandatum novum," or, as others say, from maund, a basket, because baskets or alms were on that day given to the poor.

ing with him in solemn obedience, for "when God makes the prophet he does not unmake the man," and so the priest goes on, "oremus et pro Paganis," &c., when amen is heard from every tongue, and again all kneel down, and the prayer follows. Behold their love to God! It was a necessary precaution, and not by way of mere ceremony, that the rubric directed the priests, when they chanted the passion of our Lord out of St. John, to stop when they came to the words "tradidit spiritum," for that the people should then kneel down. Then would occur to them that piteous scene:

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius:

and well might the Church demand

Quis est homo qui non fleret
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?
Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

"Sight so piteous what heart of rock could long dry-eyed behold?" The knights "could not, but wept."

Eia mater fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Then assuredly were the thoughts of many hearts revealed: there you might have found a Tancred,

a Godfrey, or a Joinville, our mighty Harrys and our armed Edwards given up to tears, though combated by firmer thoughts, constrained by compassion and by love to fall down and worship. And now it is finished. So at once they rise; and their rising all at once is with a sound which echoes under the arched aisles; like the spectators on Calvary, they smite upon their breasts and depart.

> —— The portals sound, and pacing forth
> With solemn steps and slow,
> High potentates and dames of royal birth,
> And mitred fathers in long order go.
>
> Now change the scene, and let the trumpets sound!

Or if we would still stray within the sanctuary, which is now left to silence and the dim solitary lamp and the gloom of Gothic vaults, we shall find some darker or humbler penitents whose solemn forms are still bowed in adoration before the altar, perhaps on the left side, to denote the class among which through humility and sorrow they may rank themselves,[1] though the chants of priests have ceased, and the solemn pomp of crowns and plumes and glittering panoply, like a tale that is told, have passed away. So we are taught by S. Odo, Abbot of Cluny, that Count Gerald would remain alone after the office of the night was sung, "et tunc temporis tanto dulcius, quanto et secretius, internæ dulcedinis saporem degustabat."[2]

Now, alas! the scene around us is different: and when excellent things go away, as Jeremy Taylor says, "and they look back upon us, as our blessed Saviour did upon St. Peter, we are more moved than by the nearer embraces of a full and actual

[1] Vide Morinus, Commentarius historic. de Disciplina in Administratione Sacramenti Pœnitentiæ, lib. VI, c. XII, 7. This author should be consulted for the exposition of the word μετάνοια.

[2] Bibliotheca Cluniacensis, 95.

possession." These affections are gone! You talk of supplicating the moderns to restore what they took away?

Μόχθον περισσὸν κουφόνουν τ' εὐηθίαν.[1]

Alas! great multitudes of men in every rank of life, devout and virtuous from principle, and not in consequence of temporal interest and civil laws; charitable for the love of God, and not in obedience to "mere moral babble," an insecure, inconsistent, and often morbid sentiment of humanity; a general disposition pervading a nation to refrain from turning everything into ridicule but money and power; the belief held by all classes of society that there are some things to which the bravest of men should bow in humble submission, and which the stoutest heart should fear,—things, in which to be bold and daring even the heathen sage pronounced to be an infamy;[2] hence a readiness to admire what is sublime, to revere what is awful, and to derive good from what is excellent in the ancient religion; then the "material objects" which serve as instruments to produce all this spiritual good, venerable monasteries full of treasures,—I mean such as the blessed Laurentius shewed to a tyrant when he was commanded to produce the treasures of his church, and he called forth a crowd of holy poor, saying, "Hi sunt thesauri Ecclesiæ, et vere thesauri in quibus Christus est";[3] together with the affecting memorials of ancient wisdom and genius, a thousand venerable objects and holy reliques associated with the sublimest devotions, or the most generous love of our country,—all these are things which cannot be brought back by the vote or decree of mortals,

[1] Æschylus, Prometh. Vinct. 383.
[2] Aristot. Ethic. III, 6.
[3] Thomass. Vet. et Nov. Eccles. Dis. III, lib. III.

mighty to destroy but impotent to save. Human strength and wisdom cannot replace them. Nature smiles at the vain attempt, when shame and sorrow suggest the advantage of repairing her beneficent works which have been once defaced. We have lately seen how one rash and mischievous hand can in an instant push from its base that enormous mass of stone, the vibrations of which had been the wonder of all former ages; but who could restore it to its former position? Men were able indeed to raise it again upon its lofty pinnacle, but where was the hand found so mighty and yet so delicate as to give it security and motion? These are nature's works, and mortal power cannot imitate them. When the moderns can restore to withered and suspicious age the fresh bloom and joyous confidence and innocence of youth, when they can command the sun at evening to turn again and run his course, or when they can call the dead from his tomb and make him come forth; then they may be able to repair the evils produced by their philosophy; then there may be some human hope left that all is not lost to any portion of the beautiful world for ever, then it will be time to sue for grace with suppliant knee and to deify their power. But we need not add, this period will never arrive. A violent revolution exhausts its power in one passing torrent, which sweeps away the harvest while it leaves the soil to receive future seed; but the malignant influence of stupid sophistry is like an eastern plague, which remains a permanent source of desolation. It does not merely taint the surface of society: it takes deep root and spreads under ground, and becomes indigenous. From its deadly shade the gentle and holy visions of chivalry have fled to return no more.

——— As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote, for fame;
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

These affections at least, of which we speak, are gone! and, it is to be feared, for ever, together with the signs and the ceremonies and the manners of old. The limbs are no longer sheathed in armour, but we have a panoply for our hearts of triple steel. No kneeling down low on the bare pavement of a church for us, but place velvet and silken cushions, and on high too, if we must seem to bend a knee, ἀγέλαστα πρόσωπα βιαζόμενοι.[1] The outward man reposes in soft raiment, but all within has the stiffness and the cold of dead man's mail; there we are cased in impenetrable iron, which even not the two-edged sword of God's Spirit can pierce through. Such nathless are the men who sit in judgment upon the ancient religion of chivalry. God speaketh to them by his servants the prophets, by his Son, by his apostles, by sermons, by spiritual books, by thousands of homilies and acts of counsel and insinuation, and they sit as unconcerned as the pillars of a church, and hear the sermon as the Athenians did a story, or as they read a gazette; and they forget it, and think they had nothing to do but to give "the good man a hearing."—And until the next Sunday no word escapes them respecting things divine and holy. And as St. Odo, the second Abbot of Cluny, says in his Life of Count Gerald, after quoting the sentence of our Lord, "out of the abundance of the heart,"—"Isti qui semper de

[1] Æschylus, Agamemnon, 768.

secularibus, et vel parum vel rarò de Deo loquuntur, palam est quid amplius ament, vel quid in cordibus eorum abundet."[1]

"The breaking of a glass puts us into a supreme anger, and we are dull and indifferent as a Stoic when we see God dishonoured." The day of achieving a treaty that will enable us to trade with the infidels is marked with red in our calendars; and when our brethren in Jesus Christ are making a last struggle with their assassins and stretching out their hands to us for help, we stop our ears and sit cool spectators; and if a knight like Tirante should make a vow to be the first man to set his foot on land in their cause, and to be the last to leave it, we count him an enemy and rebellious. Their priests may be slain, their crosses may be trampled under foot at the altars. But the age of chivalry is gone! The nations of Christendom have broken their mutual bond, have protested against their former points of union, have blotted out their ancient relations; and the sign by which the Saviour of the world declared all men might know whose disciples they are, has no longer a place even in their memory.

> Ye sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,
> To you in vain your Eastern brethren weep.[2]

Are such complaints without sufficient reason? We are all noble, all honourable men, though sprung from brutish and stupid fathers; but is it only in Plato that we meet with nobles and honourable men? πλὴν χρηματισμοῦ τῶν ἄλλων ἠμεληκότας, καὶ οὐδὲν πλείω ἐπιμέλειαν πεποιημένους ἀρετῆς ἢ τοὺς πένητας; we are all Christians of the true enlightened order, ever thanking God that we were not born in the dark ages when there were no pure

[1] Bibliotheca Cluniacens. p. 76.

[2] Camoens.

worshippers; but should we search in vain among our numbers for the man described by Socrates?—*τὸ μὲν οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἐᾷ λογίζεσθαι οὐδὲ σκοπεῖν ἀλλ' ἢ ὁπόθεν ἐξ ἐλαττόνων χρημάτων πλείω ἔσται.* Surely we shall do well to examine these questions with a little attention. Very startling and surprising things are said by the modern writers themselves: that where the purest Christianity is established, a "propensity to ridicule piety is a national peculiarity," and that a "dispensation of religion, *however perfect*, is in vain, which cherishes the pride, without forming the manners of a people" (the context renders the two parenthetical words of this sentence inexplicable, for by the "people" are meant those who embrace it). The same great modern declares that the fashion of reducing every moral question to a calculation of expediency "has produced an entirely new cast of character, equally remote from the licentious gaiety of high life, and the low profligacy which falls under the lash of the law; a race of men distinguished by a calm and terrible ferocity, resembling Cæsar in this only, that, as it was said of him, they have come with sobriety to the ruin of their country." The greatest crimes no longer issue from the strongest passions, but from the coolest head. The patrons of impurity and licentiousness have put on the cloak of the philosopher; maxims the most licentious have found their way into books of pretended morality, and have been inculcated with the airs of a moral sage. Behold then, you who still think that the religion most opposed to this widely-spreading system was "corrupted Christianity," behold the effects and the natural results of your new discipline. It is long ago indeed since the seed was sown, but it is an historical fact that men were warned at the time, and were told that this, the sight of which now appals and sickens your heart, this very philosophy,

this abandonment of all religion and of all morality, is what you would have to reap. You pulled down harmless pictures and images in churches, and your own Cudworth soon had to declare that men "set up idols in their hearts." You quarrelled with painted glass (that is, with a religion which, following the wisdom of nature, provided for the wants of the imagination), and he soon told you that "men made no scruple of staining their souls with lust, corruption, and idolatry." You abolished the old procession in honour of religion to beseech the pardon or the blessing of God, and you were soon constrained to witness the sophist's procession, where, as Socrates said, "Insolence and anarchy and extravagance and shameless impudence are carried along splendidly crowned, and attended by an immense choir lauding and extolling; calling insolence good breeding; anarchy freedom; extravagance generosity; and shameless impudence a manly spirit."[1] You condemned the warm-hearted, generous, and holy knights, because they mixed up religion with all the labours, and speculations, and amusements of life,[2] and your own Jeremy Taylor gives you reason to fear that now your cold, decorous, well-bred, enlightened followers, have ceased to be Christians; at least he assures you that "if they do not apprehend and greedily suck in the precepts of this holy discipline, as aptly as merchants

[1] Plato, de Repub. VIII.

[2] "It only remains," says Bishop Hurd, "to account for that *character of religion* which was so deeply imprinted on the minds of all knights, and was essential to their institution. Two reasons may be assigned for this singularity. First, the superstition of the times in which chivalry arose,"—then he gives the second reason, the necessity of combating the Saracens.—"Thus," he concludes, "we seem to have a fair account of that religion which was the peculiar and vaunted character of the purer ages of chivalry." There is nothing to astonish us in all this. The bishop asserts that the knights loved women only for their lands! —*Bishop Hurd's Letter on Chivalry and Romance.*

do discourse of gain, or farmers of a fair harvest, they have nothing but the name of Christians; but they are no more such really than mandrakes are men, or sponges are living creatures."

Such is the language of holy men in these latter ages when speaking of the world around them; and certes if they join experience and a knowledge of the ways of men to what religion teaches, there will be no words left for them on many occasions but those of St. Bernard, "Aut Christus fallitur, aut mundus errat":[1] or if from the beautiful and sublime regions of classic literature, where they have so often gathered the rich fruit which Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero present in every passage, they turn to the new academy of those who are now called philosophers, having rejected Him who was the desire of all the earth, they will behold a scene of degradation and ruin which cannot be explained by referring to any of the ordinary causes now in action in the moral world. It will be no illiberal jargon of fanaticism, it will be nothing but the strict and severe expression of a reasonable and cautious judgment, the most perfectly legitimate consequence from a review of facts, to declare that this difference admits of but one explanation, namely, that it is caused by some great divine law, that it attests the fiat of Almighty God, "nunquam ex te fructus nascatur in sempiternum." All that remains is to exclaim with Dante,

> ——— Surely these are souls
> To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
> Have lost.

But for you, would the advocate of antiquity have said,—and may his words excite no angry or jealous feeling, for assuredly they were not designed to in-

[1] Serm. III, de Nat.

jure or deceive,—for you who cherish other thoughts and follow after other examples, there is a bright side of life ever present to your remembrance, a star that will cheer you through every dark valley, a shield that will cover you when trumpets shake the wretched world. O præclaram beatè vivendi et apertam, et simplicem, et directam viam! Of other men you may with Socrates lament the fate, *ὅτι σκοπὸν ἐν τῷ βίῳ οὐκ ἔχουσιν ἕνα, οὗ στοχαζομένους δεῖ ἅπαντα πράττειν ἃ ἂν πράττωσιν ἰδίᾳ τε καὶ δημοσίᾳ.*[1] Of other men you may lament the divided and uncertain state. Do you still doubt the fact of this division and uncertainty? Who more devout and sincere among the moderns than the amiable Kirke White? Who more ready to do full justice to his fervent piety than the learned and eloquent man who has written his life? Yet hear the latter: "I must be permitted to say, that my own views of the religion of Jesus Christ differ essentially from the system of belief which he had adopted." You perceive how the moderns, founding their system of belief on the Holy Scriptures, are led to diversity of views respecting the essentials of religion; so that for them truth is again descended to that depth where few of mortal eyes can hope to behold it. True, among the amiable and the learned, there may be "the bond of peace," but where is "the unity of the Spirit"? I do not say that philosophic unity, founded on the belief that all differences are immaterial, but that "one spirit and one body which belong to the religion of Jesus Christ! Unum corpus et unus spiritus, even as they are called in one hope of their calling."[2] But flesh and blood cannot be forced or led into this unity of thought and sentiment. Well, that may be true, but take this also: "Caro et sanguis regnum Dei

[1] Plato, de Repub. VII, p. 335.

[2] Epist. ad Ephes. IV.

possidere non possunt."[1] "O veritatis Deus, fac me unum tecum, in charitate perpetua."

But for you these difficulties are removed: the night is past; a bright and everlasting day has dawned; there is an end of wandering and uncertainty, of doubt and disputation. All the articles of faith and all the truths of revelation are immovably and definitively settled. "God or his church, or rather both, have spoken," says Bishop Doyle, "and, as St. Augustin said to the Pelagians, the cause is concluded, I wish the error would at length cease. '*Causa finita est*, utinam aliquando finiretur error.' There can be no new hearing, no new trial. The Church invited the objectors to plead their own cause; they refused to do so, but their cause was examined fully and dispassionately: sentence at length was passed, and the matter set at rest for ever. *Causa finita est.* It can never be revived; it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to our fathers so to determine; there can be no rehearing of the case; there is no higher tribunal constituted by God, no one or many to whom a new issue could be directed for trial." So then, if you feel the frailty of man, you have also the security of God. True, the city of God on earth may mourn and suffer violence; she may be defiled by the presence of the unholy citizens of the world, who may enter her gates and mount her towers, and even appear to worship in her solemn temples, "perplexæ quippe sunt istæ duæ civitates in hoc sæculo, invicemque permixtæ, donec ultimo judicio dirimantur";[2] but then in heaven all will be different; when the glory of the earth shall pass away, when crowns and kingdoms are forgotten. "Vera ibi gloria erit," says St. Augustin, as he approaches the end of his

[1] Epist. ad Corínth. XV.
[2] St. August. de Civ. Dei, I, 35.

sublime discourse and comes to consider the eternal felicity of the city of God, "ubi laudantis nec errore quisquam, nec adulatione laudabitur. Verus honor, qui nulli negabitur digno, nulli deferetur indigno; sed nec ad eum ambiet ullus indignus, ubi nullus permittetur esse nisi dignus. Vera pax, ubi nihil adversi, nec à se ipso, nec ab alio quisquam patietur; ibi vacabimus et videbimus: videbimus et amabimus: amabimus et laudabimus. Ecce quod erit in fine sine fine. Nam quis alius noster est finis, nisi pervenire ad regnum, cujus nullus est finis." [1]

Imparting such a faith and such hopes, the Church was regarded by our fathers with a degree of love and reverence that the language of words could but feebly express. "O Holy Roman Church," cried Bossuet, "if I forget thee, may I forget myself! let my tongue be withered and become motionless in my mouth!"—"O Holy Roman Church!" cried Fénelon, when he subscribed to the condemnation of his book, "O Holy Church of Rome, if I forget thee, may I forget myself! Let my tongue be withered and become motionless in my mouth!" —"O Holy Church of Rome!" cried that virtuous nobleman, the Count de Maistre, in the conclusion of his admirable defence of the Roman See, "O Holy Church of Rome! so long as I shall retain speech I will employ it to celebrate thee; I salute thee, immortal mother of science and of holiness. Salve magna Parens." "O thou, my spirit's guide," again cries another tongue, "on the depth of whose deep mysteries my heart would ever gaze! O thou Church most holy of immortal Rome, whose solemn prayers first taught my infant reason that there was a bright blessed place hereafter, a heaven beyond the dark foul grave, cheering me every night with dulcet breath and the vision of that peace which the world

[1] St. August. de Civ. Dei, XXII, 30.

cannot give, calling me to thy bosom by signs and accents, by smiles and tears, 'a voice like the voice of my own soul,' heard in the stillness of thought, in which childhood knew and felt its mother, 'calming me as the loveliness of heaven soothes the unquiet sea';—thou that lovest and sanctifiest all that of which the image will delight my heart,—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus,

youth and innocence, and simplicity, and the reverence of early days, all that in this beautiful world is fair and lovely, mountains, woods, rivers, and Ausonian skies, all sweet sounds and gracious harmonies that give a glimpse at nameless joys, such as make the infant smile, or, if eyes needs must weep, as can make 'our tears all wonder and delight';—thou, whose wisdom is the ocean, from which flowed in narrow streams all that is profound in Plato, all that inspired 'the kings of old philosophy,' whose angelic strains I pray may sound to me in my last hour, strains 'such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling will never die—yet, ere we are aware, the feeling and the sound are fled and gone, and the regret they leave remains alone';—within whose holy walls at eventide priests and innocent children, Angli perhaps, as Pope Gregory would say 'with angel-faces,' after their pretty little stately walk in timid order to the sound of richest melody, kneel down in adoration before lighted altars that are decked with flowers and fragrant with sweet incense, where all appear to me 'like forms and sounds of a diviner world, like the bright procession of skiey visions in a solemn dream, from which men wake as from a paradise, and draw new strength to tread the thorns of life';—thou, whose wrongs have roused the weakest and most worthless of thy sons, for 'even the instinctive worm on which we tread, turns,

though it wound not';—thou much injured, calumniated guide, that wouldst make me all I dream of happy, high, majestical,—that wouldst have me 'love and pity all things, and moan for woes which others hear not, and behold the absent with the glass of phantasy,

> And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,
> Following the captive to his dungeon deep;

that wouldst have me cast away all human passions, all revenge, all pride, and think, speak, act no ill';—that wouldst 'quench the earth-consuming rage of gold and blood, till men should live and move harmonious as the sacred stars above'; thou that art pure as light, lasting as the world, I salute thee, immortal Mother of learning and grace and sanctity! Salve Magna Parens."

"This life," says a great modern, "is man's day, in which man does what he pleases, and God holds his peace. Man destroys his brother and destroys himself, and confounds governments, and raises armies, and tempts to sin, and delights in it, and drinks drunk, and forgets his sorrow, and heaps up great estates, and raises a family and a name in the annals, and makes others fear him, and introduces new religions and confounds the old"; — and changeth articles as the fancy of the moment may require, and talks of wicked priestcraft, and affects an air of philosophy, and loves to be incredulous, and puts off examination to a more convenient season, and scorns the Church, and sets up his own reason as infallible, and holds that his sincerity will excuse his errors;—"and all this while God is silent."—But then God shall have his day too; the day of the Lord shall come, in which He shall speak and no man shall answer; He shall speak in the voice of thunder and fearful noises, and man shall do no more as he pleases, but must suffer as he hath

deserved. "For Christ, attended gloriously from heaven, shall in the sky appear, and from Him send the summoning Archangels to proclaim his dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds the living, and forthwith the cited dead of all past ages, to the general doom shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep." Woe and alas! and God help us all!

But let us now rise, and releasing our minds from the fatigue consequent upon such efforts to unfold truth, let us fly away again on the wings of desire to the islands of the happy. May all gentle hearts forgive the preceding suggestions, remembering that many men as far removed as ever I have been from the service of God's altar have expressed similar thoughts, remembering that when lodged in the dungeon of Monodontes, in the solitude of their prison, it was Orlando who led Brandimart to think upon the Christian faith; that at midnight, while awaiting the return of day, which was to bring death to the one or the other, it was Orlando who attempted to instruct the haughty Agrican; that on the field of battle it was Tancred who wished Clorinda to become the child and handmaid dear of Christ; that lying under the chains of the infidels, it was Hue de Tabarie who imparted to Saladin the knowledge which might have qualified him for obtaining the honour of Christian knighthood.—We have indeed "different parts allotted us, to mount to the high seat of eternal felicity," yet "chivalry," as a noble Spaniard said, "is a religious order, and there are knights in the fraternity of saints in heaven." When we next meet, it shall be amid plumed helmets and neighing steeds, within sounding castle-courts, under knightly towers and battlements, from which the sun of beauty and high-born grace may shed its purple light.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

We shall return to those attractive scenes through which the feet of knightly and generous men delight to stray, of youth in whom is

> Love's keen wish
> And eager hope and valour high,
> And the proud glow of chivalry,
> That burns to do and dare;

for, as Aristotle saith, "that young men may be happy, yet not otherwise but by hope"; so saith Lord Bacon, "we must all acknowledge our minority, and embrace the felicity which is by hope of the future world"; we shall return to those attractive scenes, losing in sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe, escaping far from the sad realities, or rather the pale and mournful phantasms of this poor world, and happy, though it be but wandering for the present in the wild scenes of imagination, and following at a distance the track of him who said, that he

> From human to divine had past, from time
> Unto eternity, and out of Florence
> To justice and to truth.

FINIS.

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